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ITY OF MICHIGAN
817
ARIES



SELECT

ICELANDIC POETRY,

TRANSLATED

FROM THE ORIGINALS:

WITH NOTES.

PART FIRST.

——Opifex numeris veterum primordia vocum
Atque marem strepitum fidis intendisse.

PERSIUS.

London:

PRINTED FOR T. REYNOLDS, OXFORD-STREET;
BY I. GOLD, SHOE LANE.

1804.

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2 vol

TO

THE HONORABLE C. ANKER,

OF

COPENHAGEN,

&c. &c.

THE following translations from the old tongue of his native country (which, as it is intimately allied to England in ancient blood and language, should ever continue joined to it by the closest ties of uninterrupted amity) are inscribed, as a trifling testimony of the sincerest esteem and friendship, by his faithful humble servant,

WILLIAM HERBERT.

December, 1803.



TIL HER ANKER.

Forlader mig, o Muser, om jeg her
Opvække tör den Danske lires sang
Först i et fremmet land! Vel kiender jeg
Min svaghed til at synge Danmarks roes
I Danmarks skiönne sprog! Vejleder da
Hendes indvaanere med hellig trin,
Hvor sværer den udödelige aand
Af gammel digtekunst fra Grækenland
Og den almægtige Latinske bred!
Ophöjer dem, og fylder deres bryst
Med reenhed og indbildnings-kraftens magt,
At de maa snart den ærekrone faae,

Som deres sprog fortiener! Mig er nok,
At jeg fra Island og fra Norges kyst
Kan friske krandse bringe til min ven,
Og blomstre plukkede ved Engelsk haand.
Hvor gierne vilde jeg, hvor hierteglad,
Med dig, min ven, i Norges elskte land
Klavre ad skov-bevoxne klipper op
Lüg indtil Kiölens spids, og Norlands kyst,
Haloges ældste bolig! O hvor fri,
O hvor fortryllet skulde jeg omkring
Der fölge vildtets spor! og mödig, (da
Sin hede middags solen styrter ned)
Udstrakt nær ved en höj balstyrig fos,
Udi den granne-skyggers mörke nat,
Rose den pragt af en almægtig haand;
Som, mellem snee og tordenskyers skræk,
Det usle hiem af et frimodigt folk

Med glæde har fornöjet! Ædle land!
Hvori hver egn erindrer vigtig strid
Af gamle helte, eller rune-steen,
Som sönnens pligt ei uden heltesang
Lod reise til sin döde faders roes
I fordum tid, da Odins höje navn
Indblæste deres bryst ærgierrig magt,
Og det i kamp uböjelige sind.

VILHELM HERBERT.

ADVERTISEMENT.

If this attempt should be fortunate enough to meet with the approbation of the public, it is my intention to complete a second part with an introductory account of the ancient history and literature of Iceland. The volumes, which have been printed in the Icelandic language, are numerous, though many of them are become very rare; and a great number of old manuscripts remain yet unpublished. The following poems are closely translated, and unadorned; with a few exceptions they are rendered line for line; and (I believe) as literally, as the difference of language and metrical rules would permit. For me the energetic harmony of these old poems has great charms: the most ancient are the simplest and most beautiful; for the Icelandic poetry degenerated into affectation of impenetrable obscurity and extravagant metaphors. I

conceive, that much of the value of these relicks consists in their peculiarities, and in the light, they throw on the singular manners and persuasions of the northern nations; which would be destroyed by any attempt to embellish them. The only merit, I have aimed at, is that of accuracy; if I have judged wrong, I can only say in my defence, that it would have been much easier to adorn them, than to copy faithfully.

" Quest' anima———
Gran parte tien di sua possanza avvinta,
Nè può sempre spiegar libere l'ali
Presso i voli immortali."

The original verses have no final rhymes, but regular alliterations and corresponding syllables. Such was the old metre of the north; and, when rhymes were adopted, the rules of alliteration were still preserved: as in the ransom of Egill Skallagrimson;

Lof at viisa vann,
Vyst mære eg dann;
Hliods bidium hann,
Thuiat hrodur offann.

inactive; and this was an additional cause of alteration in the state of Iceland." To these circumstances should be added the great accumulation of ice in the polar regions, which has wrought a considerable change in Greenland and North America since their first discovery by the Icelandic navigators in the tenth century, and has materially affected all the northern parts of Europe. This is a curious and interesting subject, which deserves more accurate investigation, than it has yet obtained; but it does not lie within the limits of my present undertaking.

December 1803.

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THE

SONG

OF

THRYM;

OR,

THE RECOVERY OF THE HAMMER.

From the old Icelandic in Sæmund's Edda.

1803.

WRATH waxed Thor, when his sleep was flown,
And he found his trusty hammer gone;
He smote his brow, his beard he shook,
The son of earth gan round him look;
And this the first word, that he spoke;
"Now listen what I tell thee, Loke;
Which neither on earth below is known,
Nor in Heaven above; my hammer's gone."

Their way to Freyia's bower they took,
And this the first word, that he spoke;
"Thou, Freyia, must lend a winged robe,
To seek my hammer round the globe."

Freyia sung.

"That shouldst thou have, though 'twere of gold,
And that, though 'twere of silver, hold."
Away flew Loke; the wing'd robe sounds,
Ere he has left the Asgard grounds,
And ere he has reach'd the Jotunheim bounds.
High on a mound in haughty state
Thrym the king of the Thursi sate;
For his dogs he was twisting collars of gold,
And trimming the manes of his coursers bold.

Thrym sung.

"How fare the Asi? the Alfi how?
Why com'st thou alone to Jotunheim now?"

Loke sung.

"Ill fare the Asi; the Alfi moarn;
Thor's hammer from him thou hast torn."

Thrym sung.

" I have the Thunderer's hammer bound,
Fathoms eight beneath the ground;
With it shall no one homeward tread,
Till he bring me Freyia to share my bed."
Away flew Loke; the wing'd robe sounds,
Ere he has left the Jotunheim bounds,
And ere he has reach'd the Asgard grounds.
At Midgard Thor met crafty Loke,
And this the first word, that he spoke;
" Have you your errand and labor done?
Tell from aloft the course, you run.
For * setting oft the story fails,
And lying oft the lie prevails."

Loke sung.

" My labor is past, mine errand I bring;
Thrym has thine hammer, the giant king:
With it shall no one homeward tread,
Till he bear him Freyia to share his bed."

* See the note on these lines.

Their way to lovely Freyia they took,
And this the first word, that he spoke;
" Now, Freyia, busk, as a blooming bride;
Together, we must, to Jotunheim ride."
Wrath waxed Freyia with ireful look;
All Asgard's hall with wonder shook;
Her great bright necklace started wide.
" Well may ye call me a wanton bride,
If I with ye to Jotunheim ride."
The Asi did all to council crowd,
The Asiniæ all talk'd fast and loud;
This they debated, and this they sought,
How the hammer of Thor should home be brought.
Up then and spoke Heimdallar free,
Like the Vani, wise was he;
" Now busk we Thor, as a bride so fair;
Let him that great bright necklace wear;
Round him let ring the spousal keys,
And a maiden kirtle hang to his knees,

Busk, dress. *Kirtle*, a woman's garment.

And on his bosom jewels rare;
And high and quaintly braid his hair."
Wrath waxed Thor with godlike pride;
" Well may the Asi me deride,
If I let me be dight, as a blooming bride."
Then up spoke Loke, Laufeyia's son;
" Now hush thee, Thor; this must be done:
The giants will strait in Asgard reign,
If thou thine hammer dost not regain."
Then busk'd they Thor, as a bride so fair,
And the great bright necklace gave him to wear;
Round him let ring the spousal keys,
And a maiden kirtle hang to his knees,
And on his bosom jewels rare;
And high and quaintly braided his hair.
Up then arose the crafty Loke,
Laufeyia's son, and thus he spoke;
" A servant I thy steps will tend,
Together we must to Jotunheim wend."

Dight, dressed, adorned.

Now home the goats together hie;
Yoked to the axle they swiftly fly.
The mountains shook, the earth burn'd red,
As Odin's son to Jotunheim sped.
Then Thrym the king of the Thursi said;
"Giants, stand up; let the seats be spread:
Bring Freyia Niorder's daughter down
To share my bed from Noatun.
With horns all gilt each coal-black beast
Is led to deck the giant's feast;
Large wealth and jewels have I stored;
I lack but Freyia to grace my board."
Betimes at evening they approach'd,
And the mantling ale the giants broach'd.
The spouse of Sifia ate alone
Eight salmons, and an ox full-grown,
And all the cates, on which women feed;
And drank three firkins of sparkling mead.
Then Thrym the king of the Thursi said;
"Where have ye beheld such a hungry maid?

Ne'er saw I bride so keenly feed,
Nor drink so deep of the sparkling mead."
Then forward lent the crafty Loke,
And thus the giant he bespoke;
" Nought has she eat for eight long nights,
So did she long for the nuptial rites."
He stoop'd beneath her veil to kiss,
But he started the length of the hall, I wiss.
" Why are the looks of Freyia so dire?
It seems, as her eyeballs glisten'd with fire."
Then forward lent the crafty Loke,
And thus the giant he bespoke;
" Nought has she slept for eight long nights,
So did she long for the nuptial rites."
Then in the giant's sister came,
Who dared a bridal gift to claim;
" Those rings of gold from thee I crave,
If thou wilt all my fondness have,
All my love and fondness have."

Then Thrym the king of the Thursi said;
"Bear in the hammer to plight the maid;
Upon her lap the bruizer lay,
And firmly plight our hands and fay."
The Thunderer's soul smiled in his breast,
When the hammer hard on his lap was placed;
Thrym first the king of the Thursi he slew,
And slaughter'd all the giant crew.
He slew that giant's sister old,
Who pray'd for bridal gifts so bold.
Instead of money and rings, I wot,
The hammers bruises were her lot.
Thus Odin's son his hammer got.

Fay, faith.

NOTES

ON

THE SONG OF THRYM.

The Edda of Sæmund is a collection of old Icelandic odes, some of which are supposed to have been written before the birth of Christ. It is said to have been compiled by the learned Sæmund, who was born in Iceland in 1056; according to some, 1054 or 1057. The name of Sæmund's Edda was affixed to the manuscript in the seventeenth century by Bryniolfus Svenonius, bishop of Skalholt. The prose Edda, attributed to Snorro Sturleson, is founded upon these poems.

Mr. Cottle has published, what he calls a translation of this ode, but it bears little resemblance to the original. Translations made, like Dr. Percy's, by a person unacquainted with the Icelandic language,

through the medium of a Latin prose version, cannot be expected to represent the style and spirit of the originals: but Mr. C. has not even taken the trouble of understanding the Latin; otherwise he never could have translated, Ex Noatunis, "Whom Noathuna calls her son;" or, Illicò gigantes Asgardum habitabunt, "Know the Asgardi sons shall reign:" or, what is more extraordinary, in the 22d stanza, Tunc profatus est Thrymus Thursorum dynastes,

"Thursori! dynasts of this sphere!"
(Thor began approaching near)

and in the 20th, Tunc profatus est Lokius Loveyiæ natus; "Abstine, Thore, istorum verborum."

"Care not for that, Loveyia's son!"
Lok in quick reply begun.

In the three last mentioned passages Mr. C. appears to have confounded the nominative with the accusative; which is not improbable, as he has given Thursori for the nominative of Thursorum. In the thirteenth stanza he has represented Freyia as consenting

to go instead of refusing, which destroys the sense of all, that follows.

V. 1. "*Thor.*" Thor was worshipped by the Norwegians, as the most powerful of the Gods. His favorite weapon was a hammer, which was shaped like a cross. The following passages are translated from Peringskiold's Uplandic monuments relative to a Runestone, on which this hammer is represented. "Johannes Magnus Goth. Sveon. Hist. lib. 1. cap. 9. pag. 30. och brödren Olaus Magni, lib. 3. cap. 3. pag. 100. afbilda Thor med en spira, &c." *i. e.* "Johannes Magnus, &c. and his brother Olaus, &c. represent Thor with a sceptre in his right hand, and twelve stars round his head. Others give Thor also a cruciform thunderbolt in his left hand, and seven stars over his head. Thor's hammer is described in the Eddas with the additional name of miolner; viz. in Sturleson's, &c. it may be seen, that Thor the son of Odin amongst his chattels possessed the hammer miolner, which the Rimthussi and mountain

sorcerers knew to their cost. When Thor dressed himself, he took the hammer miolner, lifted up and brandished it. Thor struck the hammer against the head of the giant Skrymner; another time Thor threw the hammer after Yme the sorcerer, and broke his head, &c."

"The mark of the hammer with its handle upon the Runestone at Roby is seven spans, as the length of a moderate sceptre requires. The ancient inhabitants of this country did not use a sceptre with lilies, but with a cross upon it, or like the trident of Neptune. The shape of Thor's hammer in the time of paganism was exactly a cross; for when king Hacon sacrificed with the Heathens in Norway, and was forced to drink out of the offering cup, he made the Christian sign of the cross before his mouth; but this was interpreted by his heathen subjects, as if he had made the sign of Thor's hammer before his mouth, and so made the holy libation to the God Thor. The king's governors and ministers had formerly permis-

sion to use the representation of Thor's hammer or a cross, to shew the might and power entrusted to them. In former times, when the people were convened by the king to the public assembly and court of judicature, the hammer of Thor was used amongst the Heathens for sign and summons; but, when they became Christians, a cross of wood was adopted in its stead, which was sent round the villages. See Angr. Jon. lib. 1. Rerum Island. c. 7. and Stephan. in Sax. Gram. p. 250." *Peringskiold's Uplandic Monuments. Stockh.* 1710. *pag.* 255.

Thor is stated in the Edda *(Göranson's edition, p.* 22.) to have been the son of Odin and Jorth, the earth, who was his own daughter.

V. 4. "*The son of earth.*" Jardar bur, one of Thor's appellations.

V. 6. "*Loke.*" The son of Laufey or Laufeyia, was one of the Asi.

V. 9. "*Freyia.*" The daughter of Niorder of the nation of the Vani. "Tha er Niördur var meth Vö-

nom, &c." *i. e.* "Whilst Niorder was amongst the Vani, he had espoused his sister; for that was according to their law. Frey and Freyia were their children. But amongst the Asi it was forbidden to marry such near relations." *Ynglinga Saga, c. 4.*

V. 16. "*Asgard.*" As-gard means the abode of the Asi, who were the countrymen of Odin. Suhm in his Historie af Danmark (v. 1. p. 17.) considers, that there were three Odins. The first, son of Bör of the nation of the Asi, who dwelt in the old Asgard at the mouth of the Tanais, introduced the worship of the Sun, and after his death was deified by his countrymen. The second, son of Heremod, a descendant of the old Odin, fled before Darius at the time of his expedition against the Scythians, built the new Asgard near the Duna, and inhabited the country between that river and the Veissel. From thence he passed over into Sweden, and waged war against all the Jotuns, who would not acknowledge him to be their God and the offspring of the Sun. Lastly came the third

Odin, son of Fridleif, from old Asgard about 50 years before the birth of Christ, stopped some time at the new Asgard, and from thence proceeded to Sweden, where he dwelt at Sigtuna, and built a temple at Upsala, which became his principal residence. It is the opinion of some writers, that Upsala itself is sometimes called Asgard; and it seems very probable, that this name was applied to the metropolis of the Asi, in whatever country they sojourned. In his observations on Saxo Grammaticus, which are printed in the eleventh volume of his Samlede skrifter, Suhm is contented with two Odins. The following passage, which gives a very plausible solution of some of the difficulties, that occur in the Northern mythology, is translated from thence. "It was not difficult for Odin to make the progress, which he did in the North; for he gave out, that he and his companions were the very Gods, who were already worshipped there. For this must be observed, that I reckon more, than one Odin. Saxo himself speaks in this place of a Mit-Odin, that

is a middle Odin, from which we may conclude, that he believed, there were three. But I hold, that not more than two are necessary. The first inhabitants of the North came undoubtedly out of Asia, from the countries situated between the Black Sea and the Caspian. That is the reason, that the name Aser is found in our old histories, and the last Odin improperly took the name of As. Whether some men, called Odin, Thor, and so forth, were amongst the first, I shall not attempt to say; but thus much is certain, that by Thor was understood the supreme Deity, and by Odin the Sun. The last Odin, whether he bore that name before, or adopted it after his arrival, sometimes gave himself out to be the Deity Odin, and, as he was the most eminent of his party, sometimes also to be the first and supreme God. Perhaps at the commencement he met with people, who were acquainted with the God Odin only; for otherwise it would have been as easy for him to have called himself Thor; but, when he had once established himself as Odin, it was necessary to adhere

to that. Hence sprung the diversity of notions in our mythology: for Odin induced some to believe, that he was the supreme God; some on the contrary could not be brought to this, but, as his exploits were great in war, they conceived, that he was the God of battle, which others thought to be either Thor, or Tyr. But some held him in such abhorrence, that they considered him as a God indeed, (for they had felt his might too much to deny this) but as a wicked God; and they reckoned, that he was the evil, and Thor on the other hand the good being. The seat of Thor was principally in Norway, where it does not seem, that the arms of Odin made great progress. The true seat of Odin was in Sweden. Before his time, according to my opinion, the great northern peninsula and its inhabitants had no special name amongst the natives themselves, excepting, that the northern division was called Nor-riget, or the north kingdom, and the southern Syd-riget, or the south kingdom; from which the names Norvegia, Norvegi, Normanni, Suionia, Suiones, are

derived; whence Norige, corruptly Nerigon, is found in Pliny, and Suiones in Tacitus. The large and tall people are called in our language Riser, from which perhaps the Russians acquired their name; Jetter, which according to different pronunciations was changed to Jyder, Gauter, Geater, and Gother; (by which last name a German nation near the Baltic, introduced by the last Odin, was particularly called in ancient times) and Kiæmper, which the Romans changed into Cimbri, or Kimbri. It is certain, that our old history and mythology has been very much perplexed by confounding the elder Odin and Thor with the later." *Suhms samlede skrifter*, 11. 146.

I have subjoined an extract from the old Icelandic Rymbegla, in which Odin is called the son of Thor. It is not singular, that so much diversity should appear in the accounts of Odin's parents, as there were evidently more, than one Odin, and the object of the last was to conceal the whole of his real history. "Upphaf allra frásagna í Norrænne tungu theirra," &c.

i. e. " All the accounts in the northern tongue, which adhere to truth, commence at the time, when the Turks and Asiatics settled in the north; whence it may be truly said, that the language, which we call Northern, came with them here into the North, and spread over Saxony, Denmark, and Sweden, Norway, and some parts of England. The leader of these people was Odin the son of Thor; he had many sons. Many trace their descent from Odin; he established his sons in the country, and made them rulers over it. One of his sons was named Skiolldur, who took to himself the land, now called Denmark; but at that time those lands, which the Asiatics inhabited, were called the lands of the Gods, and the nation the people or race of the Gods. Boundaries were fixed between Skiolldur and his brother Ingfreir, who dwelt in the kingdom now called Sweden. Odin and his sons were very wise and deeply learned, beautiful in countenance, and mighty in strength. Many others of their race were men of great eminence with various perfections; and the

people took some of them to worship and believe in, and called them their Gods." *Rymbegla*, 3. 1. *p.* 316.

Having mentioned the various countries, in which was spoken the ancient language of Odin, now called the Icelandic, it may not be improper to add the following translation of a passage in Baron Holberg's reign of king Canute concerning its prevalence in England. "It is to be remarked, that various languages were used in Great Britain from the first arrival of the Anglo-Saxons. The English tongue, or that, which was spoken by the Angli, differed very little from the Danish, because the Angli came from Jutland, on which account their language was also called by ancient writers Cimbric or Gothic. This language was spoken in the provinces, which lay north of the river Thames, as the Saxon was in the south. Although they differed from each other, yet the distinction was not so great, but that each of them could be understood by both nations, the Angli and the Saxons. These languages flourished together in the country, till the heptarchy was

abolished and the seven small kingdoms united; for then the Saxon began to prevail together with the Saxon kings, and the English or Danish fell gradually into disuse. But afterwards, when a new swarm of Danes established in the country, the Danish came into use again, although it was not the same, which the Angli or South Jutlanders had brought with them; so that there may be reckoned three distinct tongues besides the British or Welsh language, namely the English or old Danish, the Saxon, and the new Danish, which last was principally spoken in Northumberland, East Anglia, and Mercia, of which the Danes had gained possession. At last, as the Danish was the language of the court under Canute the great and his two successors, the other provinces, even the West Saxons, were forced to accustom themselves to the Danish dialect then in fashion; so that the old West Saxon tongue was corrupted by the Danish, as we now see the Danish corrupted and likely to be completely changed by the German, which is at present the court language

of the country. For the court is the principal school for language, as all affect to speak the same, or at least attempt to introduce words or expressions from it into the general tongue. So it happened with the Danish under the three Danish kings: but when their rule had ended, and Edward the Confessor acceded to the throne, the Saxon became the language of the court again, until William the conqueror gained possession of England, and introduced the Norman tongue, which was a mixture of Danish and French. The English of the present day is a composition of all these languages." *Holbergs Dannemarks riges Historie*, 1. 150.

V. 17. "*Jotunheim.*"
V. 19. "*Thursi.*" } The situation of Jotunheim is supposed to have been north east of the Baltic, and to have extended from the White Sea even to the north western coast of Norway, where Helgeland was inhabited by a nation of this race. They were indiscriminately called by the names of Jotni, or Jæ-

ter, and Thursi, Riser, Kiæmper, (whence the old English word Kemp and Kemperye man, a soldier) and several others expressive of their size and ferocity. Angrim Jonas, who was fully convinced of the gigantic bulk of the ancient inhabitants of the north before the time of Odin, is very desirous of establishing their descent from the Canaanites, who were routed by Joshua, which he has labored at length to prove in the first book of his Crymogæa. After enumerating the most conspicuous giants of the north, (the last of whom, fifteen cubits high, is said to have been killed by king Magnus Erichson in 1338) to shew how wide they extended in earlier times he continues, "Adde, quòd provincia quædam Norvegiæ seu Finmarkiæ contermina Risaland (id est, gigantum terra, nam en rise et rese gigantem significat) antiquitus dicta est; a quâ non longe abest Jötum heimar, id est, gigantum habitatio; (unde etiamnum en Jæt gigas dicitur) ut nihil dicam de Jötumland, quo nomine nostratibus dicebatur olim, quæ hodie vocatur Jutland, et complu-

ribus etiam Cimbrorum terra seu Chersonesus; eo quoque nomine facto a Kemper, id est, gigantibus pugnantibus." *Crymogæa*, *p.* 42. Schöning, who completely agrees with Angrim Jonas as to the reality of their immense size, rejects the idea of their coming into the north from Canaan; for which indeed there is no ground, but the similarity of their bulk, and the letter th in their language, which is supposed to be of Hebrew origin. Schöning reckons, that they were descendants of the Thussagetæ, which he considers to be compounded from Thursi or Thussi (for they are sometimes called Hrim-thussi or cold Thussi) and Jotner or Jeter; and supposes them to have been first driven from their old habitations at the time of the famous expedition of Darius against the Scythians. They were originally connected with the tribes, which Odin afterwards led to the same countries in consequence of the violence of Mithridates, and spoke the same language. See *Schönings nordiske folkes oprindelse*, *p.* 157. It is certainly probable, that the first

inhabitants of the north were of superior strength and stature, accustomed, as they must have been, from the rugged nature of the climate and country, to a hardy and fearless life, and at the time of their first establishment amply supplied with animal food to encrease their bulk, and enable them to contend with the severity of the seasons. When Odin invaded the same regions with a second hoard of settlers, he resolved to exterminate those, whom he could not subdue, or win over to his party; and he therefore represented them to his followers as miscreated monsters and sorcerers; and all the accounts of their enormous stature, which probably had some foundation, were naturally exaggerated by their opponents.

V. 22. "*Alfi.*" The Edda of Snorro gives the following account of Alfheim, and its inhabitants, who were inferior to the Asi or Gods, and held the rank of secondary divinities; and from their name is derived our word Elf. The Latin writers have thought proper to call them Fauni, from a prevailing desire of

identifying the Roman and Scandinavian mythology. "Sa er thar stadr," &c. *i. e.* "There is a place, which is called Alfheim; there dwell a people hight Liosalfar or Light Alfs; but the Dauckalfar or Dark Alfs inhabit under ground, and they are unlike the others in appearance, and still more unlike in fact. The Light Alfs are whiter in appearance, than the Sun; but the Dark Alfs more swarthy, than pitch." *Göranssons Edda, p.* 34. The Alfi were in fact a tribe related to the Asi, and inhabited the province of Dalhus, a part of Norway now belonging to Sweden.

V. 27. "*Fathom.*" Raustom. It is not known exactly, what this measure is; though probably much more, than a fathom: but the precise depth is of no importance.

V. 33. "*Midgard.*" The boundary between the Asi and Jotuns or giants. The following account of it is given in the Edda of Snorro.—"Kringlott er jorth," &c. *i. e.* The earth is circular, and a deep sea lies round it; and on the shores they (the sons of

Bör, viz. Odin, Vili, and Ve) gave a habitation to the giants; but in front within the earth they made a town against the attacks of the giants, and for this purpose they used the eyebrows of Yme, and called the town Midgard. They cast his brains into the air, and made the clouds of them; as is here stated:

Of Yme's flesh was the earth created,
Of his sweat the sea, the hills of his bones,
The meadows of his hair, and of his head the heaven,
And of his eyebrows the blithe Gods made
Midgard for the sons of men, and of his brains
Were all the hard-tempered clouds created.

When the sons of Bör walked on the sea strand, they found two trees, and of these they formed mankind. The first gave breath, the second life, the third hearing and sight; and the man was called Askr and the woman Emla. From them sprung mankind, to whom a habitation was given under Midgard. After that they made Asgard in the middle of the world. There dwelt Odin, and the race of those, from whom our race is

descended." *Göranssons Edda, p.* 20. See also *Schönings nordiske folkes oprindelse, p.* 101, &c.

V. 37, and 38.) " Opt sitianda saugor um fallaz,
Ok liggiandi l'ygi um bellir."

These lines are translated literally. It is probably an old proverbial saying, and seems to mean, that, if Loke waited till he sat down, he might forget half his story; and, if he waited till he had slept upon it, he would probably invent a false one.

V. 53. " *Asiniæ.*" The wives and daughters of the Asi.

V. 56. " *Heimdallar.*" Literally, Heimdallar, the whitest of the Asi. He was the son of Odin, from whom he received the kingdom of Scania. " Heimdallar was called the *white God;* he is great and holy; he was *the son of nine virgins, all sisters.* He is the sentinel of the Gods, and sits at the extremity of heaven to guard the bridge against the mountain-giants. He requires less sleep, than a bird; he sees by night, as well as by day, a hundred miles (rasta) before him; he

hears the grass grow on the earth, and the wool on the flocks, and every thing, that sounds. He has a trumpet, which is called Giallarhorn, and its blast is heard throughout the world." See *Göranssons Edda*, *p.* 44. This probably meant, that he was the God of light, which springs from the nine heavens or worlds, as they are numbered in Vafthrudnismal, "nió kom ec heima fyr niflhel nedan." *i. e.* I have visited nine worlds above the abyss of hell.

V. 57. "*Vani.*" The Vani were a nation, who dwelt near the river Tanais, which in the old northern tongue was called the Vana, and they extended towards the Volga. See *Yngl. Sag.* c. 1. Before the emigration of Odin a long war had been carried on between the Vani and their neighbours the Asi, which, after a dubious contest, terminated in peace and exchange of hostages. Niorder and his son Frey were hostages from the Vani, and they accompanied Odin into the north. See *Yngl. Sag. c.* 4. The Vani had the character of superior wisdom and learning, as appears also in Scirnis-för in

the old Edda, where Gerdur asks Scirner, whether he comes from the Alfi, the Asi, or the wise Vani. "Hvat er that A'lfa, ne A'sa sona, ne vissa Vana?" The same epithet is applied to them in Vafthrudnismal. Schöning reckons, that they were a Grecian colony, and on this account superior to their neighbours in learning. See *N. F. Oprindelse, p.* 268.

V. 60. It was customary to hang the keys to the waist of the bride, to shew, that the management of the household was intrusted to her.

V. 82. "Thor possesses two goats and a chariot; the goats are called Tangmoster and Tangsnir (or Tangrisner). When he goes to Jotunheim, Thor drives the chariot, which is drawn by them; and on that account he is called Auko-Thor." See *Göranssons Edda, p.* 38.

V. 88. "*Noatun.*" The habitation of Niorder. See *Göranssons Edda, p.* 40. *Ynglinga Sag. c.* 5. and *Grimnismal, st.* 16.

V. 91. "*Jewels.*" In the original menia, necklaces

or bracelets. It means the gold and jewels taken in battle from the spoils of the enemy, and perhaps had some reference to the celebrated necklace of Freyia. Rings seem to have been used amongst the ancient inhabitants of the north for money. In the lamentation of Sterkader he calls himself Hringa vana, without rings; by which he means without money. The same connexion between rings and money may be observed in this ode, where the giant's sister asks for rings, and in the last stanza it is said, that she received blows instead of rings and money. Baugr, a ring, which is the same as the French word bague, is also used to express money in Icelandic. See *Haconarmál*, and *Orkneyinga Saga*, *p.* 156. They seem to have been universally worn by warriors, and of course formed a valuable part of the booty. A very curious account of the regulations, under which the spoil was divided, is found in the thirty-eighth chapter of Hirdskraa, from which the following passage is translated. "Now shall it be told, how the spoil shall be divided

after battle, if God gives both victory and booty. This is the ancient custom of the king and the Birkibeini, to make a full tythe of all the plunder, and not withdraw any thing. First shall they blow to council, in whatever place may seem best. The standard bearer shall carry the king's standard there, and let make a circular enclosure, and the standard shall be placed in the middle. This is the ancient form of words; "What bearest thou to the spear?" Every man shall bear to the spear, whatever booty he has got, and swear, that he has not secreted any thing, and knows not, that any other has. Twelve men, whom the king names to divide the plunder, shall separate all, that is brought to the spear, first into halves, then into quarters, and afterwards each quarter again into halves. But those of the principal men and pilots, whom the king names, shall divide the whole suite first into halves, and then into quarters. Then shall lots be laid in the bosoms of each quarter; and they shall chuse first, whose lot comes up first; and so every one,

as his lot falls, till each man shall have got his share." And in the same chapter; "It is the custom of the court not to despoil a dead body, but to leave on it both shirt and breeches. Yet is it right to take silver, if there is any upon it. But whoever strips a body more, than aforesaid, shall be fined, as follows." &c. See *Hird-skraa*, *p.* 286.

The Birkibeini (as may be seen in the seven last chapters of Heimskringla) were a miscellaneous banditti, who first made their appearance in the thirteenth year of the reign of king Magnus Erlingson in the twelfth century under the auspices of Eysteirn (or Augustin), a supposed son of king Eysteirn, who layed claim to the crown of Norway. Being overpowered by the natives in the northern parts of Norway, which they had pillaged, they betook themselves to the woods and desert places; where they clothed themselves with the bark of trees, from which their name was derived.

V. 96. "*The spouse of Sifia.*" Thor. "In the northern hemisphere Thor espoused a prophetess, whose name was Sibil; but we call her Sif." See

Göranssons Edda, p. 5. Thor was at all times extremely voracious. In Hymis-qvida, where he is also the spouse of Sifia, he eats two oxen for supper.

" A't Sifiarr verr, athr sofa gengi,
Einn med aullo eyxn tva Hymis." *St.* 15.

V. 108. Sandvig, who has translated this ode into Danish, appears to me to have misunderstood this line, in which he makes Thor start, instead of Thrym. " Thor sprang langs udaf den lange sal." *p.* 190. In the original it is *hann*, he, and it undoubtedly refers to the astonishment of Thrym on discovering the savage countenance of Thor under the veil.

V. 126. " *Slaughter'd.*" In the Icelandic, lamdi: whence the vulgar word, to lam, which is still in use.

V. 130. & 131. " Hon skell um hlaut fur skillínga,
En haugg hamars fur hringa fiöld."

" She got blows instead of skillings, (a coin nearly answering to a halfpenny) and strokes of the hammer instead of many rings." This seems to be the origin of our old proverb, " to get more kicks than halfpence."

THE

BATTLE

OF

HAFUR's BAY,

A. D. 885.

From the old Icelandic by Hornklof, printed in Heimskringla, Per. ed. v. 1. p. 93. Schön. ed. v. 1. p. 95.

1803.

Loud in Hafur's echoing bay
Heard ye the battle fiercely bray,
'Twixt Kiotva rich, and Harald bold!
Eastward sail the ships of war;
The graven bucklers gleam afar,
And monsterous heads adorn the prows of gold.

Glittering shields of purest white,
And swords, and Celtic falchions bright,
And western chiefs the vessels bring:
Loudly scream the savage rout,
The maddening champions wildly shout,
And long and loud the twisted hauberks ring.

Firm in fight they proudly vie
With him, whose might will gar them fly,
Imperial Utstein's warlike head.
Forth his gallant fleet he drew,
Soon as the hope of battle grew,
But many a buckler brast, ere Haklang bled.

Fled the lusty Kiotva then
Before the fair-hair'd king of men,
And bade the islands shield his flight.
Warriors wounded in the fray
Beneath the thwarts all gasping lay,
Where headlong cast they mourn'd the loss of light.

Gall'd by many a missive stone
(Their golden shields behind them thrown)
Homeward the grieving soldiers speed;
Fast from Hafur's bay they hie;
East-mountaineers o'er Jadar fly,
And thirst for goblets of the sparkling mead.

Brast, broke with noise. *Thwarts*, benches for the rowers.

NOTES

ON

THE BATTLE OF HAFUR's BAY.

Heimskringla. This valuable history of Norway (so called from its first words, Kringla heimsins, *i. e.* orbis terrarum) was written by Snorro Sturleson, a noble Icelander, who was born in 1178, and died by a violent death in 1241, having stood pre-eminent amongst his countrymen in rank, situation, wealth, and learning. The first part, which is called Ynglinga saga, gives a short account of Odin and his eldest descendants; but the reigns of the later kings, from the time of Halfdan father of Harald Harfager to the defeat of the Birkibeini by Magnus Erlingson in 1177, are fully detailed. The work of Snorro, like most Icelandic writings, contains many quotations from the old historical poets, who recorded the expeditions, in which they generally accompanied their princes, and from

whose works, collated and corrected by oral tradition, this excellent history was compiled. It was first printed in 1697, in two vols. fol. at Stockholm by Peringskiöld, and afterwards at Copenhagen in three vols. fol. by Schöning and Thorlacius.

These lines were written by Thornbiörn Hornklof, one of the Scalds of Harald Harfager, who was the founder of the Norwegian monarchy. Harald had inherited some provinces from his father Halfdan, and the following singular circumstance first excited him to reduce all the petty kingdoms under his dominion. Eric prince of Hordaland had a daughter called Gyda, equally distinguished for beauty and spirit. Her fame had reached the ears of Harald, who was passionately fond of women; and, little expecting to be rejected, he sent ambassadors to conduct her to his court. "I will not" (replied the haughty Gyda to his messengers) "so cast away my virginity, as to take for husband a prince, who possesses only a few provinces; and wonderful it seems to me, that no prince has spirit enough

to unite all Norway under his dominion, and to rule over it, as king Gorm rules in Denmark, and king Eric at Upsala. Tell king Harald, that on this condition alone will I consent to become his bride, that he shall for my sake subdue the whole of Norway, and govern it with the same free power, that is held in Denmark by Gorm, or by Eric in the kingdom of Sweden." *(See Heimskringla, and Schön. N. Hist.)* Roused by this spirited answer, king Harald awoke, as from a dream; and made, according to the singular custom of the time, a solemn vow, never to clip or comb his hair, till he should have extended his sway over the whole country. His talents were equal to the arduous task, which he undertook: prudent, steady, and always victorious, he proceded from province to province, ever keeping in view the great object of universal conquest. Alarmed at length by his continual success, the provinces of Hordaland, Rogaland, Agder, and Thylemark, formed under Kiotva the rich, prince of Agder, and his son Haklang, a powerful

league to resist his progress. A great battle was fought in 885, and they were completely defeated by Harald in Hafur's bay, on the coast of Jadar, a province immediately south of the port of Stavanger in Norway. After this victory his empire was established over the whole country, and none remained sufficiently powerful to contend with him; but many emigrated to the north of Sweden, or settled in Iceland, which had been lately discovered, and was uninhabited.

V. 6. "*Monsterous heads, &c.*" Such is king Haco's ship described to have been in the account of the Norwegian expedition against Scotland in 1263. "Til thessarar ferdar, &c. *i. e.* During this voyage king Haco had that great vessel, which he had caused to be constructed at Bergen. It was built entirely of oak, and contained twenty-seven banks of oars. It was ornamented with heads and necks of dragons beautifully overlaid with gold." *Johnstone, p.* 24.

V. 9. "*Western chiefs.*" By these lines it seems, that Kiotva received some assistance from France or the British Isles.

V. 10. "*Savage.*" Ulfhedner, properly wolflike; so called from their fierceness, or from wearing the skins of wolves.

V. 15. "*Utstein.*" One of the palaces, in which Harald was wont to reside.

V. 18. "*Brast.*" Icelandic, *bresta.* The use of this word cannot be better exemplified, than by the famous answer of Einar to Olave Trygvason, king of Norway, in the fatal battle, in which that valiant champion of Christianity was overpowered with his small squadron by Earl Eric and the kings of Denmark and Sweden, on his return from Vindland (which included Meklenburg and Pomerania) in the year 1000. His followers defended themselves with desperate resolution, and the Danish and Swedish fleets were repulsed; but Eric vigorously renewed the attack with his Norwegians. Einar, an expert bowman in king Olave's ship, had aimed at him twice. The first arrow flew by his head, the second between his arm and body; Einar had put a third arrow to the bow, which probably would have proved fatal, and

turned the fortune of the day, when the string was struck by a broad-pointed weapon, and broke with noise. "What brast?" said Olave, who heard the sound. "Norway from thine hands, King!" replied Einar. King Olave was vexed, and answered, "That must God decide, not thy bow." Then the fight waxed hotter, and most of the principal men in the king's ship were slain, and the quarters so thinned, that Einar and his followers boarded the vessel, and rushed on like savage wolves. See *Olaf Tryg. Sag. c.* 69. *Reenh.*

V. 20. "*Fair-hair'd king.*" Harald Harfager.

V. 26. "*Golden shields.*" Svafnis salnæfrar, literally the tiles of the hall of Odin; which are here used for gilt shields. In Grimnismal, st. 9. it is stated, that the ceiling or roof of Odin's hall was made with shields, and the benches covered with coats of mail. These lines are quoted in the Edda, as written by Thiodolph, a poet of great reputation, who flourished at the same time as Hornklof. See *Göranssons edition*, p. 9. where their meaning has been completely misunderstood by the translator.

VEGTAM's SONG;

OR,

THE DESCENT OF ODIN.

1803.

The Gods did all to council crowd,
The Goddesses talk'd fast and loud;
And this the theme of their debate,
If Balder's dreams were big with fate.
Heavy the hero's slumbers were,
Joy seem'd in sleep to disappear;
To mystic shrines the giants press,
And ask, if this bodes new distress.
The shrines have said, that Uller's * friend,
The loveliest, to death must tend:
Frigga and Suafner † grieving hear,
And Gods debate with anxious fear;
They send, and sue all things to seal
The peace with oaths for Balder's weal:

* Balder. † A name for Odin.

All nature swore to hold from strife;
Frigga took pledges for his life.
Yet did the Lord * of slaughter fear,
The sprites of joy must disappear;
He call'd the Gods, and counsel sought;
But each proposed a different thought.
" Uprose † the king of men with speed,
And saddled strait his coal-black steed."

&c. &c. &c.

See Gray's poems.

* Odin.

† *Literally*, Uprose Odin, guardian of mankind,
And on Sleipner he laid the saddle.
Thence he rode to the lowest abyss of hell.
&c. &c.

NOTE

ON

VEGTAM's SONG.

THE foregoing lines are the commencement of an old Icelandic ode in Sæmund's Edda, of which the remainder has been beautifully imitated by Gray. His translation was made from the quotation in Bartholinus, (Ant. Dan.) who did not publish the whole poem; but these stanzas are almost necessary to make the rest intelligible; and on this account I have translated them closely, to serve as an introduction to that excellent fragment. An imitation of the whole ode has been published by Mr. Cottle in a volume entitled * *Sæmund's Edda translated into English verse;* but Mr. Cottle has taken such liberties with the Icelandic poetry and mythology, which in some places he has purposely amplified, and in others misunderstood, that,

* This is a great mistake; for the volume, which Mr. C. has translated, does not comprehend half Sæmund's Edda, and professes only to contain the mythological Odes not published by Resenius.

if he had published his work as original, he could scarcely have been accused of plagiarism. It may be sufficient to quote his translation of the third and fourth stanzas of this ode, to shew how much he has departed from the original. The literal translation of the Icelandic words would be, " The oracles have said, that the friend of Uller singularly lovely was doomed to die. That gave sorrow to Frigga and Suafner, and the other Gods; they came to a decision, that they should send out to all things, and sue for peace, not to hurt Balder. All nature gave oath to abstain. Frigga took the oaths and promises of all;" which Mr. C. has thus amplified:

" The sacred oracles declare—
Balder must for death prepare!
Asi sad the tidings hear;
Frigga drops the impassion'd tear,
Dignify'd in silent grief,
Odin seeks not such relief:
But deeply ponders in his mind,
Safety for his son to find.

Let us, he cry'd, forbid to fly
The stormy powers, that rule the sky;
League with the light'nings; thunders chain;
And quell the uprising, angry main:
Lest, mission'd by the powers of fate,
They in direful ambush wait.
For Balder, Odin, thus afraid,
Peace with willing nature made;
And every jarring element
For once harmoniously consent." *p.* 217.

Mr. Cottle's ode begins, "The morn was up; the blast blew loud;" and ends thus,

"Muspelli their banners raise,
"And Surtur wrap the world in blaze."

There is nothing similar to these lines in the original, and the Muspelli and Surtur are not even alluded to; but they have been drawn out of a Latin note in the Copenhagen edition, to be placed in the text. Gray's beautiful imitation is sufficiently close, except in a few passages, where he has admitted some little amplifications, that tend to convey notions respecting the Ice-

landic mythology, which are not warranted by the original; such as, "*coal-black* steed, *raven* hair, *thrice* he traced the Runic rhyme, the portals *nine* of hell, foam and *human* gore." But in every other respect it is a most valuable translation, and the public cannot desire another, though it may require some illustration. Frigga, when she took the oaths of all nature, overlooked the misletoe; Loke, having observed this, maliciously persuaded Hoder to dart a branch of it at Balder, which proved fatal to him. Vali, or Ali, the son of Odin and Rinda, revenged his death by slaying Hoder; which wonderous feat he performed, when he was but one night old, Ein-nættr; as is stated in this ode, and in the 32d stanza of Voluspá. It is not certain, what Odin means by the question concerning the weeping virgins; but it has been supposed, that it alludes to the embassy afterwards sent by Frigga to try to redeem Balder from the infernal regions, and that Odin betrays his divinity by mentioning what had not yet happened. The object

of this embassy was frustrated by the perfidy of Loke; who, having assumed (as was supposed) the shape of an old woman, refused to join in the general petition, by which failure the spell was rendered ineffectual: but the Gods, having with difficulty made Loke their prisoner, bound him with a strong chain, which he will not break till the end of the world, or (as the Icelanders call it) the twilight of the Gods. To this the prophetess alludes in the last stanza.

Gray's Fatal sisters is very inferior to his descent of Odin, and in some passages he has lost much of the strength and spirit of the original; as for instance in the ninth stanza,

Nu er ogurligt um at litaz,
At dreyrugt sky dregr med himni;
Mun lopt litad lyda blodi,
Adr spar varar springa allar;

from which the following lines are translated, without the insertion or omission of a word.

'Tis horrid now to gaze around,
While clouds thro' heaven gore-dropping sail;
Air must be stain'd with blood of men,
Ere all our oracles shall fail.

Gray has translated it thus,

"Horror covers all the heath;
Clouds of carnage blot the Sun."

I have added a close translation of a few lines from the descent of Odin in the Icelandic metre, which is regulated by a corresponding letter in the two halves of each verse, instead of rhyme. One vowel is allowed to correspond with another.

The dog he met from hell advancing;
His adverse breast with blood was clotted,
His jaws for combat keenly grinning,
Fierce he bay'd the spell's dread father,
Oped his huge throat, and howl'd long after.
On rode Odin; the deep earth sounded;
He reach'd the lofty house of Hela;
Ugger rode to the Eastern portals,

There he knew was the tomb of Vala.
Strange verse he sung the slain enchanting,
Traced mystic letters northward looking,
&c. &c. &c.

However inharmonious to an English ear, they may serve to give a more distinct idea of Icelandic poetry, and to shew exactly in what degree Gray has varied from the original. Ugger is another name for Odin. He has many, which are used indiscriminately, as Tonans or Saturnius for Jupiter. In this metre two corresponding letters are sometimes required in the first half of the line, and one in the second, as v. 35. When there is but one in each, the second generally commences with it, as v. 26 and 28. Some of the Icelandic metres are much more difficult; as,

*Fyll*i ec *f*lock thin, sti*ll*ir;
*Fell*r á hönd mer *ell*i.

Evind in Heimskringla.

THE DYING SONG OF ASBIORN IN *ORMS STOROLFSONAR SAGA.*

From the old Icelandic printed in Bartholinus, Ant. Dan. p. 158.

1803.

KNOW, gentle mother, know,
Thou wilt not comb my flowing hair,
When summer sweets return,
In Denmark's vallies, Svanvhide fair!
O whilom had I fondly vow'd
To hie me to my native land!
Now must my panting side be torn
By my keen foe's relentless brand.

Not such those days of yore,
When blithe we quaff'd the foaming ale,
Or urged across the waves
From Hordaland the flying sail;

Or gladly drank the sparkling mead,
While social mirth beguiled the hour.
Now lonely in the narrow den
I mourn the giant's savage pow'r.

Not such those days of yore,
When forth we went in warlike show:
Storolf's all-glorious son,
Stood foremost on the armed prow;
As sailing fast to Oresound
The long-keel'd vessels cleft the wave.
Now toled into the fatal snare
I mourn beneath the sorcerer's cave.

Not such those days of yore,
When conquest mark'd proud Ormur's way,
Stirring the storm of war,
To glut the greedy beasts of prey.

Toled, led by deceit.

Beneath his thundering falchion's stroke
Flow'd the deep waters red with gore,
And many a gallant warrior fell
To feed the wolves on Ifa's shore.

Not such those days of yore,
When south on Elfa's rocky coast
Warring with weapons keen
I fiercely smote the adverse host.
Oft from the loudly sounding bow
Ormur's unerring arrows flew;
Deadly, whene'er his wrath pursued
The bold sea-rover's trusty crew *.

Not such those days of yore,
When, swift to meet the haughty foe,
We roused the strife of swords,
Nor e'er declined the hostile blow.

* After this line two stanzas are omitted, containing proper names.

Seldom did I the steel withhold,
Or let to sting the warrior's side;
But ay did Ormur's ruthless arm
Humble our foemen's sturdy pride.

O did thy generous soul
Thy dying fere's last anguish know,
Ormur, thine heart would rise,
Thy warlike eyes with fury glow!
Friendship, to venge my fatal wrongs,
(If power remain) will point the way;
And soon beneath thy biting glaive
My torturer rue this cruel day!

Let to sting, forbear from stinging. *Fere*, companion.

NOTES

ON

THE SONG OF ASBIORN.

Asbiorn the proud (or rather the accomplished, for that was the old signification of the word *prudi*) was descended from an illustrious family established in the provinces of Nordmöre and Hordaland in Norway. A few years before his death, which took place in 995, he united in fellowship of arms with Ormar Storolfson, a distinguished Icelandic warrior; and they carried on together a piratical warfare, till Ormur returned to his native country. A Jotun, or giant, called Bruse, dwelt in a cavern upon a small island on the coast of Norway, who, on account of his stature, strength, and skill in sorcery, was deemed invincible. The difficulty of the enterprise excited Asbiörn to attempt to slay him, for it was generally esteemed as laudable to destroy a Jotun, as a bear or other wild beast; and no feat

tended so much to exalt the reputation of a warrior. Asbiörn landed on the island, and proceded alone at daybreak to the cavern, which was so dark, that Bruse, who suspected the object of his visit, sprung upon him unawares, and put him to a cruel and lingering death. Asbiörn did not utter a single groan; but, lamenting only, that he had not had an opportunity of measuring his strength with the giant, composed these stanzas, which he is said to have recited during his last moments. Singular as this may now appear, it was a common affectation amongst the warriors of the North, whose greatest pride was to display indifference at the hour of death, and to smile and jest in their last agonies. The most remarkable instances of their fortitude are collected in the fifth chapter of Bartholinus; but in this they certainly did not surpass the American Indians, who uttered their death-song with calm intrepidity in the midst of torments too horrid to relate, recounted the exploits of their youth, boasted of their own cruelties, and suggested even to their enemies

"more exquisite methods of torture, and more sensible parts of the body to be afflicted *."

Skill in poetry was an accomplishment almost indispensable to a northern warrior; and, although the rules of their metre were strict and various, they were habituated to speak in verse on every important incident; and the whole of their life was like a tragic opera.

"Ferox bello, tamen inter arma,
Sive jactatam religârat udo
Litore navem,
Liberum, et Musas, Veneremque, et illi
Semper hærentem puerum canebat."

The Jotuns (as I have before stated) were the people, who had settled in the north before the time of Odin. They were a race of large stature; and seldom built houses, but dwelt in the caves, which are numerous in those rocky countries, and were looked upon as sorcerers. Mengerda, the half sister of Bruse, repeated the dying song of Asbiörn to Ormur, whom she

* *Burke's Europ. Settl.* 1. 119.

assisted in revenging his death. It is preserved in Orms Saga; and, whether really composed by Asbiörn or not, from its style is certainly not of much later date. It contains some words, with which I am unacquainted; and in those passages I have adhered to the interpretation of Bartholinus. In the Kiæmpe viiser is a Danish translation of this ode, which I have not seen. I have omitted two stanzas, which contain only an enumeration of the names of Asbiörn's companions.

V. 21. "*To Oresound.*" At Eyrarsundi. The straits between Denmark and Sweden, commonly called the Sound.

V. 23. "*Toled.*" Tældr, from the verb *tæla*, to tole, or lead on by deceit into a snare. It is derived from *tal*, deceit. Johnson in his dictionary has called this expressive word "a barbarous provincial term," though he has quoted the authority of Locke. It is singular, that he did not recollect, that it is used in one of the finest passages in Beaumont and Fletcher,

which Milton has imitated, but not surpassed in his Comus.

" Or voices calling me at dead of night,
To make me follow, and so tole me on
Thro' mire and standing pools, to find my ruin."

Faithf. Sheph. act 1st.

V. 32. " *Ifa.*" Generally supposed to mean the Veissel; but Mr. Johnstone, in his glossary to Lodbrokar quida, says, that it is the river Iva in Angermannia, a province of Sweden; but he does not state his authority.

V. 35. " *Elfa's rocky coast.*" Part of the coast of Bahus.

GUNLAUG AND RAFEN.

From the Solarliod in Sæmund's Edda, Stanza tenth, &c.

1803.

The rich delights of love
To many fatal prove;
From women oft does sorrow spring:
Much evil do they bear,
Though fashion'd purely fair
And chaste by heaven's almighty King.

To Gunlaug fondly join'd
In peace was Rafen's mind;
Each was the other's dearest joy:
Ere they, to fury moved,
One beauteous woman loved,
Whose peerless charms did both destroy.

Nor after heeded they
Or sports or light of day,
All for that blooming maiden bright;
Nor any other form
Their wilder'd thoughts could warm,
Save that fair body's lovely light.

Mournful and sad to them
Each night's dark shadow came,
Nor ever found they slumbers sweet;
But from their hapless fate
Wax'd quickly savage hate
Between true friends with deadly heat.

Passions of strange excess
Beget severe distress,
And punishment of keenest woe.
The single fight they tried,
For that delightful bride,
And each received the fatal blow.

NOTE

ON

GUNLAUG AND RAFEN.

In the Icelandic the fictitious names Svafader and Skarthedin are used instead of Gunlaug and Rafen, but the author certainly alluded to their celebrated history; and deservedly is it celebrated, since, in consequence of their fatal enmity, the legal duel was abolished, by the full public assembly of the Icelanders, in the year 1011, only eleven years after the first establishment of the Christian religion amongst them. The vanity of the natives of more temperate regions has induced them to imagine, that the ungenial climate of the northern countries had stunted the genius of their inhabitants, and arrested their progress towards civilization. But so far is this fact from being true, that at that early period, when the rest of Europe was involved

in darkness, their understandings seem to have been far more enlarged. Not many years before the custom of duelling was finally abolished in Iceland, the single combat was established by Otho the great in Germany, as the final decision, not only on the rights and character of individuals, but on the general principles of equity and jurisprudence. The important laws of inheritance were instituted by that powerful emperor, not according to the counsel of statesmen and legislators, the practice of ancient times, or the political interests of his dominions, but the uncertain event of a superstitious duel. Within half a century after this famous decree of the Icelandic assembly, Henry the fourth of Germany was prevented only by the accidental death of his accuser from exhibiting the extraordinary scene of an arbitrary prince descending from the imperial throne, and waving the privileges of allegiance, to defend his private character against the attacks of a rebellious subject. At the instigation of the same emperor, we find a duke of Bavaria branded with

infamy for refusing the challenge of an obscure and discredited calumniator, and deprived of his liberty and dominions by the unanimous suffrage of the Saxon princes. Nor was this effected by the servility of dependent flatterers to gratify the wish of Henry, but by the fixed decision of those high-minded princes, who not only resisted his encroachments, but drove him at length barefooted and defenceless, to receive his sentence at Canosa from the sullen despotism of Gregory the seventh. I have particularized these circumstances, for the purpose of marking, that, at the very time, when the enlightened Icelanders cast aside this superstitious and barbarous custom, in the rest of Europe it was in its meridian glory. To how late a period it has lasted, is known to all. I have subjoined a brief account of the history of Rafen and Gunlaug, which is one of the most entertaining old Icelandic works, and was printed in 4to. from the manuscripts at Copenhagen in 1775.

Gunlaug was the son of Illugi, a man of great

wealth and authority in Iceland. He was a youth of large and robust stature, and distinguished by his poetry, which was so satyrical, that he acquired the name of Ormstunga, or Snake-tongue. In his earliest youth he was bold and restless; and at the age of fifteen, having quarrelled with his father, who would not permit him to travel, he fled to the house of Thorstein son of the famous Egill Skallagrimsson, who received him with kindness. Thorstein had a daughter called Helga the fair, who was esteemed the most beautiful woman in the island. A mutual and fatal attachment soon commenced between her and Gunlaug, and the wild disposition of his mind was considerably softened by her gentle conversation. The three following years were passed by Gunlaug partly at the abode of Thorstein, and partly at that of his father; at the expiration of which he again pressed Illugi to send him abroad. The request was now granted, and a share in a trading vessel was purchased for him. While Thorkell, who was to be the companion of his

voyage, was employed in loading the vessel, Gunlaug preferred he society of Helga, and returned to the house of Thorstein. He soon found an opportunity of asking for the hand of his daughter, which at first was refused on account of his fickle disposition; but Thorstein at length agreed, that the marriage should take place, if at the end of three years he returned to claim the promise. Soon after Gunlaug sailed from Iceland, and, having visited several other countries, he arrived at the court of king Olave at Upsala. There he met his countryman Rafen, a man of noble birth, and skilled in poetry; with whom he formed a close intimacy, which however was disturbed by a dispute about precedence in reciting their poems before the king. Rafen returned to Iceland; and at the expiration of the third year, Gunlaug being still absent, he solicited the hand of the fair Helga. Some difficulties were made by Thorstein, but he gave his consent at last to Rafen, in case Gunlaug should not return in the course of the next summer. A day was fixed for the nuptials:

Gunlaug, who had been severely hurt in wrestling, did not appear; and the melancholy Helga was forced to espouse her new suitor. On that very day Gunlaug arrived at the house of his father, and would have proceded immediately to the abode of Thorstein, but his lameness rendered it impracticable. The sorrows of the lovely Helga were doubled by the faithful return of the fond companion of her childhood, and the society of her husband became hateful to her. Soon after Rafen was challenged by Gunlaug in the public assembly; for by the law of Iceland at that time, whoever had received an injury, might call out the offender to single combat. Rafen, as challenged, gave the first blow; his sword broke against the shield, but a splinter from it struck the face of Gunlaug. One being wounded, the other disarmed, each claimed the victory; but their relations interfered, and the next day, in a crowded assembly, it was decreed, that from that hour no duels should be fought in Iceland. Rafen afterwards challenged Gunlaug to meet him

again in Norway; and, after some delay, they and their followers arrived severally at Throndhiem: but earl Eric, who had heard their history, forbade their fighting in his dominions. Gunlaug passed the winter at his court in the deepest melancholy; but, galled at last by the satyrical reflections of some of the Norwegians, he asked leave to depart, and followed his antagonist towards the Swedish territory. By the side of a lake they met upon a spot called Dyngiunes; and their companions, having protested, that they could not remain inactive, were permitted to join in the combat. The guides, who were less ambitious, seated themselves, and did not interfere. The conflict was bloody and expeditious; Gunlaug and Rafen were soon the only survivors, and after a few blows Gunlaug cut off the foot of his enemy, who did not however fall, but supported himself by the stump of a tree. Gunlaug refused to continue the fight with a man, who was so maimed; but Rafen replied, that, "though he certainly was a little curtailed, if he could procure water

to drink, he should be still his match."—" Do not then deceive me," said Gunlaug, " if I bring thee water in my helmet." Rafen answered, " That will I not." Then went Gunlaug to the lake, and brought water in his helmet, and presented it to him. Rafen took it in his left hand, and at the same moment smote the naked head of Gunlaug with his sword. " Ill hast thou deceived me," said Gunlaug, " and this was most unmanly, when I trusted thee."—" It was so," replied Rafen, " but I cannot bear, that thou shouldst enjoy the fair Helga." The fight was then renewed, and Gunlaug slew him; but the wound in his head was mortal, and he expired after the third night. The beautiful Helga was afterwards married to a noble Icelander called Thorkell; but she never loved him, and retained the sad recollection of her early attachment till the hour of death.

THE

COMBAT

OF

HIALMAR AND ODDUR,

WITH

ANGANTYR AND HIS ELEVEN BROTHERS.

From the old Icelandic in the fifth chapter of Hervarar Saga, Verel. edit.

1803.

THEN went the sons of Angrym to Sams-ey; and, when they arrived there, they found the* champions-fury come upon them: they immediately landed, as was their custom, and fought with trees. Hialmar and Oddur lay on the other side of the island, in a a place called Unnarvoge; they both landed, and mounted an eminence, to try if they could discover the sons of Angrym. When Angrym's sons had ascended the island, they saw Hialmar's ship, and recognised it. The champions-fury was then upon them, and at its

* See the notes.

utmost height; they drew their swords, and bit the edges of their shields, and grinned violently. Then went they against the ships, and commenced a great contest. Oddur and Hialmar had two ships well equipped, of that sort, which were called Asks. Six of the champions went against each ship, and they made the attack on one side before, and on the other behind. But on board were such good warriors, that they all defended their quarters, and fell there. The champions slew all the men, who were in the ships, and regained the shore. The fury then quitted them. It is said concerning champions, that when the fury first leaves them, they are weak, like sick men. Now Oddur and Hialmar saw, what the champions were doing, and they hastened down towards the ships with the greatest speed. Then Oddur sung thus:

"Fiercely from the vessel come
Champions twelve, a fearful sight;
Thus unarm'd without their mails
Bold to meet the deadly fight."

Then sung Hialmar thus in answer:

"From the ship with warlike stride
(Sight, which might the bold appall)
Haste to seize the hostile spoil
Twelve together, champions tall.
Warriors two at close of day
We shall sup in Odin's hall;
And those twelve victorious live,
Proudly live to boast our fall."

Such words of despair had Hialmar never spoken in the hearing of man. Then Oddur sung thus:

"To thy words of omen foul,
Hero, I in answer say;
Champions twelve in Odin's hall
They shall sup at close of day;
We shall both victorious live
Home to wend in proud array."

Now said Oddur; "One of two things have we to chuse; to fly into the woods, or abide here with armed hands." Then sung Hialmar:

" From our foes in deadly fight
Never let us basely fly;
Though I weet, the champions bear
Hideous mien and savage eye."

The champions now rushed towards them with drawn swords; they were all bloody, and one of them was a head taller, than the others. He had a sword, which shone forth like a sunbeam, and that was Angantyr with Tirfing. Then said Hialmar; " Wilt thou rather join combat with Angantyr alone, or with those eleven?" Oddur answered; " With Angantyr must I combat; for I trust better to my raiment, than to thine armour." Oddur had got a silk garment from Ireland, which weapons could never pierce. Hialmar said; " If thou esteemest it more to combat with Angantyr, then shall I do that; for where have we so acted, that thou shouldst go before me in the trial of manhood?" Then went Hialmar forward, and Angantyr against him; and they began their duel with mighty blows and violent collision; and no one could have be-

held a more vigorous onset, than was made by them. Oddur called to the champions, and said:

"One with one, if courage hold,
Wage we battle, warriors bold."

They assented. Then went forth Hiorvardur, and fought with Oddur; but the silk raiment sufficed so well for defence, that the sword pierced it not. He had also so good a blade, that it clove armour, even as a garment; and few blows gave he to Hiorvardur, before he fell. Then went forth Hervardur, and departed the same way; next Hrani; then one after one; but Oddur shewed them such hardy opposition, that he felled all the eleven brothers, yet was he not wounded. Then went Oddur, where Angantyr and Hialmar had combated, and thus he sung:

"Hialmar, what does thee betide;
Has thy color waxed pale?
Mighty wounds have wrought thee woe;
Sad I sing the mournful tale.
Furious blows have cleft thine helm,

On thy side have rent thy mail;
Now thy life is nearly spent;
Sad I sing the mournful tale."

Then sung Hialmar in answer:

"Sixteen wounds my body bears,
And my mail is rent in twain;
Darkness hangs before my sight;
Ill my limbs their weight sustain.
Angantyr's enchanted blade
Stings my heart with fatal pain;
Keenly piercing is the point,
Hard, and steep'd in deadly bane."

And then he sung thus:

"Proud domains and palaces
Five I ruled with puissant hand;
Yet I never could abide
Peaceful in my native land.
Hopeless now of light and life

Rest I on a foreign strand,
Here on Samsey's joyless shore
Wounded by the piercing brand.

Seated at the royal board
Many lords of high degree
In the court of Upsala
Quaff the ale with mirth and glee;
Many with the liquor fill'd
On the ground lie heavily;
Me the sword's keen wounds afflict
Circled by the lonely sea.

Youthful beauty's fairest flow'r
Me the monarch's daughter led
To the shore of Agnafit,
Soon a foreign coast to tread.
True I find the fatal words,
Which the parting damsel said;
That I never should return
Blithe to claim her promised bed.

Thence unwilling did I wend
Sever'd from the festive lay,
Which the lovely women sing
East of Sota's spacious bay.
In the swiftly sailing bark
O'er the waves I took my way;
Faithful friends the vessel trimm'd;
Here we sped with short delay.

From my finger draw the ring,
E'en in death my dearest pride;
To the blooming Ingebiorg
Bear it o'er the billows wide.
In her bosom fair and young
Constant sorrow shall abide,
When she hears, I ne'er return
Blithe to claim my promised bride.

O'er the rugged desert wild
East the hungry raven flies;

And behind on stronger wing
Swift the lordly eagle hies.
Soon to glut his hasty rage
Here my feeble body lies;
He will gorge the welling blood,
As I close my dying eyes."

After this died Hialmar and Angantyr. All the brothers were buried there in the island with their weapons; but Oddur bore the dead Hialmar to Sigtuna. Ingebiorg daughter of King Inga would not survive Hialmar, and destroyed herself.

NOTES

ON

THE COMBAT

OF

HIALMAR AND ODDUR

WITH

ANGANTYR AND HIS ELEVEN BROTHERS.

I HAVE followed the old edition of Verelius, containing a tolerably good Swedish version, which has assisted me in making out the most obscure passages; for the Icelandic poetry (which is almost a distinct language from the prose) in style, expression, aud obscurity, bears some analogy to the chorusses of the Greek tragedians. I have since collated it with the manuscript in the British Museum, and the later edition, published with a Latin translation at Copenhagen, from various manuscripts, in which the text differs much from that given by Verelius; which, though certainly corrupt in some passages, I have preferred, be-

cause that of the manuscripts used in the Danish edition seems to have been interpolated for the sake of explanation by the transcribers. I have translated the prose very closely; the verse in one or two places is a little amplified, on account of the obscurity of the original, and the shortness of the lines.

P. 71. "*Sam's-ey.*" Or Sams-isle, one of the Danish islands. "Samus Balthica, alias Samsoa; Pontano hist. Dan. pag. 305. Samsoa sive Samus Danica, Saxoni Grammatico, lib. 5. edit. Sorens, p. 93. Sampso, ibid. pag. 366 and 376. Samsa; Danicè Samss-öe; Island. Samsey; Sami insula, est insula amplissima, quæ in mari Balthico situm dilatat, orientali suo litore sinum Codanum et partem Selandiæ insularum Danicarum maximæ, et occiduo Jutiam Borealem exporrigit." *Resenius Sams. ins. descrip. Hafn.* 1675. It was a prevailing custom amongst the warriors of the northern nations to fight their duels in the islands, which abound upon their coasts. The Icelandic word *holmgangr* for a duel appears to be derived from this practice. Holm signifies

an island. In Gunl. Sag. Gunlaug challenges Rafen by these words; "Nu fyrir that vil ek bioda ther *holmgaungu* her a thinginu a thriggia natta fresti i *Auxarar-holmi.*" *i. e.* "Now for that will I challenge thee here in the public assembly to single combat at the expiration of three nights in Auxar island."

Hialmar and Hiorvardur one of the sons of Angrim were competitors for the hand of Ingebiorg daughter of king Inga, who resided at Upsala. The princess was attached to Hialmar, but her father, dreading the violence of Angantyr and his brothers, promised her to the strongest; and Hialmar was challenged by Hiorvardur to fight in Sams island. The famous Orvar Oddur was the friend and companion in arms of Hialmar.

P. 71. "*Champions fury.*" Berserksgangr. I have ventured to translate Berserker by the English word champions; but there is no term in any language, that can exactly answer to it. These extraordinary people have been called by Latin writers berserki. See

Kristnisaga, *p.* 142. They fought without armour, and were subject to a sort of fury, which was called Berserksgangr. Their name is derived from *ber*, bare, and *serkr*, a garment or coat of mail. The following account of them is given by Snorro Sturleson. "Enn hanns menn foro bryniolauser, &c. *i. e.* "And his (Odin's) men went without coat of mail, and were furious like dogs or wolves, bit their shields, and were strong as bears or bulls; they slaughtered mankind, and neither fire nor steel had power over them. That is called Berserks gangur." *Yngl. Sag. c.* 6. Verelius calls them, "Viri facinorosi, robusti, et bonorum paci graves, quibus iratis vel furore percitis ita intendebantur vires in luctam, pugnas, et cædes, ut postea debiles et languidi fierent." In his Lexicon Scandicum he explains the word berserkr, "Homines robore et animi ferocià aliis omnibus terribiles, qui furore et rabie armati obvia quæque prosternebant, evulsasque radicibus arbores in adversarios suos torquebant. Furore autem isto exhausti cæteris debiliores existebant." It

will be sufficient to quote an account of one of these furious champions from Saxo Grammaticus. "Eâ tempestate Harthbenus quidam ab Helsingiâ veniens, raptas regum filias stupro fœdare gloriæ loco ducebat; illum perimere solitus, a quo peragendæ veneris usu prohiberetur; illustres nuptias humilibus præferens, tantoque se clariorem existimans, quanto splendidiores concubitus per vim assequi potuisset. Nec ultionem effugit, qui se ei comparatione virtutis æquare præsumeret. Tantâ verò corporis magnitudine erat, ut novem cubitis proceritatis ejus dimensio tenderetur. Huic duodecim athletæ contubernales fuere, quibus officio erat, quoties illi præsaga pugnæ rabies incessisset, vinculorum remedio oborti furoris impetum propulsare. Ab his Haldanus Harthbenum ejusque pugiles viritim impetere jussus non solùm certamen spopondit, sed etiam victoriam sibi ingenti verborum fiduciâ promisit. Quo audito Harthbenus, repentino furiarum afflatu correptus, summas clypei partes morsûs acerbitate consumpsit, igneos ventri carbones mandare non destitit,

raptas ore prunas in viscerum ima transfudit, crepitantia flammarum pericula percurrit; ad postremum, omni sævitiæ genere debacchatus, in sex athletarum suorum præcordia furenti manu ferrum convertit. Quam insaniam illi pugnandi aviditas an naturæ ferocitas attulit, incertum est. Haldanum deinde residuâ pugilum manu petivit." *Saxo, lib.* 7. This troublesome race was so plentiful in the North before the establishment of the Christian religion, that circumstances of the same nature are related in almost every old Icelandic work; and it is stated in Grettis saga, c. 21, that earl Eric banished all such men from his dominions in Norway, "giordi alla berserki utlæga ur Noregi." It appears, that, however desirous, they had not the power of resisting the paroxysm of rage; for, in a passage quoted by Bartholinus from Vatnzdæla saga, Thorer laments, that he is subject to it, and asks the advice and assistance of his brother to prevent it. By the heathens they were supposed to be under the influence of witchcraft, and the first Christians in the

North thought them possessed by devils. It is related in Eyrbyggia saga, that Thrander was subject to the fury, whilst he was a heathen, but that it quitted him (as generally was the case) after he had been baptized. These accounts are singular, and indeed we meet with nothing similar to this extraordinary phrenzy in the history of any other people, unless it be the Malays; but there cannot be the least doubt of their authenticity. The various histories agree in stating, that, during the access of rage, the force of these champions was irresistible, and almost supernatural; but that afterwards they were sick and weak, like men exhausted by violent illness. See *Egills saga*, and *Eyrb. sag.* Many of them are described, as mild and affable in their general demeanor, unless suddenly thwarted or contradicted. It appears to me, that this temporary madness was merely the violent eruption of a savage disposition, amongst men undisciplined and untamed; whose limbs had been invigorated by the practice of every corporeal exertion; who from their habits of life and their reli-

gion were entirely devoid of fear, from earliest youth had been accustomed to constant warfare and pillage, and had known no controul, but their own will, no bound to their desires, but the impossibility of gratifying them. If I may apply to this subject the sublime poetry of Guidi,

" Ardea su l' alma a i chiari duci———
Sdegno regale, e bellicoso ardire,
E quel fatal desire
Di sempre incatenar regni ed eroi ;
E così i figli suoi
Vide ———— la stirpe altera
Tanto infiammarsi alla stagion guerriera."

The following singular story is related of Eric king of Denmark, in which it appears, that he was seized with a fury not unlike that of the Berserci; in consequence of which he vowed to undertake an expedition to the holy land, and died at Cyprus, according to Holberg in 1105. " One day, when he was sitting at table and carousing with his friends, a musician was announced, who boasted, that he could

sway the passions of all men, as he chose, by the sound of his harp. The king ordered him to enter, and make the experiment; but the musician excused himself for a long time, saying, that it would cause the king to lose his reason. This refusal served only to awaken their curiosity still more, so that he was compelled to play by fear of punishment. When the musician found, that the king was positive in his commands, he first requested, that the king's servants would shut up all the arms and weapons, which were in the hall. When this was done, and the doors locked, he began to strike the harp. The first piece, he played, had this effect, that the whole court became very sorrowful and melancholy; the second roused them all to mirth, so that they sprung up and danced; but at the third they all became furious. In this moment of rage the king broke open a closet, and seized a sword, with which he slew four of his ministers; and his attendants were forced to throw themselves upon him, and hold him forcibly, till the fury had sub-

sided." See *Holbergs Dannemarks Riges Historie*, 1. 198. This circumstance is told more at length by Saxo Grammaticus, *lib.* 12.

P. 73. "*Odin's hall.*" The slain in battle were supposed to go to the residence of Odin, which was called Val-hall, the hall of the slain. Odin was frequently called Valfodur, the father of the slain. To go to the hall of Odin is a common expression for to die in battle, as in the song of Evind Skaldaspiller called Hakonarmal, "Hver Yngva ættar Skylldi meth Othni fara I Valhöll at vera." *i. e.* "Which of the descendants of Yngua should go to abide with Odin in Valhalla." Those, who were about to fall in battle, were invited to Valhalla either by Odin himself, or by the Valkyriæ, the virgins of slaughter, who were deputed for that purpose. For a fuller account of this see Bartholinus's excellent book *De Causis contemptæ a Danis adhuc gentilibus Mortis*, *L.* 2. *c.* 11. Snorro in his Edda says, that "Odin is called Alfodur, because he is father of all the Gods; he is also called Valfodur,

because his chosen sons are those, who fall in the slaughter of battle. To them he assigns Valhalla." *Gör. Edd. p.* 36.

P. 74. "*Tirfing.*" The sword of Angantyr. I have here subjoined a translation of the second and third chapters of Hervarar Saga, which contain the history of this sword.—"At this time came from the east men of Asia and Turks, and settled in the north. Odin their leader had many sons, and they were all great men and powerful. One of his sons was called Sigurlami. To him Odin gave Gardarike (a part of Russia), and he was ruler over it. He espoused Heidi the daughter of Gylfa; they had a son, who was called Svafurlami. Sigurlami fell in battle, when he fought with the Jotun Thiassa. Now, when Svafurlami heard the fall of his father, he undertook to govern all that empire, which his father had possessed, and was very powerful. It happened one day, that Svafurlami rode out to the chase, and sought long for a hart, but came not within reach of one the whole day, before the sun

was set. He had then rode so far in the forest, that he knew not where his home was. A hill was on his right hand; there he saw two dwarfs. He drew his sword against them, and chased them out from the stones. They prayed to ransom their lives, and he asked their names; and one was named Dyren, and the other Dualin. He knew, that they were the most skilful artificers amongst the dwarfs, and he bound them to this, that they should make him the best sword, they could. They were to make the hilt and the handle also of gold; the sheath and fastening of the belt of gold. He stipulated, that the sword should never miss its stroke, and never suffer from rust; that it should cleave iron and stones even as a garment, and give victory in battle and single combat to whoever bore it. This was the ransom of their lives. On the appointed day they came; the dwarfs gave him the sword; and, as Dualin stood at the entrance, he said; "Thy sword shall be the bane of man, whenever it is drawn; and with it shall be performed three most atro-

cious deeds; it shall also be thy bane." Svafurlami struck at the dwarfs with the sword, and the blade clove the stones. Svafurlami possessed this sword, and called it Tirfing; he bore it in battle and in single combat. He felled the giant Thiassa in single combat, and took his daughter, who was called Frydur. They had a child, whose name was Eyvor, a maiden beautiful and wise.

Now be it told, that the champion Angrym was upon an expedition of pillage, and led out with him many soldiers. He layed waste the kingdom of Svafurlami, and fought with him, and they contended with alternate blows. Svafurlami struck a part of the shield of Angrym, and the sword was wedged in by the blow. Then Angrym brandished his sword at the hand of Svafurlami, and cut it off. Angrym then seized Tirfing, and with it struck and felled Svafurlami. He afterwards took considerable booty and his daughter Eyvor. They had twelve sons. 1. Angantyr was the eldest. 2. Hervardr. 3. Hiorvardr. 4. Se-

mingr. 5. Hrani. 6. Brani. 7. Barri. 8. Reitner. 9. Tiundur. 10. Bui. 11. two Haddingers. Both these performed only one man's work; Angantyr was equal to two; he was a head taller, than any of them. They were all mighty champions, and superior to others in strength and valor. They went wide about the country to plunder, and were all victorious and far renowned. Angantyr possessed Tirfing, Semingr Misteltein, and Hiorvardr Hrotta; each of them had a capital sword for single combat. It was their custom, when they were alone with their men, if they found the fury *(berserksgangr)* come on, to go up into the country, and fight with stones or trees. It has happened to them uniqtentionally to slay their own men, and destroy their ship. So tidings went abroad concerning them." See *Hervarar Saga, Verel. p.* 37, *&c.*

The death of Hialmar is placed by Suhm in the year 410. The real name of the Odin here mentioned was Hugleik; he flourished at the end of the third and be-

ginning of the fourth century, and was called Angul, because he established his dominion over the Anglo-Saxons in south Jutland; where he also acquired the name of Odin, whose religion he introduced amongst them. It was a common superstition amongst the northern nations to imagine, that the souls of their most eminent leaders revisited the earth and animated new bodies, and from this notion he has been confounded by the authors of Hervarar saga, Vegtam's quida, and other works, with the older Odin, from whom he was descended. He subdued the greater part of Jutland, and contended even with Frode the third for the crown of Denmark; but he found a powerful enemy in Hoder, by whom his son Balder was killed after a long contest. After this misfortune his influence was much diminished, and he retired with his adherents into Russia, where he espoused Rinda, and acquired considerable power.

P. 77. "*Afflict.*" In the Swedish edition it is thessari; but the right reading is thia, from ek thiae, I afflict.

P. 77. "*Agnafit.*" The spot, where Stockholm now

stands. "Agnafit, lingula terræ ad Mælerum lacum Sueciæ, quam Olaus sanctus freto Kongsund hodie dicto perfodiebat." *M.S. Lex. in the British Museum.*

Saint Olave, who reigned over Norway in the eleventh century, sailed with his fleet through Stocksound, and plundered the coast of the Swedish lake without opposition; but on his return he found the narrow passage completely blocked up by his enemies. In this dilemma he resolved to cut his way during the night through the narrow neck of land, called Agnafit: the waters of the lake, which were swollen by rain, assisted him in opening a channel, through which he made his escape; and on the next morning the Swedes, who had thought themselves certain of their prey, had the mortification of seeing the Norwegian fleet in the Baltic. See *Mallings St. og G. Handl. p.* 282.

P. 78. "*Sota.*" Part of the Swedish coast so called from Sote a famous pirate, who was defeated there by king Olaus.

P. 78. "*Faithful friends*, &c." The reading in the

Swedish edition is corrupt. "Mesta sinni med holvinum." That given in the Copenhagen edition is probably right; "Hinsta sinni med holvinum," *i. e.* for the last time with true friends. There is a similar expression in the lamentation of Starkader; "Adr færi ek Hinsta sinni til Haurdalands," *i. e.* "Before I went for the last time to Hordaland;" and in Holmveria saga,

"Thu hefir hingat i seinsta sinni
Feigum fotum folld sporada."

i. e. For the last time hast thou here
Trod the ground with fated feet.

In the M.S. of Hervarar saga in the British Museum the line stands thus, Fyrsta sinni fra holvinum, *i. e.* for the first time from my true friends.

P. 79. "*Sigtuna.*" This was the spot, where Odin first established himself in Sweden and built a temple, on the side of the great lake Mœleren. "Sigtun betyder Siges bolig, &c." *i. e.* "Sigtun signifies the abode or place of Sige; from which it may be readily conclud-

ed, that Odin's right name was Sigge, which is given to him in the Edda amongst many others." *Suhms Hist. af Dan.* 1. 35.

P. 79. "*Destroyed herself.*" The particulars of the death of Ingebiorg are related in the 31st chapter of Orvar Odds saga, where it is stated, that, when Oddur arrived with the body of Hialmar, and presented the ring to her, she was working a garment for Hialmar. The news of his death shocked her so violently, that she fell back, and instantly expired. Oddur raised her up and smiled, saying, that he rejoiced, that those were coupled in death, who were prevented from uniting in life. They were buried in one tomb at Upsala.

THE

SIXTEENTH CHAPTER

OF

SOGU THATTUR AF ALFE KONGE OG RECKUM HANNS,

CONTAINING

THE SONG OF HROKE THE BLACK.

From the old Icelandic in Biörner's Nordiska Kämpa datter.

1803.

Hroke the black was at the court of king Haco; Brynhilda was Haco's daughter. King Swein the victorious had been a suitor to Brynhilda, but rejected by Haco. Swein made a vow to destroy the man, who should marry Brynhilda, and her father also. Vifill, the son of Hiedin one of king Haco's earls, asked for the hand of Brynhilda, and it was promised to him on condition, that he should defend the realm against Swein. Hroke the black was unknown, and therefore he was received without honor, and seated

amongst the strangers. It happened one day, when the court was employed in the chase, and the women gathering nuts, that Brynhilda beheld a man of large stature standing against an oak tree, and heard him sing thus:

" By Hamund's son now be it told,
That two we were in battle bold;
Greater was our father's fame,
Mightier, than thy Haco's name.
Let Vifill be to none preferr'd,
Of those, who wait on Hamund's herd!
Never swine-herd saw I there
Mean of soul, as Hiedin's heir.
Happier was my active fate,
When I follow'd Alfur great.
In war united did we stand,
And haried each surrounding land.
Dauntless warriors then we led,
Where glory crowns the valiant head;

Haried, pillaged. Icel. heriade, from *her*, an army.

In polish'd helmets did we shine,
Roaming through mighty regions nine.
In either hand without his shield
The sword I've seen the monarch wield;
Nor warrior lived, or near, or wide,
With stouter heart and nobler pride.
Yet some have said, who little wiss'd,
Haleyga's lord all reason miss'd.
I never saw the valiant king
Lack, what prudent counsels bring.
He bade his warriors never quail,
Nor in pain of death bewail;
None beneath his banners wait,
Save who embraced their leader's fate;
None groan upon the battle's ground,
Though pierced and gall'd by many a wound;
Nor pause to bind the sores, that burn,
Before the morning sun's return;
None afflict the captive foe,
Nor work the matron's shame and woe;

Maidens chaste their honor hold,
Ransom'd by their parents' gold.
Never bark, though stoutly mann'd,
Garr'd us fly the hostile band;
Small our force, but firm and good,
One against eleven stood.
Where'er we moved in arm'd array,
To conquest still he led the way;
No chief so swift to wield the sword,
Save Sigurd famed at Giuka's board.
Warriors many, good and proud,
Did to the monarch's vessel crowd;
Bork, and Bryniulf's hardy might;
Bolverk, Haco fierce in fight;
Eigill was there, and Erling young,
Wighty sons of Aslac strong.
Foremost of the martial crew
Alf and my brother Hroke I knew;
Styr and Steinar did I ken,
Sons of Gunlad, warlike men.

Garr'd, made. *Wighty*, stout, active.

Hring and Halfdan bravely stood,
Right-judging Danes, and Dag the proud;
Stare, and Steingrim, Stafe, and Gaut;
Doughtier would be vainly sought.
Vale, and Hauk, sea-rovers bold,
Did to our monarch firmly hold.
Champions more sturdy, than the twain,
Few live in Haco's wide domain.
Nor I amid that warlike race
Did e'er my father's arm disgrace;
They said, none earn'd a higher name,
For each upheld his comrade's fame.
Woe worth Vemund, who did slay
Bersé and Biorn upon a day,
Before the king, who boldly train'd
His dauntless troops, while life remain'd.
That precious life was not preserv'd,
Long, as fearless deeds deserv'd;
Scarce twelve years old he first gan fight,
Just thirty on the fatal night.

'Tis this, which gars me little sleep,
And watchful bids me nightly weep;
Still mindful of my brother's fate,
Burnt alive with Alfur great.
Of all the hours, that mortals know,
This caused me heaviest deepest woe;
Taught since then by angry Heav'n
To follow friendly counsel giv'n.
Vengeance for my fallen king,
Alone can joy and comfort bring;
If I through Asmund's recreant heart
Might drive the sword, or piercing dart.
Vengeance for Alfur brave be ta'en,
Deceived in peace, and foully slain!
Murder was wrought in evil hour
By treacherous Asmund's baneful pow'r.
Mine the task in arms to prove,
When Swein and I to battle move,
Which is most in combat brave,
Hamund's son, or Haco's slave.

Gar, Icel. giöra, or gera; Swed. göra; Dan. giöre; Cornish, gurey: facere.

Thus have I sung to maiden fair;
Thus to Brynhilda love declare:
If Hroke, great Hamund's son, might know,
That she to him would favor shew.
Hope should I have, if we were join'd,
Warriors wise and bold to find;
For maid more peerless, well I ween,
Than Haco's daughter, ne'er was seen;
With every charm and virtue fraught,
That e'er my youthful wishes sought.
Now seem I here unknown to stand
A nameless wight in Haco's land;
Higher rank his vassals hold,
Than the kemps of Alfur bold."

Kemps, warriors.

NOTES

ON

THE SONG OF HROKE THE BLACK.

Suhm in his Hist. af Danm. bears testimony to the merit and antiquity of the song of Hroke the black. "This song, which is found in Alfs saga, is very excellent: and, as it is quite simple and historical, I am of opinion, that it is very old; perhaps even composed by Hroke himself." *v.* 1. *p.* 409. King Alf or Alfur was killed in 585. Hroke afterwards married Brynhilda, overthrew and killed Swein the victorious, and in company with Utstein revenged the death of Alf, by slaying Asmund in battle. Haco was king of Scania, and Swein the victorious ruled over the Danish island Fyen.

V. 22. "*Haleyga.*" Haleyga, Helgeland, or Halogaland, so called from the old king Haloge, was the

north-western coast of Norway, including all Norland. Trondhiem and Nummedal were sometimes comprehended under the name. Alf was not properly king of Helgeland, but of Rogaland and Hordaland, in the neighbourhood of what is now Hardanger; but he invaded Helgeland, and probably conquered a part of it. See *Schön. Norsk. Hist.* 1. 315. and 333. Hiorleif the father of Alf was king of Hordaland and Rogaland, and conquered Seeland from king Reidar. See *Alfs Saga*, *c.* 5. and 8.

V. 44. "*Sigurd.*" Sigurd Sigmundsson, surnamed Fafnisbana. He married the daughter of Giuka, (a Saxon prince, whose dominions were situated on the southern bank of the Rhine,) and defended his territory against Sigurd Hring king of Denmark. See *Norna Gesters saga*, *c.* 6. *Torfæus Ser. R. D.* 337. *Volsunga saga*, *c.* 33. and the unpublished historical odes in *Sæmund's Edda.*

V. 52. Hroke the white.

V. 67. "*Vemund.*" He was the standard-bearer

of king Alf. See *Alfs Saga*, c. 10. I believe, the circumstances of the death of Bersé and Biorn are not known; they were two of Alf's warriors.

V. 78. "*Burnt alive.*" By Asmund, who treacherously invited them to a feast, and having set fire to the house, attacked those, who attempted to escape.

V. 82. "*Friendly counsel.*" This probably alludes to the advice of Innstein, who had warned them of the snare, but was disregarded. He was killed, as well as Hroke the white, by the side of king Alf. The following lines are translated from his dying song in the 13th chapter of Alfs saga.

Hroke is slain by Alfur's side,
Swift of foot, the army's pride.
Ill hath Odin's power decreed,
Which bade so good a monarch bleed.
Eighteen years to dye the sword
Follow'd I that generous lord;
Other king I ne'er will have,
Nor live to seek a peaceful grave.

To earth shall Innstein's faithful head
Bow, where his valiant monarch bled.
This let men in story tell,
That good king Alfur smiling fell.

Alfs Saga contains many other stanzas in the same simple style, and of equal antiquity.

V. 94. "*Huco's slave.*" Vifill, who had promised to defend the kingdom against Swein.

THE

DEATH OF HACON,

A. D. 963.

From the old Icelandic by Evind Skaldaspiller.

1803.

Gondul and Skogul swiftly flew,
To chuse from Yngva's boasted blood
What king should wend, with heroes slain
To dwell in Odin's rich abode.

Unmail'd beneath his banner bright
They saw Biorn's valiant brother stand;
The javelins flew; the foemen fell;
The storm of war gan shake the land.

The army's lord had warn'd the isles;
The bane of earls, stout Denmark's dread,
With gallant suite of northmen bold
High rear'd his eagle-crested head.

The king of men (before he hied
To stir the war with fearless might)
To ground his iron mail had cast,
The cumbrous harness of the fight.

He sported with his noble train,
When roused to guard his native land;
Joyful beneath the golden helm
Now did the dauntless monarch stand.

His glittering brand the hauberks clove,
As if it fell on liquid waves;
The falchions clash'd; the bucklers broke;
The armour sung beneath the glaives *.

Keen burn'd the swords in bleeding wounds;
Long axes bow'd the struggling host;
Loud echoing rang the bossy shields;
Fast rain'd the darts on Storda's coast.

* *The seventh stanza is omitted; see the notes.*

Behind the buckler warriors bled;
In fight they joy'd from thirst of gold:
Hot flow'd the blood in Odin's storm;
The stream of blades whelm'd soldiers bold.

With helmets cleft, and actons pierced,
The arm'd chiefs rested on the plain;
Ah! little thought that valiant host
To reach the palace of the slain.

Couching her lance quoth Gondul fair;
"The crew of heaven be now encreas'd;
Stout Hacon with his countless host
Is bidden hence to Odin's feast."

The monarch heard the fatal words,
The steel-clad maids of slaughter bore;
All thoughtful on their steeds they sate,
And held their glittering shields before.

" Why thus" (he said) " the war divide?
From Heaven we merit victory!"
" Thy force" (quoth Skogul) " we upheld,
We bade thy mighty foemen fly.

Fair sisters," (cried the virgin bright)
Ride we to heaven's immortal domes!
Hear, Odin! Lo, to grace thy court
The king of men, the victor, comes."

" Haste, Braga, and Hermoder, haste!
To meet the chief" (quoth Odin) " go!
Hither he wends, whose sturdy arm
Has wrought full many a champion woe."

From war return'd, the battle won,
His limbs shed fast a gory stream;
" Odin," (he cried) " fierce Lord of death,
Thy fell decrees full savage seem!"

" The peace of heroes shalt thou have;
Quaff with the Gods the sparkling beer!
Proud bane of earls," (great Braga said)
" Eight valiant brothers hast thou here."

" Our arms" (the generous king replied)
" These warworn hands shall never yield:
Helmet and mail be well preserv'd;
'Tis good the trusty blade to wield."

Then was it known, that Hacon's hand
Due offerings to each Power had giv'n;
Who to their blissful seats was hail'd
By all the glorious host of heav'n.

Hallow'd the day, and famed the year,
That bore a king so largely loved!
His memory be for ever saved,
And bless'd the land, on which he moved!

Fenris the wolf from Hell unchain'd
On mortals shall his fury pour,
Ere monarch great and good, as he,
Visit this desolated shore.

Wealth perishes, and kindred die;
Desert grows every hill and dale:
With heathen Gods let Hacon sit,
And melancholy swains bewail!

NOTES

ON

THE DEATH OF HACON.

THIS ode, which is called Haconarmal, was written immediately after the death of king Hacon, in 963, by his bard Evind Skaldaspiller, and is deservedly esteemed one of the most beautiful relicks of Northern poetry; for there is an inimitable harmony in the original lines. It is preserved entire in Heimskringla. An English prose translation from the Latin version of Peringskiöld has been published by Dr. Percy in his Runic poetry, which is not quite so inaccurate, as the rest of that book: his translation of Regner Lodbroc's ode teems with *

* The geographical errors are particularly singular. "Processimus ad terram prostratorum," (*i. e.* the field of slaughter,) is there translated, "We marched to the land of Vals;" and, "In Skioldungorum prælio," "At Skioldunga." The Skioldungi were in fact the descendants of Skiold, king of Denmark.

errors, and indeed scarce a line of it is properly interpreted. Mr. Johnstone has had the merit of publishing the original text of that ode more accurately, than Worm or Biörner, with an English and Latin prose version, in which he has rectified many of Dr. Percy's errors, though his style is very indifferent: for instance, the last line, "Lægiandi skall eg deyia," (which is simply, *smiling shall I die)* he has translated, "The smiles of death compose my placid countenance;" and, "Vultu subridens moriar." There is however a celebrated passage in Regner's ode, which has been completely misunderstood by all its translators.

"Varat um eina ottu
Olldum tharf at fiya
Hilldar-leik, thar er hvassir
Hialm-tun bitu skiolmar.
Varat sem unga ekkia
I öndveige kyssa."

"Erat circa matutinum tempus
Hominibus necessum erat fugere
Ex prælio, ubi acutè

Cassidis campos mordebant gladii.
Erat hoc veluti juvenem viduam
In primariâ sede osculari." *Worm. Literatura* Runica.*

And in another stanza,

" Varat sem biarta brude
I bing hia sier leggia."

" Erat sicut splendidam virginem
In lecto juxta se collocare." *Ib.*

" It was about the time of the morning, when the foe was compelled to fly in the battle. There the sword sharply bit the polished helmets. The pleasure of that day, was like kissing a young widow at the highest seat of the table." *Percy's Runic poetry.*

" The pleasure of that day was like having a fair virgin placed beside one in the bed." *Ib.*—" The sight was pleasing to my heart, as when my blooming bride I seated by me in the chair of state." *Johnstone.*

What notion the learned translators entertained of kissing young widows, I cannot pretend to say; but it is singular, that they should have imagined, Regner

* This is an inaccurate title; *Runer*, from which is formed the adjective *runic*, is simply the Icelandic word for letters, literature, or charms wrought by means of letters.

Lodbroc could have thought it like breaking heads with a broadsword. The fact is, that the lines mean the very reverse. *At*, added to an Icelandic verb, has the force of a negative, and is frequently used. *Var* means was; *varat*, was not. *Otta* is the earliest morning, when the cock crows, before sunrise; or more accurately, three hours after midnight. See *Torfæi Vinlandia*, and *Jenssön's Norske Glosebog*. The lines ought to have been thus rendered. "It was not early in the morning, when men were compelled to fly from the sport of battle, where sharp swords bit the surface of the helmets. This was not like kissing a young widow in the highest seat." By which he meant, that they had a long and hard contest, and that the sport of war was very different from the pleasures of peace. The other lines contain the same negative. There is a passage in Fridthiofes saga, which will illustrate these. Fridthiofe, who carried on a secret amour with the sister of his enemy Baldur, being forced to fly, is overtaken at sea by a violent tempest;

and, after describing the force of the waves and the miseries of a seafaring life, he adds,

" Er ei sem biarta brudi
I Balldurs haga kyssum;"

i. e. It is not like kissing the fair maid in the abode of Baldur:—and shortly after his companion says,

" Erat sem eckia	Sollt ero augu
A thig vilie drecka,	Syckut i laugu,
Biort baugvara	Bilsterka arma
Bilie nær fara;	Bytur mer i hvarma."

" Non est, ut si vidua tibi vellet propinare, vel splendidus comitatus nuptialis te socium invitaret; madet mihi oculus salsâ et tepidâ aquâ; exercitium brachiorum fortium palpebras dolere facit." *Biörner in Frid. sag. p. 17.*

V. 1. " *Gondul and Skogul.*" Two of the Valkyriæ or virgins of slaughter, whom Odin dispatches from Valhalla to invite the principal warriors, who are about to fall in battle. See the notes on the combat of Hialmar, &c. p. 89. The invitation from Odin was only sent to the most distinguished chieftains, and at other times (as is stated in the Fatal sisters) " the Val-

kyriæ possess the option of slaughter, Eiga Valkyriur vals um kosti." *st.* 6.

V. 5. " *Unmail'd.*" Or bryniu. It was not unusual for the leaders to fight without coat of mail or shield, for the purpose of shewing their contempt of danger, and enjoying the free use of their limbs. But there is another reading, *i bryniu*, in his coat of mail; which is confirmed by the line, " Hialm og brynio skal hirda vel, Helmet and mail be well preserved."

V. 9. " *Isles.*" In Schöning's edition it stands, " Het a Holmrygi, sa er her kallar;" *i. e.* He, that summons the army, had warned the inhabitants of the islands belonging to the province of Rogaland. In Peringskiöld's, " Het a Haleygi, sems a Holmrygi;" *i. e.* He warned the inhabitants of Halogaland, as well as the islands, &c.

V. 12. " *Eagle-crested.*" Und ar hialmi. The word *ar* has various significations. Schöning has translated it *maturè*. In that sense it is the root of the English word *early*. Peringskiold translates it

aquilino signo notabili, from *are**, an eagle. *Ar* (with which the Latin word *ara* is probably connected) signifies also fire, (see *Gudm. Andreæ,*) and I am inclined to think Ar hialmi means here a glittering helmet. A subsequent line says, that he stood "Und gull hialmi," under a golden helmet.

V. 24. I have omitted a whole stanza after this line, because it is superfluous; and the two first lines, if not corrupt, are so obscure, that they have never been properly interpreted.

Trauddoz taurgur fyrir tys og bauga
Hialta hardfotom hausi Nordmanna;
Roma vard i eyio; rudo kongar
Skirar skialdborgir i skatna blodi. *Per. edit.* I. 164.

The two last lines are very plain. "The conflict was in the island; the princes stained the bright edges of

* From *are* I believe our word *eyrie* is derived; Johnson derives it from *ey*, an egg; properly *ei*, German: but I do not believe, there is a word in the English language (unless very modern) of German origin, and the Germans have no word to express *eyrie*, which in French is spelt *aire*. In Anglo Sax. *æg* is an egg; in Icel. *egg*; in Galic *ubb*, or *ugh*. *Ey* is an island in Icel. The words, which we have in common with the Germans, are not borrowed from them, but drawn from a higher source.

the shields in the blood of nobles." But the two first have been variously explained. "Tyri (*i. e.* Martis) et Bogonis arma conculcabantur præ duris tegumentis induto Norvægicorum cranio." *Peringskiold.* "Concussa sunt scuta, viri regis, et duro gladii mucrone, crania Nordmannorum." *Schöning*, who reads hauser, instead of hausi. Dr. Percy, who followed Peringskiold, asserts, that Bauga was a subordinate god of war; but no such person is mentioned in either Edda, and I can find no account of him. I believe, that Peringskiold, who was puzzled by the word, got rid of the difficulty by translating it Bogonis, and that Bogo was deified by the learned bishop. The words cannot bear the construction or meaning given to them by Schöning. It does not appear, whether he takes hialta to be the gen. plur. of hialt, the hilt of a sword, or the gen. sing. of hialte, a hero; but it seems to have served him for both. If I may venture to propose a new interpretation, I should arrange the words thus. "Taurgur tys og bauga trauddoz fyrir hialta hardfotom hausi Nordmanna. Scuta Tyri (*i. e.* bellica) et

annulorum (*i. e.* rotunda, vel annulis munita) conculcabantur ante virum duripedem caput (*i. e.* ducem) Nordmannorum." Tyr was the God of war. Baugr, a ring, signifies in poetry any thing circular; and is sometimes used to express a shield, either on account of its form, or of the rings, by which it was attached to the arm. See *Nials saga*, and *Edda Sæm. p.* 306. I should therefore prefer reading the nom. plur. baugar, in which case the interpretation would be, Scuta bellica et clypei; but at any rate shields of rings, for shields adorned with or in the shape of rings, is a usual form of expression in Icelandic. The introduction of words between the preposition and its substantive is not unfrequent, nor does it here produce any confusion, as fyrir never governs a genitive case.

V. 32. "*Storda.*" A small island on the coast of Norway.

V. 57. "*Braga and Hermoder.*" Braga was the God of poetry. Hermoder was the son of Odin, who was sent on the embassy to redeem his brother Balder from hell. See *Gör. Edda, p.* 85.

V. 81. " *Fenris the wolf.*" He was son of the mischievous Loke, and so formidable to the Asi on account of his strength and ferocity, that they contrived to bind him with a chain of materials, which could not be broken. He revenged himself by biting off the hand of Tyr; but his chain will not be loosed, till the twilight of the Gods, when Fenris will break forth, and devour Odin. See *Gör. Edda, p.* 53. *and* 91.

V. 85. " This line will be found also in Havamal.

V. 87. " *Heathen Gods.*" Heidin God. When this ode was written, the Christian religion was beginning to spread into Norway. King Hacon was the son of Harald Harfager, and had been educated in England at the court of king Athelstan, where he was instructed in the Christian faith. See *Torf. Hist. Norv.* and *Pontop. Gest. Dan.* 2. 69. He was attacked in the island of Storda by the sons of his brother Eric, whom he had driven from the throne of Norway. With very inferior forces he gained a complete victory, but in the pursuit he was struck by an arrow, and died afterwards of his wound.

THE

COMMENCEMENT

OF

BIARKAMAL.

A fragment printed in Heimskringla, in Bartholinus Ant. Dan. and in Stephanius's notes on Saxo Grammaticus.

1803.

The day has dawn'd; the plumed helms sound;
'Tis time to tread the battle's ground.
Wake and ay wake each friendly head,
The latest prop of Adils dead!
Strong Har, and Hrolf, whose darts ne'er fail,
Men nobly born, who never quail,
For wine, or women wake ye not!
Wake for the battle's hardy lot!

* * * *

NOTES

ON

BIARKAMAL.

THESE lines are stated by Schöning (*Norsk. Hist.* 1. 322 and 468. and *Heimskr.* 2. 347) to have been composed in the sixth century by Bodvar Biarke, one of Hrolf Krake's warriors, and were the commencement of a famous Icelandic song called Biarkamal from his name. The rest of the original, except a few lines, is now lost; but Saxo Grammaticus has given a Latin imitation of it in his history. It is a dialogue between Biarke and Hialto, on the fatal night, in which they were treacherously killed by the Swedes together with Hrolf Krake and all the rest of his warriors. Saxo's translation is very free, and varies also in not mentioning any names, and stating, that it was

night, not morning. It seems to have been admitted, that Biarke himself was the author of this spirited poem; but, as it must in that case have been composed the very night, on which he was surprised and killed with all his companions, I do not understand, how, if they had been his lines, they could have been preserved. I am inclined to believe, that they were composed by some other poet after his death, and have since been attributed to him, because a great part of it is supposed to be spoken by him; as Havamal has for the same reason been esteemed the work of Odin.

Adils was the son of Ottar king of Sweden, whom he succeded; his principal residence was Upsala. See *Ynql. Saga*, *c.* 32. and *Hrolf Krakes Saga*, *c.* 14. He was dead at the time, when these lines are said to have been written; and had before his death been hostile to Hrolf, whose mother he had married.

V. 2. "*It is time*, *&c.*" Mal er vilmogum. Bartholinus translates vilmogum, milites; Schöning, ser-

vis; Stephanius, Vili filiis, *i. e.* Swedes; and Peringskiold omits the word in his translation, as I have done. I am inclined to think, that Stephanius was right, and that the first lines were supposed to be spoken, before the attack, by the Swedes; who might properly be called the followers of Adils, their late monarch. In Hrolf Krakes saga his champions are enumerated, but the name of Har does not occur amongst them. Hrolf Krake was killed in 552.

END OF PART FIRST.

PRINTED BY I. GOLD, SHOE LANE.

MISCELLANEOUS POETRY.

BY

THE HON. W. HERBERT.

VOLUME FIRST.



[redacted]

TRANSLATIONS

FROM THE

ITALIAN, SPANISH, PORTUGUESE, GERMAN, &c.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

MISCELLANEOUS POETRY.

PART SECOND.

Giace, tra l'alto fiume e la palude,
Picciol sentier nell' arenosa riva.

ARIOSTO. 15. 49.

London:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME,
PATERNOSTER-ROW;
BY I. GOLD, SHOE-LANE.

1806.



ADVERTISEMENT.

Intending to defer the completion of my translations of old Icelandic and Danish poetry, till I shall have had an opportunity of procuring books, which are not to be found in this country, I have been induced to publish two additional parts at the instigation of several persons, who complained, that those already printed might otherwise long remain in an imperfect form. It is intended, that this part with the translations from the German, Danish, &c. (to which may be added the Darthula of Ossian) should form the first volume of Miscellaneous poetry: the additional part of Icelandic translations will complete the second. To any reviewers or individuals I shall be thankful for fair criticisms, which may be of service to me in the prosecution of my undertaking. Many errors I may have inadvertently committed; many sources of infor-

mation I may have overlooked or been unable to attain. But I deprecate an unjust and unfounded attack, which has been made upon a trifling translation by the writers of the last series of the Critical Review, stating that I had made it the vehicle of Jacobinism. If the author of that article had perused the whole of the little volume, upon which he has commented, he would have found that the few lines therein, of a political tendency, express distinctly the strongest detestation of such principles. I believe few men bear a more rooted antipathy, than myself, to the tenets of modern innovators and the form of republican government; that few would be more loth to circulate writings, which might tend to vitiate the mind of their reader. If he had examined the short preface to that volume, he would have found, that the very passage in Rhadina and Lenardo, to which he alludes, was reprobated by me; not indeed as Jacobinical, for I think he must be a caviller, who will discover in it expressions of that nature; but as bearing "strong marks of the corrupt

taste of Germany, on which account it should perhaps have been omitted." He would also have learned, that Bürger was indebted for none of the materials of that ballad to Dryden, whose Tancred and Sigismunda was not, as he seems to have imagined, an original tale, but borrowed from the Decameron of Boccaccio. The ballad contains much poetical beauty, on which account its translation was undertaken: it contains some instances of vitiated taste, which could not have been omitted, without making greater alterations, than were deemed warrantable. For my own part I am no admirer of most German productions, which are repugnant to a taste, that has been formed from infancy on the great models of classical writing. When their extravagancies are injudiciously extolled, the vow* of an excellent Italian writer presents itself to my recollec-

* "Vo' il patrio rivocar genio incostante,
O almen giurar su quelle sacre chorde
Contro il Gallo e German genio profano
Eterna fede al buon Petrarca e a Dante."

BETTINELLI

tion; a vow, which I wish our England would imitate, preferring the chaste apparel of her ancient poets to the meretricious garb of later wits. But, although the prevalent taste of Germany be corrupt, and fraught with moral and political turpitude, beauty may be gathered from her writers, as honey from the flower, whose root is poisonous. The only extract from German literature, in this additional part, is from Schiller's Maid of Orleans, which he calls a romantic tragedy. Its style has considerable merit, and the whole is less exceptionable, than many of his pieces; but the subject is not flattering to an English reader. The Spanish poetry, which I have translated, was written by authors of the 16th and beginning of the 17th century, and has not to my knowledge before appeared in English. Several very free imitations of the prophecy of the Tajo have been however published; and one of great merit by Mr. Russell, whose early promise of superior genius was blighted by untimely death; but his ode differs widely in substance and

metre from the Spanish. I have labored to produce faithful copies; and in that ode, as well as some others, have preserved the Spanish arrangement of rhymes. If in any passages I have too much departed from the letter of the original or falsified its style, the error has been committed inadvertently; my principal aim has been fidelity, as far as competible with propriety of expression and ornament of rhyme, in a different language.

1805. *WILLIAM HERBERT.*



Written immediately after the King's escape from the attempt made against his life by Hadfield..90
To * * *, after the Death of a beloved Relation....92
Ode for the War arising out of the Peace of Amiens..94
Sonnet on the Death of the Bavarian General Tilly..102
Song.....104
Anacreontics.....105
To the Memory of my Friend Thomas Brigstock..108

ERRATA.

Page 57. l. 9. *for* deadly, *read* deadly.

In the Translations from the German, Danish, &c.

Preface, *for* Launcelot *read* Regynalde

For Gesner *read* Geasner

P. 7. l. 1. dele inverted commas

P. 64. l. 17. *for* Temple *read* Tempe

DIRECTIONS TO THE BINDER.

Translations from the German, Danish, &c. to precede Translations from the Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, German, &c.; the two parts forming the first volume of Miscellaneous Poetry.

SONNET

ADDRESSED TO

A YOUNG BRIDE.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF PELLEGRINI SALANDRI.

Poesie scelte dell' abate P. Salandri, 1783, p. 247.

1804.

O THOU art more than lovely, more than fair!
Hold faith unshaken to thy soul's delight!
Preserve thy spotless beauty chaste and bright,
And keep thine innocence with jealous care!
Each whisper of the soft insidious air,
That breathes from frailer lips, may quench the light
Of that pure flame, which thro' the ravish'd sight
Stole to thine heart, and still is nourish'd there.
Unsullied from the Alps' cold bosom rose
The fountain, in whose stream the God of day
With amorous joy reflects his sparkling fires:
If wandering from its bed the water flows
To kiss each leaf or floweret on the way,
The clear stream lessens slowly, and expires.

EPITHALAMIUM.

FROM

THE ITALIAN OF PARINI.

Parnaso degli autori viventi, vol. xiv. p. 91.

1804.

'Tis joyous in the lusty time
Of cheerful youth and pleasure's prime,
To espouse a blooming maiden,
Whose sweet charms have touch'd the breast.
Upon that day the blissful mind
Recalls each frown, each look unkind;
And, its sorrows past reviewing,
Sweeter holds the joy possest.

When sinks the sun beneath the waves,
The breast with expectation heaves;
Bright the sparkling eye of pleasure,
Big the tumult of desire.

When the first rays of morn, that break,
The gentle breath of love awake;
Then her face, with beauty glowing,
O 'tis rapture to admire!

'Tis sweet to see the lovely bride
Reposing gently by our side,
Softly on the downy pillow
One white arm outstretch'd and bare;
The ringlets of her hair unbound
In sweet disorder spreading round,
Falling with unwonted freedom
O'er her youthful bosom fair:

And those bright cheeks of vermeil hue
Suffused with the ambrosial dew,
Which upon their glowing color
Sleep from balmly pinion sheds:
Like freshest roses yet unknown,
In virgin beauty newly blown;

When the crystal drops of morning
Sparkle on their blushing heads.

'Tis sweet to see her ope to light
Her eye-lids, beaming new delight;
And with quick emotion turning
Seek her spouse with doubtful eye:
Then from those lips, which smiling move,
Pour tenderest words of bashful love,
With the pure ingenuous graces
Of fond joy and modesty.

O noble youth! illustrious heir
Of all the worth, thy parents bear!
In the early prime of manhood
Such thy happy lot shall be;
When morning's ray shall gild the skies,
Opening to bliss thy joyful eyes,
Of unrivall'd grace and beauty
Such a treasure shalt thou see.

But O! how quickly fades away
The blossom of youth's freshest day!
Sweets, that deck it, soon will vanish;
 Flowers so tender soon expire!
From that, which glow'd with pleasure warm,
Enjoyment steals the precious charm;
Early bloom and early perish
 The delights of young desire!

But happiest thou, whose eager eye
At dawn awaking shall descry
Beauty's rich and brightest treasure
 Fraught with virtue and with truth!
Virtue alone preserves the bloom
Of love, unalter'd, to the tomb;
When, by time's cold winter blighted,
 Fade the vivid flowers of youth.

FROM

CATULLUS, 43.

1796.

Whilst Acme upon his young bosom reclin'd,
Septimius thus pour'd the fond thoughts of his mind,
"If I doat not on thee with my soul's latest breath,
If the pangs of my love be not keener than death,
In Africa's desarts alone on my way
May I meet the gaunt lion, and there fall his prey,"
He said; and Love echo'd the omen of joy
On the right, as he had on the left of the boy.
But Acme, half turning her beautiful face,
Press'd his high-beating heart with her gentle embrace;
And tenderly pouring her soul in a kiss
(In a kiss from her purple lips melting with bliss)
On the eyes of the boy, that were drunk with desire,
Whilst her blushing cheek glow'd with love's innocent fire;

" So let us, sweet life, this one master obey,"
(She said) " and for ever delight in his sway;
For I feel my fond bosom more fervently move
With the warmest and tenderest rapture of love."
She said; and Love echo'd the omen of joy
On the right, as he had on the left of the boy.
Now faithful they cherish the mutual flame,
Their wishes still constant, their hearts still the same.
More treasures in Acme her lover has found,
Than the billows of Asia or Britain surround;
And Acme, enjoying love's delicate charms,
Tastes sweetest delight in his rapturous arms.
Was ever on earth a more fortunate pair?
Or Venus more kind to the faithful and fair?

ROMANCE.

FROM

THE SPANISH.

Continuacion de la Coleccion de D. Ramon Fernandez, Tomo xvi. p. 239.

" En una cabaña pobre," &c.

1805.

Beneath a humble roof at rest,
In sweet contentment richly blest,
Enjoying love's delight at last,
(Its anxious cares and sorrows past,)
Meliso and his cherish'd bride
One morn in joy and rapture vie'd;
His constant love was ever new,
Her lively faith was chaste and true.
" Each day in thy delighted arms
My heart (she said) finds richer charms."
And he, all flush'd with joyful pride,
Thus to his darling nymph replied;

" Nor wealth, nor glory can compare
With viewing thee, Felisa fair."
As their fond rapture is divine,
They little heed how mortals shine;
For constant love's unalter'd faith
Will bloom and flourish, firm in death.
His eyes to her her beauties shew;
From hers, his own reflected glow:
They wish to speak, but language fails,
And love's mute eloquence prevails.
At length she says, " This sacred tie
To me is life and liberty."
And he, " That I am thine," replied,
" Sweet, is my bosom's fondest pride!"
Mountain and meadow seem to share
The joy of this delighted pair;
The river-nymphs with rapture sing;
And fresh the turf and blossoms spring:
And all the blissful shepherds round,
Alike by mute endearment bound,

When love permits, with amorous breath
Declare their true and constant faith.
She says, " The firmness of my love
Absence and time may vainly prove!"
And certain he of lasting bliss
Thus answers with a glowing kiss,
" Nor wealth, nor glory can compare
With viewing thee, Felisa fair!"

ROMANCE.

FROM

THE SPANISH.

Continuacion de la Coleccion de D. Ramon Fernandez, Tomo xvi, p. 227.

" Vete, amor, vete ;
Mira que amanece," &c.

1805.

Awake, sweet life, awake!
See the bright morning break!
Busy footsteps, hurrying by,
Tell that now the sun is high ;
Borne on wings of purest white
The morning spreads its fullest light.
Sore thou fear'st, and sore I fear,
Prying strangers roaming near
May divulge the rumour free,
How thee I love, and thou lov'st me.
Awake, sweet life, awake!
See the bright morning break!

If the rising sun destroy
Dewy pearls, the meadow's joy,
From my side it hastes to tear
A gem, that shines more bright and fair:
Beams, that bring to mortals light,
Shew to me like blackest night;
When the dawn's first blushes glow,
Thine absence spreads the gloom of woe.
 Awake, sweet life, awake!
 See the bright morning break!
Wouldst thou root the present bliss
Springing from each secret kiss,
Firm, that envious gales, which blow,
May not our budding joys o'erthrow?
Wouldst thou, love, we thus should meet
Oft in this secure retreat,
Where at sight we pay so free
What thee I owe, and thou ow'st me?
 Awake, sweet life, awake!
 See the bright morning break!

Take those circling arms away!
Linger not with fond delay!
One dear moment of delight
May rouse misfortune's bitter spite.
Short I deem the day of grief,
When the night brings quick relief,
And the hope of coming pleasure
Steals from sorrow half its measure.
Awake, sweet life, awake!
See the bright morning break!

ROMANCE.

FROM

THE SPANISH OF DON LUIS DE GONGORA.

" La mas bella niña di nuestro lugar,"* &c.
Obras, Madr. 1564. fol. 84.

1805.

The loveliest damsel* of our village green,
(To day a lone widow, a bride but yestrene,)
To battle beholding her heart's treasure go,
Thus said to her mother, who listen'd her woe.
O hear me complain,
Ye shores of the main!
Since, mother, you gave me, in youth's tender years,
A short draught of pleasure, a full cup of tears,
And join'd me, ah wretched! to who must depart,
And flying bear with him the keys of my heart;
O hear me complain, &c.

* The Spanish lines are constructed so as to divide after the sixth syllable.

Mine eyes have exchang'd for mute sorrow and dole
Love's eloquent glances, that beam'd from the soul;
For how can they now their fond lustre employ,
Since he goes to battle, who once was their joy!
O hear me complain, &c.
Nay, curb not my sorrow, nor blame my sad strain;
The one were unjust, and the other were vain.
If comfort you offer, O check not the sigh!
'Twere sadder to linger in silence, and die.
O hear me complain, &c.
Sweet mother, sweet mother, what maid would not groan,
Tho' bless'd with a bosom unfeeling as stone?
Who see without weeping the joyfullest day
Of youth and of pleasure thus fading away?
O hear me complain, &c.
Fly, night! for those eyes are departed, whose light
Made mine once awaken to sweetest delight.
Fly swiftly, nor linger to see me thus mourn!
My chamber is dreary; my couch is forlorn.
O hear me complain, &c.

O D E.

FROM

THE SPANISH OF GARCILASO DE LA VEGA.

A LA FLOR DE GNIDO.

This Ode was written for Doña Catalina or Doña Violante Sanseverino, who dwelt in a place called Il Seggio di Gnido.

Obras, Madr. 1796, p. 150.

1805.

HAD my poor and humble lyre
Power to bend the tempest's ire;
Charms to soothe and force to bind
The swelling wave and raging wind;
Could it tame each mountain beast
Lulling his savage soul to rest,
And forests from their native ground
Draw by force of sweetest sound:
Think not, lovely Flower of Gnide,
I would sing the crested pride
Of mailed Mars, or chiefs that stood
In fight besprent with dust and blood!
Or those heroes famed in war,
Borne on proud triumphal car,

Who made the stubborn German bow,
And bent the Franc's imperious brow:
But only that immortal ray
Of beauties, which around thee play;
And perchance thy rigid soul,
Where never love's sweet passion stole:
And him, the youth, in lingering death
Who mourns thy beauty's killing breath;
Whose drooping cheeks, like violets pale,
The sternness of thine heart bewail:
Him, who laboring in the tide,
With heavy chain for ever tie'd
In Venus' shell, like* galley slave
Struggles with love's adverse wave.
No more† he scours the plain with speed
Reining his hot and gallant steed;
No more he spurs its tardy flanks,
Nor foremost in the youthful ranks

* A conceited allusion to her lover's name, Galeota.
† Imitated from Horace.

With dexterous hand the falchion moves
No more the crowded circus loves;
But, e'en like serpent's venom'd sting,
Flies the dust and noisy ring.
For thee he tunes his mournful lyre,
Vocal no more with sportive fire;
While bitter tears, that fall apace,
Bathe the lover's pallid face.
Gentle word and voice of friend
Now nor charm nor comfort lend;
Sad cares the gloomy soul oppress,
And reason yields to wild distress.
I (once the harbour from his woes,
In grief his refuge and repose,
Who waked to joy the heart forlorn,
And bade it hope a beaming morn)
Now hateful seem; and gall the sore,
My care has often sooth'd before:
And ne'er was monster of the sea,
Nor prowling savage, shunn'd like me.

* * *

O D E.

FROM THE

SPANISH OF LUPERCIO LEONARDO DE ARGENSOLA.

Ramon's Edit. 1786, p. 11.

1804.

1.

FULL well may they, who mark'd my pain,
And heard me once so woebegone,
Deem, that now, warbling like the swan,
I blithely tune my dying strain.
And think it those, who wish my bane!
But grieves there any gentler heart,
That cruel love should bid me smart,
Know such, that by this very lay
I thus have charm'd my bonds away,
And learn'd a manly part!

2.

For when that Siren sweet and fair,
Enchanting Hope, had lost her force,
Though Beauty fain had stopp'd my course,
I struggled thro' her fatal snare.
Plants change, as veers the fickle air;
They bloom not to the wintery sky,
Or their young blossoms quickly die;
To fresher climes of genial shade,
Where spring's bright colors never fade,
The little songsters fly.

3.

Warmer and fonder every day
Love grows by gentle harmony;
But soon from lack of courtesy
His power will fail, his charms decay:
My heart no longer owns his sway;
Now time and reason break the spell,
And sober thoughts the charm dispell;
For ne'er should man with ceaseless care

On woman light, tho' sweetly fair,
(Like patient angler) dwell.

4.

Charms, which are *thine*, not to bestow,
Lady, was just, I freely own.
Law to the taste was never known;
The will must teach the heart to glow.
But, while the breast is cold as snow,
Thus to pretend a mutual fire;
That, as delusive hopes expire,
Keen anguish may the bosom rend:
Such wrongs e'en pride to cowards lend,
And vengeful thoughts inspire!

5.

But peace and leisure now I woo;
Nor quittance, nor revenge desire:
E'en the light embers of my fire
The winds have scatter'd from my view.
And (if ye deem my tale untrue,
And think, when grief's wild storm is o'er,

The heart bears traces of its sore)
Know ye, that wounded pride alone
Can change a tender breast to stone,
Though soft as wax before!

6.

Now from my bosom blithe I cast
The bonds, which made me once obey!
Fair lady, thy capricious sway
(His fruitless hopes and follies past)
Has free'd thy patient thrall at last!
And now I blush, thou shouldst retain
Fond tokens of thy former reign;
But those I yield for quiet's sake,
E'en as its skin the joyful snake,
To sport in youth again.

SONNET.

FROM
THE SPANISH OF DON FRANCISCO DE BORIA
PRINCIPE DE ESQUILACHE,
AUTHOR OF THE EPIC POEM, NAPOLES RECUPERADA.

Edit. Sec. 4to. 1654, p. 8.

1805.

GENTLY, sweet stream, thou wind'st with grateful sound;
Like heaven's bright azure thy pure waters glow,
Or from the flowers, which on thy margin blow,
Reflect the various hues, that sparkle round.
Late in the mountain's icy fetters bound,
With joyful freedom through the plain they flow;
Delight the thirsty peasant, as they go;
Refresh the herbage, and adorn the ground.
O how I mourn thy crystal rill to see,
Dispensing comfort, bidding sorrow fly,
And wandering, as it lists, secure and free!
In some proud river's bed thou soon must lie,
And with him roam uncertain to the sea,
Furious in winter, in the summer dry!

O D E.

FROM

THE SPANISH OF DON FRANCISCO DE BORIA
PRINCIPE DE ESQUILACHE.

Obras en verso. Edit. sec. 1654, p. 266.

TO A SHIP.

1805.

1.

WHERE go'st thou trusting to the gale,
Ambitious Pine, through doubtful seas?
Where dost thou roam with swelling sail,
Rock'd by the rude and fickle breeze?
O seek not thus with idle pride
To stem the fierce unruly tide;
Lest thou, the forest's beauteous daughter,
Sport of every passing wave,
Deep beneath the roaring water
Find a sad unhonor'd grave!
Nor think, the flattering Wind, who gently fann'd
Thy peaceful youth, will waft thee to the land!

If in the greenwood less severe he reign,
The mountain checks him, but he rules the main.

2.

Once did thy shieldlike arms imbow'r
The traveller faint with summer's ray,
Oppose the Sun's relentless pow'r,
And blunt the beaming shafts of day.
Now far from hill or verdant plain
Thou must explore fierce ocean's reign;
Laden with gold and useless treasure
Thou must view another scene;
Lonely, mute, and void of pleasure,
Shorn of all thine honors green.
In vain the teeming billows of the sea
Pour riches forth on every shore for thee;
Since thou, who proudly cleav'st its argent fields,
Art stranger to the wealth, its bosom yields.

3.

Now bold thou seek'st some distant shore,
Compell'd man's greedy wants to feed;

Which drive thee o'er the billows hoar,
Faster than storm and tempest speed.
Nor dost thou mark the changeful main,
Before thou plough'st its liquid plain;
For though awhile its rude commotion
Cease at man's industrious pray'r,
Never long the haughty ocean
Deigns a foreign yoke to wear.
Nor sail, nor lofty mast was form'd to reap
The harvest of the rich transparent deep;
Nor boastful man, whom o'er the swelling wave
A flattering breeze guides quickly to his grave.

*4.

If once of birds the safe retreat
Thy boughs with rural music rung,
'Twas better list their wood-notes sweet
From nests, which in thy branches hung,
And many a soft and plaintive lay
Warbled at eve or dawning day;

* This is properly the fifth stanza; I have omitted the fourth altogether.

Than by the blustering tempests driven
Thus to hear their tragic strain,
When the angry winds of heaven
Roaring sweep the troubled main.
At that sad hour thy parent harms thee most;
Who, if thou seek'st her, breaks thee on the coast
Dash'd mid her rocks; or, if she favor more,
Receives thee wreck'd upon a sandy shore.

ROMANCE.

FROM

THE SPANISH OF DON FRANCISCO DE BORIA PRINCIPE DE ESQUILACHE.

" Truecanse los tiempos," &c.

1805.

Seasons change and hours depart,
Some of pleasure, some forlorn;
And to beauty's fairest spring
Age is night and youth is morn.

Trees, by northern gales despoil'd,
Blooming greet the warmer ray;
Secret streams, that murmur slow,
Weep in winter, laugh in May.

If the feather'd warblers mourn
Fetter'd by the chill of night,
Caroling in air they hail
The sweet liberty of light.

If, when angry tempests rise,
Swells the sea with troubled breast;
Soon as orient morn appears,
All its waves are lull'd to rest.

If the shepherd mourns his hut
Mantled by December's snow;
When spring beaming gilds its thatch,
Flakes of ice like silver glow.

Widow'd hills of hoary brow
Smile with rose and lily crown'd;
And the sun, whom shades pursue,
Wakes to joy the pearly ground:

Forth he comes, and shadows fly;
Silvia, night will shroud his ray!
Time, who bade thy beauties grow,
Time will steal their bloom away!

PROPHECY OF THE TAJO.

FROM

THE SPANISH OF FRAY LUIS DE LEON.

Ramon's Edition, 1790, p. 14.

In consequence of the rape of his daughter Caba by King Rodrigo, Count D. Julian is said to have invited the Moorish army, which overthrew the empire of the Goths in Spain.

1805.

Unseen, and lull'd in Caba's arms,
Rodrigo lay, where Tajo flows,
Clasping the virgin's rifled charms;
From his deep bed the river rose,
And thus bespoke him, prophet of his woes.
"Foul ravisher, in evil day
Thou joy'st beneath a luckless star!
E'en now I hear the rising fray,
The clash of steel, the shock of war,
The voice of tumult rolling from afar!

What grief succedes thy blissful hour!
That maid shall prove her country's bane,
Who clasps thee now in secret bow'r;
Born to o'erthrow the Gothic reign,
And draw a scourge from Heaven on bleeding Spain.
The secret spark and fatal brand
Of war thy heedless arms embrace;
Destruction to thy native land;
Despair, and shame, and sure disgrace,
To thy true vassals and thy royal race;
To all, who break the fertile soil
Of Constantina, or the plain
Where Ebro views their peaceful toil;
Who Lusitania's rights maintain,
Or sad Hispania's wide-extended reign.
E'en now aloud the injur'd sire,
(Whose thoughts for instant vengeance glow)
Reckless of fame, with savage ire
From Cadiz calls the barbarous foe!
Their arms uplifted aim the deadly blow!

Hark! how the trumpet on the coast,
Rending the sky, with dreadful bray
Summons to war the Moorish host
Beneath their banners bright and gay,
Which, flaunting on the breeze, light-streaming play.
Lo, the fierce Arab smites the wind,
Waving his spear, and shouts to war!
Instant the thronging troops are join'd;
The swarthy nations swarm from far,
With many a prancing steed and rattling car.
Their countless squadrons hide the ground;
The sea is lost beneath their sails;
Confused and various grows the sound,
And the high vault of Heaven assails;
The thickening dust the day with darkness veils.
Already floating bold and free
Their navy stems the foaming tide;
Their vigorous arms upturn the sea,
Plying the oar with gallant pride,
And cleaving fast the wave their vessels glide.

With wind in poop and prosperous gales,
Great Æolus in godlike state
Exulting fills the strutting sails;
And through the famed Herculean strait
Proud Neptune guides the iron-beaked fleet.
But, ah! the sweet and fatal dream
Of pleasure still thy soul enthralls;
Thou dost not mark the weapons gleam;
Thou dost not rush, where battle calls;
Thou dost not see fair Cadiz' captive walls!
Haste! buckle on thine arms with speed!
Fly! climb the mountain! reach the field!
Force with the spur thy foaming steed!
Bare the keen blade, and grasp the shield,
And with unceasing rage the falchion wield!
O what of labor, what of woe,
Hangs o'er the chiefs, in armour bright
That clothe their breasts to meet the foe!
O'er those for standing combat dight!
O'er horse and horseman laboring in the fight!

And thou, pure Bœtis, big with slain,
With foreign and with native blood,
What helmets through the frighted plain,
What chiefs, that late in battle stood,
Thy waves shall roll unto the neighbouring flood!
Five days unmoved on either side
The God of war the fight maintains,
With equal hopes, and equal pride:
The sixth condemns thy hapless swains,
O my dear country, to barbarian chains!"

SONNET.

FROM

THE SPANISH OF BARTOLOME LEONARDO DE ARGENSOLA.

Ramon's Edition 1786, vol. 1, p. 183.

1804.

"PARENT of good! since all thy laws are just,
Say, why permits thy judging providence
Oppression's hand to bow meek innocence,
And gives prevailing strength to fraud and lust?
Who steels with stubborn force the arm unjust,
That proudly wars against Omnipotence?
Who bids thy faithful sons, that reverence
Thine holy will, be humbled in the dust?
Amid the din of joy fair Virtue sighs,
While the fierce conqueror binds his impious head
With laurel, and the car of triumph rolls."
Thus I;—when radiant 'fore my wondering eyes
A heavenly spirit stood, and smiling said;
"Blind moralist, is Earth the sphere of souls?"

O D E.

ON

THE DEATH OF DON SEBASTIAN,

KING OF PORTUGAL;

WHO WAS DESTROYED WITH HIS WHOLE ARMY ON THE BANKS OF THE RIVER LUCO, IN AFRICA.

FROM THE SPANISH OF FERNANDO DE HERRERA.

Ramon's Edition 1786, vol. 2, p. 104.

1804.

1.

With sorrowing voice begin the strain,
With fearful breath and sounds of woe
Sad prelude to the mournful lay
For Lusitania's fallen sway,
Spurn'd by the faithless foe!
And let the tale of horror sound
From Libyan Atlas and the burning plain
E'en to the Red Sea's distant bound;
And where, beyond that foaming tide,
The vanquish'd East with blushing pride
And all her nations fierce and brave
Have seen the Christian banners wave!

2.

O Libya, through thy desarts wide,
With many a steed, and chariot boldly driven,
Thou saw'st Sebastian's warriors sweep the shore!
On rush'd they, fierce in martial pow'r,
Nor raised their thoughts to Heaven.
Self-confident, and flush'd with pride,
(Their boastful hearts on plunder bent)
Triumphant o'er the hostile land
In gorgeous trim the stiff-neck'd people went.
But the Lord open'd his upholding hand,
And left them; down the abyss with strange uproar,
Horseman and horse amain, and crashing chariots pour.

3.

Loaded with wrath and terror came
The day, the cruel day,
Which gave the widow'd realm to shame,
To solitude and deep dismay.
Dark lower'd the Heavens; in garb of woe
The Sun astonish'd ceased to glow;

Jehovah visited the guilty land,
And pass'd in anger with his red right-hand
Humbling her pride; he made the force
Of weak barbarians steady in its course;
He made their bosoms firm and bold,
And bade them spurn at baneful gold,
Their ruthless way through yielding legions mow,
Fulfil his vengeful word, and trample on the foe.

4.

O'er thy fair limbs, so long by valor saved,
Sad Lusitania, child of woe!
O'er all that rich and gallant show,
With impious hate the heathen's fearless arm
His flaming falchion waved!
His fury marr'd thine ancient fame,
And scatter'd o'er thy squadrons wild alarm,
Fell slaughter, and eternal shame!
A tide of blood o'er-flow'd the plain;
Like mountains stood the heaps of slain;
Alike on that ill-fated day

War's headlong torrent swept away
The trembling voice of fear, the coward breath,
And the high soul of valor, proud in death.

5.

Are those the warriors once renown'd?
For deeds of glory justly crown'd;
Whose thunder shook the world,
Whene'er their banners were unfurl'd;
Who many a barbarous tribe subdued,
And many an empire stretching wide and far;
Who sack'd each state, that proudly stood;
Whose arms lay'd waste in savage war
What realms lie circled by the Indian tide?
Where now their ancient pride?
Where is that courage, once in fight secure?
How in one moment is the boast
Of that heroic valor lost!
Without the holy rites of sepulture,
Far from their homes and native land
Fallen, O fallen, on the desert sand!

Once were they like the cedar fair
Of mighty Lebanon, whose glorious head
With leaves and boughs immeasurably spread.
The rains of Heaven bade it grow.
Stately and loftiest on the mountain's brow;
And still its branches rose to view,
In form and beauty ever new.
High nestled on its head the fowls of air,
And many a forest beast
Beneath its ample boughs increas'd,
And man found shelter in its goodly shade.
With beauteous limbs unrivall'd did it rise,
Lord of the mountain, towering to the skies.

7.

Its verdant head presumptuously grew,
Trusting to wonderous bulk alone,
And vain of its excelling height:
But from the root its trunk the Lord o'erthrew,
To barbarous despight

And foreign hate a hopeless prey.
Now by the mountain torrent strewn
Its leafless honors naked lie;
And far aloof the frighted wanderers fly,
Whom once it shielded from the burning day:
In the sad ruin of its branches bare
Dwell the wild forest beasts and screaming birds of air.

8.

Thou, hateful Libya, on whose arid sand
Proud Lusitania's glory fell,
And all her boast of wide command,
Let not thine heart with triumph swell!
Though to thy timid hand by angry Heaven
A praiseless victory was given!
For (when the voice of grief shall call
The sons of Spain to venge her fall)
Torn by the lance thy vitals shall repay
The fatal outrage of that bitter day,
And Luco's flood impurpled by the slain
Its mournful tribute roll affrighted to the main.

THE

COMMENCEMENT

OF AN

O D E,

TO DON JOHN OF AUSTRIA.

FROM

THE SPANISH OF FERNANDO DE HERRERA.

Ramon's Edition 1786, vol. 1, p. 153.

1804.

1.

When from the vaulted sky,
Struck by the bolt and vollied fire of Jove,
Enceladus (who proudly strove
To rear to Heaven his impious head)
Fell headlong upon Etna's rocky bed;
And she, who long had boldly stood
Against the Powers on high,
By thousand deaths undaunted, unsubdued,
Rebellious Earth, her fury spent,
Before the sword of Mars unwilling bent:

2.

In heaven's pure serene
To his bright lyre, whose strings melodious rung,
Unshorn Apollo sweetly sung;
And spread the joyous numbers round,
His youthful brows with gold and laurel bound.
Listening the sweet immortal strain
Each heavenly Power was seen;
And all the lucid spheres, night's wakeful train,
That swift pursue their ceaseless way,
Forgot their course, suspended by his lay.

3.

Hush'd was the stormy sea,
At the sweet sound the boisterous waves were laid,
The noise of rushing winds was staid;
And with the gentle breath of pleasure
The Muses sung, according with his measure.
In wildest strains of rapture lost
He sung the victory,
The power and glory of the heavenly host;

The horrid mien and warlike mood,
The fatal pride, of the Titanian brood:

4.

Of Pallas, Attic maid,
The Gorgon terrors and the fiery spear;
Of him, whose voice the billows fear,
The valor proved in deadly fight;
Of Hercules the strength and vengeful might,
But long he praised thy dauntless heart,
And sweetest prelude made
Singing, Bistonian Mars, thy force and art;
Thine arm victorious, which o'erthrew
The fiercest of the bold Phlegréan crew!

* * * *

ODE.

FROM

THE PORTUGUESE OF CAMOENS.

Canção 4. In some Editions 2.

1805.

1.

EVER gliding to the sea
Flow the waters fair and free
Of clear Mondego tranquil through the plain:
Anxious thoughts and growing care
Bound my youthful bosom there,
And slowly fix'd their ever-during reign.
Along the pleasant margin green,
Where now I mourn the alter'd scene,
First did my eyes a nymph behold
Brighter than snow, and pure as gold;
Sweet smiles serene; and grace so well display'd,
That from my heart its form will never fade.

2.

In this country deck'd with flow'rs
Blithely roll'd my peaceful hours,
In calm contentment, unalloy'd with sighs.
Then I gloried in my cares;
Rapture sweeten'd e'en the tears
Drawn by the beam of those love-darting eyes.
Time flow'd, nor I its lapse perceived,
Long by delusive hope deceived;
I sported in life's cheerful ray,
And dream'd of bliss from day to day.
What now avail those joys, too quickly flown!
Those eyes, that with unrivall'd lustre shone!

3.

Who could then have bade me deem
Time would break our pleasant dream,
And the deep spell of love at once divide!
Or that in this world forlorn
I from thee should e'er be torn,
From thee, dear lady, from my bosom's pride!

At that dark hour fate's adverse strife
For ever closed my scene of life;
All hope in one sad moment flown,
Vain thoughts of bliss for ever gone;
And nothing left, save memory of joy,
Which ne'er will quit me, but at length destroy.

4.

Still beneath this weight of woe
Some fond thoughts of comfort grow,
Some cheering rays amid the darkness shine:
While in happier hours of youth
Love approved our constant truth,
Thy soul was calm, thy breast ne'er glow'd like mine.
The fatal hour, which bade us part,
Wounds not alike thy tender heart;
And light to me the pangs, I bear,
Compared with knowing thy despair:
My knell will soon be rung; thou, Lady, live,
And taste the joy, which youth and beauty give!

SPEECH OF VIRIACIA,

QUEEN OF THE LUSITANIANS

IN ANSWER TO CORROBO, WHO HAD URGED HER TO SUBMIT TO POMPEY.

FROM A PORTUGUESE TRAGEDY,

BY JOÃO XAVIER DE MATOS.

Act I.—Scene IV.

Rimas, Lisb. 1782, vol. 2, p. 235.

1805.

Full well I know, my lord,
How much I am beholden to thy prowess.
Valor and glory for their worth I prize;
And of thine arm the mighty force I honor,
And honor it the more, because 'tis thine:
But this I doubt, my lord, if such discourse
Be not of thee and of that force unworthy.
What do these Romans from our hands demand?
Rome is a state, as other states; but right
Of foreign sway she holds not. That high fortune,
Which raised her head above surrounding realms,
Gave her no claim to rule them. Who decreed,

Tiber should sovereign be and Tajo slave?
Arms can make conquerors, can raise or crush
The pride of empires; but the right of rule
Nature and justice give: such law alone
Severs and bounds the nations of the earth.
Romans have equal laws; if they abuse them,
Shall we alike be guilty? No, Corrobo,
It were a crime to cast our own away,
E'en as it were to rob another's right.
If Rome can not within her limits stand,
We here will stand on Lusitania's soil.
Did we assail her cities, burn her towns,
Plunder her provinces? Did we impose
Tribute on her? Or was this goodly world
Created only for a Roman's pleasure?
Prince, we were born in freedom; we have arms,
Valor, and chiefs; if that be not sufficient,
Justice is ours, and we are Lusitanians.

SCENE

FROM

SCHILLER'S MAID OF ORLEANS.

Act III.

FROM THE GERMAN.

1805.

A SOLITARY PART OF THE FIELD OF BATTLE; THE TOWERS OF RHEIMS ARE SEEN IN THE DISTANCE.

A Knight in complete black armour, with his visor closed. Joan follows him to the extremity of the stage, where he stops and awaits her.

JOAN.

Deceitful traitor! now I ken thy guile.
From the red field, where death and carnage reign,
From many a British head, that should have fallen,
Thou hast allured me by dissembled flight:
But instant o'er thyself destruction hangs.

BLACK KNIGHT.

Why dost thou follow thus, with savage heat
Dogging my footsteps? The pursuit is vain;
I am not fated by thy sword to die.

JOAN.

Abhorr'd thou art, as hell; hateful, as night,
Which is thy color! my deep bosom yearns
To drive thee from the blessed light of day.
Who art thou?—Lift thy visor.—Had not I
Beheld the warlike Talbot fall in battle,
I should say, thou wert Talbot.

BLACK KNIGHT.

Dost not thou
With the prophetic spirit converse hold?

JOAN.

Aye; it cries loudly in my deepest soul,
That one accurs'd of Heaven now stands before me.

BLACK KNIGHT.

Maiden of Arc! e'en to the gate of Rheims
Thou hast been wafted on the wings of conquest.
Suffice the glory gain'd! discharge thy fortune,
Who like a slave hath waited on thy beck,
Ere wrathfully she break her irksome bondage!
Her aid hath ay proved faithless and unsure.

JOAN.

What? dost thou bid me in the mid career,
My work unfinish'd, quit the high emprise?
I have a vow in heaven, which may not sleep
Forgotten, unfulfill'd.

BLACK KNIGHT.

Invincible!
Nought can thy force resist; in every fight
Thou bear'st the victory.—Trust not again
The fickle chance of battles!—heed my warning!

JOAN.

By heaven, I will not lay this falchion down,
Till England's pride shall stoop to royal France.

BLACK KNIGHT.

Behold, how near the battlements arise
Of Rheims, the goal and close of thy career!
See the high dome of yon cathedral gleam!
There shalt thou enter in triumphal pomp,
Crown thy true monarch, and fulfil thy vow.
Go not within! turn backward! heed my warning!

JOAN.

What art thou, double-tongued mysterious being,
That with dark falsehood wouldst appall my soul?
How thinkest thou by strange prophetic voice
To damp my purpose, and arrest mine arm?

(The Black Knight attempts to depart, but she steps in his way.)

Nay; thou shalt stay, and hear me; or this hand
Shall smite thee to the dust.

BLACK KNIGHT.

(He touches her with his hand; she stands immoveable.)

Slay what is mortal!

(Darkness, thunder, and lightening; the Knight vanishes.)

JOAN.

(She stands at first astonished, but soon collects herself.)

It had not life: 'twas some deceitful dream,
Some hellish phantom or rebellious fiend
Sent from the gulph of everduring fire,
To make my yet undaunted courage shrink.

Whom should I fear, with Heaven's high sword to guard me?
Victorious I will urge my fated course;
And, though all hell array'd within the lists
Pour forth its legions, never shall this arm
Pause in the battle, or this bosom tremble.

SCENE

FROM THE GERMAN,

IN THE SECOND ACT OF

SCHILLER'S MAID OF ORLEANS.

1805.

JOAN OF ARC.——MONTGOMERY.

Montgomery sues for quarter.

JOAN.

Fool, thou art lost!
Thy forfeit life must bow beneath the sword
Of that fierce Maid, from whose destroying arm
Was never ransom or deliverance.
Hadst thou been cast into the ravenous fangs
Of mailed crocodile or spotted pard,
Hadst thou bereft the lioness of her cubs,
Hope still had been of mercy and compassion;
But to have cross'd the Maid in fight, is deadly,
A vow tremendous binds me to the throne
Of holy spirits, firm, inviolable,
To smite each fated head, the Lord of battles
Shall yield unto mine arm.

MONTGOMERY.

Thy rede is fierce,
But mild thy look and gentle; in thine eyes
No terror dwells; but the sweet light of love,
Which draws all hearts to honor and adore it.
O I beseech thee by thy tender sex,
Pity, and spare my youth!

JOAN.

Adjure not me,
Fond mortal, by my sex! name me not woman!
Like the incorporal spirits, who nothing woo
Of earthly fashion, to no human sex
Hold I, nor throbs a heart beneath this armour.

MONTGOMERY.

O maiden, by the holy ties of love,
To which all life pays homage, I adjure thee!
I have a doating spouse, whose wistful eyes
Weep for their lord's return; fair, like thyself,
And deck'd with all the charms of modest youth.
O as thou hop'st the dearest joys to prove

Of sweet connubial bliss, tear not asunder
Two hearts united by fond sympathy!

JOAN.

Frail man, thou call'st in vain on foreign gods;
Names, I nor sacred hold, nor reverence.
The ties of Love, by which thy tongue adjures me,
Are hateful; his vile service I abhor.
Defend thy life, for death hangs over thee!

MONTGOMERY.

O yet have pity on mine aged sire,
Whom I have left in sorrow! thou hast surely
Fond parents, who for thee watch painful nights
Of bodeful expectation.

JOAN.

Hapless wretch!
Need'st thou remind me, in this bleeding realm
How many mothers mourn their slaughter'd sons,
How many orphans cry for their slain parents,
How many brides lie widow'd by your hate?
Aye, England's dames shall learn the notes of woe,

Shall know those bitter tears of agony,
Which France hath shed, dishonor'd, and undone.

MONTGOMERY.

Alas, 'tis sore on foreign land to fall
Unwept, unpitied!

JOAN.

Into foreign lands
What led ye, but fierce hatred, to destroy
The blooming harvest of our industry?
To drive us from our desolated homes,
Our flocks and cottages, with savage wrath
Hurling the fiery brand of impious war
Into this country's peaceful sanctuary?
Ye vainly thought to crush our native strength
In slavery's bond; and like a paltry boat
Unto the gorgeous vessel of your pride
To moor this gallant kingdom. Her high fates
Hang fearless on the thunderous throne of God;
And sooner from the eternal vault of heaven
A sphere shall headlong fall, than one poor hamlet

Be sever'd from this royal dynasty:
Now are the days of retribution come;
Nor living shall ye measure back the waves,
By Heaven pour'd between these bordering realms
As boundaries, which your rapine has o'erpass'd.

MONTGOMERY.

Then must I perish. Death scowls horribly.

JOAN.

Aye, perish! dost thou dread the stroke of death,
The common lot of mortals?—Look on me!
I am but a poor Maid, of shepherds born;
This hand was little wont to wield the falchion,
But with a humble crook the innocent flock
Led forth to pasture. Yet untimely torn
From my dear native home and honor'd sire,
From my loved sisters, and the peaceful seat
Of all my early joys, here must I—here—
(The voice of God, not mine own will conducts me)
Baneful to ye, to myself nothing joyous,
In battle like some hideous spectre move,

Scattering death's image wide, and fall its victim.
For never may these eyes again behold
Their native cot, in peace and joy returning;
But many a Briton yet must feel mine arm,
And many a widow mourn: then shall this head
Fulfil its destinies.—Fulfil thine, trembler!
Grasp quick thy sword: our strife is mortal.

MONTGOMERY.

If
That thou be'st human, if that arms may wound thee,
Upon my sword perhaps hangs England's vengeance.
Dauntless to Heaven I trust my destinies.
Accursed fiend, invoke thy hellish sprites
To stand beside thee in thine utmost need!
Guard thou thy life!—

(He seizes his shield and sword, and attacks her: martial music at a distance; after a short fight Montgomery falls.)

HYMN.

FROM THE DANISH;

IN

TULLIN'S MAJDAG.

1805.

HAIL, uncreated Being, source of life,
Whose love is boundless, and whose mercy wise!
Whose power hath wrought, to spread thy glories wide,
For every sense a paradise of joy!
Thyself art All, and in thy spirit pure
Live all created things: each form declares
Thy touch and pressure; every meanest tribe
The sacred image of thy nature bears.
Summer and autumn's sun and wintery blasts
Proclaim thy might and glory: but the spring,
Wherefore and whence, O Lord, its genial breath?
'Tis the loud voice, that bids the faithless bow;
With thousand thousand tongues of joy and praise,
With the full quire of new-created life,

Singing thy name; proclaiming to the dull
Thy love, thy bounty, thine almighty hand!
And thee it most resembles; like thyself,
It moulds and fashions; bids the spirit wake;
Gives life and aliment, and clothes the form
With strength and vigor! 'Tis the holy type
Of thy creative breath!—How mean of soul,
How lost are they to every finer bliss,
Who, prison'd mid the dusty smoke of towns,
(When Nature calls aloud, and Life invites
Array'd in youth and freshest beauty) sit
Forlorn and darkling in the maze of thought!
 Life springs at thy command; thou bid'st awake
New scenes to witness all thy majesty,
New shapes and creatures: none dost thou forbid
To view the wonderous produce of thy word;
And shall that creature, whom thy bounty raised
By reason high above the groveling race,
With coldness trace thy glory, taste thy gifts
Contemptuous and unmov'd?—I tremble, Lord,

I roam, as on a wide and fathomless sea,
Amid the wonders of thy growing year!
I see, but know not: my full heart admires
The prospect of delight, thou spread'st around;
And, as thy beck can from the wither'd plant
Call forth new verdure, bid fresh blossoms spring,
Methinks that power may in the mouldering corse
Arouse warm life and vigor. I behold
Each living thing declare thy liberal hand,
Thy force, all-bountiful almighty God!
And shall not I, on whom thy judging will
Show'rs choicer bliss, some duteous tribute pay,
Some strain of rapture to the King of Kings!
My mind and heart and ravish'd sense admire
The might and gorgeous majesty of Heav'n,
The glory of thy works; and deem the world
Created vainly for such torpid souls,
As scorn its beauty, and renounce its joys.

SONETTO.

TRADOTTO DAL IPPOLITO DI EURIPIDE.

1804.

Questa tessuta a te, Dea casta e buona,
Di fior vaghissimi ghirlanda bella,
Da prato intatto insull' alba novella
Scelti, mia mano umile sacra e dona.
Da prato, dove armento mai non suona;
Nè mai pastor vi giunge, o falce fella;
Ma la rugiada semplice l'abbella,
E il mormorio dell' api vi risuona.
Cui l'arte è ignota, e caro per natura
L'immacolato del pudor costume,
Coglier indi sol lice il verde stelo.
Tu il pio fregio da man pudica e pura
All' auree chiome aggradi, o santo Nume!
Chè questa dote sola mi diè il cielo.

SONETO.

1804.

España, España, si sobervia y fuerte,
Si del ufano hierro de fiera gente
Traspassada, muriesses dignamente,
Yo no lloráre tan heroyca suerte!
¿Duerme tu alma mezquina, y no se advierte,
Que quien se acaba con honrada frente
Vivirà en la memoria eternamente,
Y aqui dichosa se dirà su muerte?
Gallarda tu eras entre las naciones;
En las batallas diestra no domada
Tuves, a par de otra qualquier gloriosa:
Ni armas te agora faltan, o varones,
O fuerza; mas la mente confiada,
Y el brio, que te hizieron poderosa.

INTERVIEW

BETWEEN

TALABAAN AND ALOMPRA.

1800.

Argument.

Ava had long been subject to the Taliens, and was governed by Apporaza, the King's brother and viceroy. Alompra, a man of mean extraction, but extraordinary talents, raised the standard of revolt, and expelled the Taliens from the Birman territory. He carried the war into the kingdom of Pegue; and, after numerous victories, laid siege to the capital itself. The Taliens sued for peace, confirmed his conquests, and delivered up to him the King's daughter. Talabaan, a young chieftain, who was attached to the Princess, having vainly opposed this disgraceful treaty, cut his way through the army of Alompra with a few desperate followers. Alompra soon afterwards attempted to surprise the city, which trusted in the faith of peace. In this he failed; but the war being renewed, the timid King submitted unconditionally, threw open the gates, and was imprisoned for the rest of his life. Alompra seized all the relations of Talabaan, and ordered them to be executed, unless he should submit within a limited time. Finding all further resistance useless, he surrendered his person to the discretion of the conqueror; who, struck with his generous and noble behaviour, entrusted to him the government of one of the conquered provinces. I have departed from historical truth in supposing, that Talabaan had rescued the princess, when he forced the lines of Alompra; and that he placed her in safety, before he surrendered.

TALÁBAAN.

I come, Alompra, not to sue for mercy,
But, as thy prisoner, well prepared to bear
The insolent cruelty of new-gain'd power,
And meet my sentence calmly; and am happier
To be thy captive thus, (tho' death awaits me)
Than to have bow'd unharm'd before thy force.
For me I nought capitulate or crave;
But for my kindred amnesty and freedom
As my just right I claim, and here demand
Upon thy profer'd word, which should be sacred.
I am thy prisoner.

ALOMPRA.

Rightly hast thou said;
Alompra's word shall ever sacred prove.
Thy friends, whom I as hostages detain'd,
Are by this act enlarged: but much I grieve,
That thou (whose worth and virtuous gifts I prize)
Alone should'st stand thus frowardly against me,
Scorning both life and safety.—Know, young man,

Alompra is not cruel, nor unjust.
That thou didst storm my tent, defy my power,
And snatch the royal virgin from my grasp,
I freely pardon; and admire the valor,
Which plann'd and executed such mighty deeds.
I ask no ransom for thy head; and now
Obliterate from my heart all injuries,
And give thee freedom, confidence, and honor.
But mark, thou must restore the spotless maiden
To grace my triumph, and to share my bed.
Such is the trivial price of life and freedom.

TALABAAN.

I do not wonder at thy words, Alompra,
Though I despise the tongue, which utters them.
I know ye* Birmans have not hearts for love;
Ye have a gross and selfish appetite
For the ripe beauties of your blooming maids,
And call it love; but feel no tender friendship,
No chaste endearment to their social charms;

* See Symes's Ava.

And never learn'd to prize the angel mind,
Fairer and lovelier, than the spotless form,
Which doth enshrine it.—She is beyond thy reach,
And I regard thee not.

ALOMPRA.

Vain-boasting boy,
I am too gentle towards thine insolence.
But hear me; tho' I scorn the paltry maid,
My force shall wrest her from thine haughty grasp,
Or, by my faith, thy life shall pay for her.

TALABAAN.

Proud man, it were an easier task to bow
The old and knotty stem, to turn again
The foaming torrent to its rocky source,
Or pluck the immortal planets from the sky,
Than shake the honest faith of love and friendship.
If thou hast never known, what friendship is;
Never upon a fond and kindred bosom
Pillow'd thy bleeding sorrows; never felt
The trembling ecstacy of mutual joys;

Learn, there is magic in that holy name,
Might lull the tortur'd senses to repose
E'en on the burning rack. It is a balm,
Which none, but noble hearts, have ever tasted;
Given by pitying heaven, to heal the wounds
Of undeserved grief and foul oppression!
From earliest cradle were we twins in love;
Together have we smiled, and wept together;
And interchanged such sympathy of thoughts,
That our fond bosoms did together grow
After one model, quality, and fashion:
And, as we ripen'd into youth, our hearts
Still beat in unison. Therefore I value
This precious jewel, (which thou dost despise)
More than the pride of courts, the wealth of worlds,
And all the tyrannous pomp of majesty.
Nor is it spleen, which moves me thus to swear,
She never shall be thine; it is the pure
And natural freedom of an honest heart,
Which (tho' intractable, and proud to stand

In firmest opposition to injustice)
Is ever mild and faithful in affection.
Thou hast mine answer: life and liberty,
Tender'd with such conditions, are most hateful.

ALOMPRA.—*(After a pause.)*

Talábaan, there are, who high in power
Would ill have brook'd the rashness of thy spirit:
And thou hadst rue'd the freedom of thy tongue,
But that the noble fame, which thou hast borne,
Doth somewhat bend me towards thee; and I smile
To see, a woman hath enthrall'd thy soul.
Talien, there is an eminent post in life
Beyond the ken and thought of humble minds;
The thunder roars beneath it; and the storms,
That shake the frail abodes of meaner men,
Howl far below:—'tis sway, unlimited sway,
For which I steer my flight with eagle's eye.
From that high summit the capacious soul,
Which can undazzled meet the nearer ray
Of bright pre-eminence and dignity,

Views cities, empires, rich and boundless realms,
Within the wide horizon of its hopes.
And mine this post must be!* for why should I
(To whom death comes, a necessary end)
Sit down in ease obscure, and vainly cherish
Inglorious age, dull and unprofitable?
Perchance thou deemest, that Alompra's foes
Lie prostrate, and all-glorious victory
Hath crown'd a mighty war?—To thee, all-glorious!
To such, whose petty souls were well content
To lose the omnipotent majesty of sway,
And sink upon the lap of wealth and ease!
O never hope to scan Alompra's mind,
Or grasp his projects! deemest thou, that he,
Whose arm resistless broke the bonds of fate,
And burst from servitude to power and glory,
Pants not to stand supreme in Asia's annals
Lord of each peopled realm and barren strand?
Learn, thou art now my subject! and, as such,

* Θανεῖν ἐλοις ἀνοιγὰς &c. PINDAR.

*Talien and Birman find alike regard.

TALABAAN.—*(Interrupting him.)*

I am thy subject now; but, had I found
One sturdy province, bold enough to stand
And struggle by my side for independence,
I had not bow'd, but strove against thy throne
With my last breath.—I fail'd; and these frail limbs
Thine arm may sever; but, what most I prize,
(That jewel bright, which is the light of life)
The self-approving conscience, the dear pledge
And safe assurance of unshaken faith,
Thy power can never reach, nor fury move.

ALOMPRA.

Talábaan, thou bear'st a noble spirit,
But little dost thou ken the hero's soul.
Anger with him is like the passing gale,
Which leaves the day all cloudless and serene;
His breast ne'er glows with vengeance; wide and far
Havoc and desolation mark his course,

* *Tros Tyriusve mihi*, &c. VIRGIL.

As the war's thunder wakes: but, when the din
Of victory has ceased, no vengeance stirs;
The hate of war lies buried with the slain.
Talien, my country groan'd in servile chains
Beneath the insulting foot of thy proud monarch.
My youthful years were silent; unobserv'd,
Unheeded was my path: till the full blaze
Of dauntless genius in meridian glory
Burst forth; and raising high my desperate standard
With thundering voice I roused the sleeping arm
Of heavenly liberty. At that strange sound
The enchanted people rose with one accord;
And, from the giddy seat of empire fallen,
Affrighted Apporaza fled amain
With all his legions.—Nor supine, nor slow,
I follow'd fortune-clad: nor paused the din
Of fell contention, till in fierce array
Before the mighty walls of old Pegue
My proud artillery made such hideous breach,
Your Taliens sued for mercy.—Mean of soul!

They were not then so fallen, that, to win
A shortlived respite, they should bow the knee,
And load disgrace on their posterity!
Dishonorable peace ne'er comes too late;
The brazen note of the relentless war
Sounds sweeter, than the carol of such peace,
Which oft doth, like a spiteful seamaid, sing
To lure its listeners: and such they found it.
The tiger, that has bathed his jaws in gore
Quits not his prey, until he's glutted with it:
Yet thought they, that the man, whose active mind
Grasps at the meed of universal empire
Would be content to clip their frontier towns;
To sit him down in indolence and peace,
And, having feasted on their foul disgrace,
Not thirst to trample on their weaken'd throne.
And deemest *thou*, I view no brighter meed,
No loftier palm of glory, than to rest
Stretch'd here in perfumed bowers, and waste my days
With careless dalliance in a maiden's arms?

So little do I prize the paltry toy,
(Save, that I thought thine all-presuming arm
In wanton pride had torn her from my camp)
That, wilt thou but unbend thy frowning brow,
The bauble shall be thine.

TALABAAN.

To threaten, Prince,
And strait those threats withdraw, awakes suspicion,
Which haply should not harbour in my mind.
For, dearly as I prize this precious boon,
I will not take it, as the rated pledge
Of servile adulation and submission.
Better to perish, innocent and brave,
Than for the rapture of a transient hour,
Sell life's true worth, and fame's immortal crown!
In the proud halls, where lawless pleasures dwell,
The conscious tear steals slowly; nor the voice
Of love, nor music can dispel the gloom,
Whose chilling phantasies assail the bosom.
Thy force, Alompra, has subdued my country,

Broken the feeble neck of opposition,
And now reigns here by conquest; thy fell power
Bestrides our empire with colossal weight:
But, if thou holdest with despotic arm
The iron rod of slaughter o'er the land,
To thee no ties can bind me! if sincere
Thou rul'st her sons with clemency and justice,
Thou need'st no pledge of mine allegiance.

ALOMPRA.

Nor other pledge, Talábaan, shall I seek,
Than the pure spirit of a virtuous bosom.
I scorn to wave the tyrannous lash of power
Over my meanest subject. From this day
Pegue and Ava shall unite their strength,
One mighty fabric, propt by ancient laws.
Be thou my faithful liegeman: much I need
Sage counsellors, to watch my people's weal,
And cure with precious balm the wounds of war.

WILLIAM LAMBERT:

A TALE.

This tale, which may perhaps be thought too simple, is a faithful narrative of a true story.

1799.

One April morn, when violets blow
And warbling songsters pair,
The Lady Margaret sat in bow'r
Braiding her yellow hair.

Lovely she was beyond compare;
For on her blushing face,
On her sweet lip, and joyful eye,
Beam'd every gentle grace;

And in her heart, which ay inclined
At pity's touch to melt,
The sunshine pure of chaste delight,
The tender virtues dwelt.

Her pleasant bower was raised beneath
An elm's delightful shade;
Beyond a verdant river wound
Along the sunny glade.

A little boy with wistful gaze
Stood by the water side;
And, witless what he did, with stones
Disturb'd the shining tide.

His naked legs with flints were cut,
And all with blood besmear'd;
And on his melancholy cheeks
Pale silent grief appear'd.

Fair Margaret gazed, and sigh'd, and gazed,
For pity touch'd her soul:
And from her eyes, the seat of love,
A still drop gently stole.

"Why weep'st, my pretty boy? (she cried)
O tell me why so sad!
And why in rags so rude and torn
Those bleeding limbs are clad?"

The little boy he nought replied;
His lips were numb'd with woe;
But sobs convuls'd his famish'd frame,
And tears gan fast to flow.

"Nay, weep not thus, though cruel wants
Thy little heart assail;
But tell thy friends, those wants shall cease,
If aught my power avail."—

"No friend have I in all the world,
Lady, no friend have I;
But here unpitied and alone
Must Willy bide and die.

My father was a goodly wight
 Of famous Birmingham;
A wife and children four had he,
 And Lambert was his name.

To sea he went, and far aloof
 Sleeps in his watery tomb;
Nor e'er return'd, with pious care
 To soothe my mother's doom.

'Twas night: the wet and wintery blast
 Came whistling through the shed,
Where faint with want and sad disease
 Her feeble limbs were laid.

I saw her faded cheek grow pale,
 And pale her rosy mouth;
And dim those eyes, which lately shone
 With the sweet smile of youth.

Then low she sunk her feeble head;
Her pulse forgot to play;
The faultering heart-strings throbb'd no more;
The spirit pass'd away.

My sister too, a lovely maid,
The eldest of us four,
Clung to her neck with fainting arms,
And never spoke she more.

Nor long my brothers two survived
To mourn their mother's grave;
While yet they were, we fondly shared
The bread, which pity gave.

Ah me! their little lives are gone!
Woe worth the cruel day!
For grief and hunger wrung their hearts,
And soon they pined away.

But I, the youngest of them all,
Remain to weep alone;
The chilling earth my nightly bed,
My pillow a cold stone."—

"Nay, weep not thus, but hie ye in,
And busk ye in my hall!
For I will clothe thy trembling limbs,
And give thee food withal.

For I will rear thee, pretty page,
To be thy country's pride;
And thou shalt fight fair England's foes,
E'en as thy father did."

The little boy he hied him in,
And busk'd him in the hall;
And soon he was all trimly dight,
And waxed stout withal.

"A boon, (he cried) fair Lady mine!
O send me not to sea!
For thou must be mine only friend,
And I must bide with thee.

O let me here thy garden tend,
Hard by this pleasant bow'r;
Here deck the lawn with careful hand,
And rear each scented flow'r;

The soft primrose, the violet blue,
The glowing celandine;
And cuckoo-buds, and sorrel pale,
And luscious sweet woodbine."

Fair Margaret smiled; the youth remain'd
Hard by her pleasant bow'r,
With grateful heart and careful hand
Rearing each scented flow'r.

To call a blessing on her head
His daily prayer shall rise;
The prayer of innocence forlorn
Snatch'd from the brink of vice.

For plants, that bloom to-day, may fade,
And sweeter bloom again;
But innocence, that once is stain'd,
Shall ne'er its bloom regain.

A RIDDLE.

1799.

From Tweed's rude bank to Georgia's spicy shades,
Where'er her powerful charm fair Venus spreads,
With viewless steps and gentle breath I rove,
Daughter of Peace, and pledge of tender Love.
From cheek to cheek, from lip to lip, I stray;
And the fine nerves my thrilling touch obey.
Born on the blooming face of young Desire,
I live one moment, and the next expire.
Though warm to touch, though lovely as the day,
No eye can trace me, and no hand delay.
From dark Revenge, and Anger's savage eye,
From Hatred's lowering frown, I swiftly fly;
But with the tender solace of a friend
O'er pale Affliction's couch I fondly bend,

And with the sweetness of a mother's smile
Of half its pang the bleeding heart beguile;
And, when fierce Passion from the soul retires,
The cherub Peace my sacred seal requires.
But thou, chaste nymph, who seek'st my hidden name,
Know, that my breath can stir a fatal flame!
By that moist lip, warm cheek, and sparkling eye,
By all the charms, which on that bosom lie,
Though Love invite and Beauty call, beware!
Nor trust the tempting poison, that I bear!

WRITTEN

Immediately after the King's escape from the attempt made against his life by Hadfield.

1800.

If there are Spirits unseen, whose secret care
Soothes the sad bosom of the weeping Fair;
Whose hands immortal guide, where'er they move,
Deserted Innocence and hapless Love:
Some mightier spell protects that chosen breast,
On which a nation's hopes and safety rest!
Then let us bow to him, whose hallow'd arm
Has girt our king with many a potent charm;
To him, by whose command states fall or rise;
Who rolls the storms, and calms the troubled skies!
Nor us alone, whose grateful bosoms glow
With nearer joy at the averted blow;
But all, in every clime, whom social laws
Bind with just feelings to their country's cause;

Who dread to see the democratic storm
Confound their customs and their hearts deform!
O thrice-loved Sire! the public voice shall raise
To thee the hymn of unpolluted praise;
Not that on each wide sea and distant shore
The hand of heaven has crown'd thine arms with pow'r:
But that unmoved mid Europe's changeful storm
Thy care preserves thy country's ancient form;
That still unshaken by the treacherous school,
Which saps the principles of social rule,
Thou never turn'st thee from thy sacred hold,
Misled by falsehood, or by threats appall'd;
That, while in tyrannous Gallia's bleeding land
Rapine and Vice and Power go hand in hand,
The pure example, which thy life imparts,
Corrects our morals and improves our hearts.

TO * * *,

AFTER

THE DEATH OF A BELOVED RELATION.

THOUGH kindred friendship's dearest form
Had fondly wrought a mutual charm,
 And doubled nature's tie;
Though fate has dealt a bitter day,
And torn that social charm away;
 Yet check the painful sigh!

O! if those balmy tears, that fall,
The parting spirit could recall,
 And warm the silent clay;
Then would I bid them doubly flow;
Then would I join the stream of woe,
 Lamenting night and day.

That spirit, here so truly loved,
To scenes of brighter joy removed
Still casts a look below;
And oft at hours of secret pray'r,
In dreams of rest, will oft be near,
To soothe the pang of woe.

For (if above it tastes of care)
I deem one only trouble there,
Which damps immortal bliss;
To know the grief, it left behind
In many a dear and kindred mind,
And hear their rising sighs.

Nor thou forget, that mournful here
There live, who mark each starting tear,
And grieve from sympathy;
Whose hearts with anxious wishes burn
To see the smile of joy return,
And light the sparkling eye!

ODE

FOR

THE WAR

ARISING OUT OF

THE PEACE OF AMIENS.

1804.

The metre of this ode is Tuscan, not strictly *Petrarchesque;* for I have neglected the punctuation between the *piedi*, and have made the last line in the first correspond with the first line in the second, which Petrarca never* did, when they consisted, as in these stanzas, of three lines each. I have scrupulously observed the punctuation between the *piedi* and *sirima*, and the law, most sacred to Italians, which forbids the occurrence of a similar rhyme in two stanzas of the same ode; but I have in two instances admitted the same word differently inflected, to which their strictest critics would object. The conclusion of the ode (which the Italians call *ripresa* or *comiato*) corresponds in form (as was customary) with the sirima or last part of the stanzas.

1.

O FREEDOM, (if the unpolluted bays,
Which British hands entwine

* "E' una delle regole di Dante, che la concordanza di due rime vicine, la qual è laudevolissima nella chiusa, si dee schivar ne piedi." *Tasso, la Cavaletta.*

If I had retained the punctuation between the *piedi*, I should have adhered to this rule.

Around thine honor'd brows, have charms to please
In thy distemper'd years) undaunted seize
War's trumpet from the shrine
Of thine high temple, which our sires did raise!
In these degenerate days
Thou needs must sound a strain most fierce and loud,
Ere the foul sleep of careless sloth be broken,
And the world's sufferings wroken;
For Truth and Honor rest beneath their shroud,
And Peace hath like a treacherous seamaid sung
To lure her listeners with pernicious tongue.

2.

But as who dreaming from his feverish side
In hour of troubled rest
His spouse torn shrieking by the savage arm
Of ruffian outrage, starts in wild alarm;
And to his throbbing breast
With wondering rapture clasps the sleeping bride:
So Britain's goodly pride,
(Which lay awhile oppress'd in horrid trance,

Deeming the breath of freeborn honor stifled,
And all her glories rifled
By the destructive force of hated France)
Started to arms amain, when late she heard
Thy warning, for her fame too long deferr'd.

3.

Disarm'd hath Europe bow'd; on every shore,
Where late the battle roar'd
Tumultuous, Force hath rung sweet Freedom's knell,
And Death and silent Desolation dwell:
But Britain's stubborn sword
Still guards the honors, which our fathers wore.
So when with wild uproar
The banded winds some woody steep assail,
The deep sound murmurs, the whole mountain quakes;
The crashing timber breaks,
And the rent fragments load the rushing gale:
The scath'd oak groans beneath the thunderous shock,
But still unbent o'ershades its native rock.

4.

O God of battles! if thine hallow'd will
Ordain, that Britain fall,
And her proud towers be humbled in the dust;
Thy will is law to us, thy laws are just:
When thy dread heralds call,
Her sons undaunted will their fates fulfill!
But, if thy right-hand still
Uphold us, sooner shall yon vaulted sky
Be rent, and winds upheave this solid earth,
Than England's ancient worth
Beneath a proud assailant vanquish'd lie!
That honest valor, which hath made her great,
Unharm'd shall save her mid the wrecks of fate.

5.

Thou, whose immortal reign is stretch'd above
The everlasting stars;
Whose wrath in tempest sends thy spirits forth;
Whose fiery lances hurtling in the North
Forbode disastrous wars,

When kings conflicting to destruction move;
Thou, whose all-kindling love
More wonderous, fills each breast with holy awe;
Who giv'st the night its phantoms, scattering dread,
To bend the guilty head
With horror, and enforce thy glorious law:
Thou, Lord, shalt hold before us in the fight
Thy shield of virtue and thy sword of right!

6.

Nor ever do the tempests rage in vain,
When fatal whirlwinds speed
To do thy bidding! Thou art our right-hand,
Our glory and salvation! thy command
Has oft in Britain's need
Roused the blown waves to guard her ancient reign!
Witness the stormy main
Laden with wrecks of that huge armament,
Which erst the arch-fiend in wrath from proud Castile
To light the funeral pile
Of our Religion with Hell's torches sent:

Thou spak'st in anger; at the sound the waves
Shook, and Hell trembled in its deepest caves.

7.

Not chance, I deem, on *Christ's all-hallow'd day
Blew that tremendous blast,
Which (when the ships of France with impious boast
Sail'd forth in warlike trim) to Ireland's coast
Wing'd with thy vengeance pass'd
Curling the billows o'er the watery way.
Thine arm with strange dismay,
Thy terror scatter'd them! The shaft of Heaven
Smites not more swiftly, or the burning death
Of Simoom's† fiery breath,
Than dread assail'd them by thy tempest driven;
As wrapt in smoke the doubtful lights of war
Flash'd horrible, and battle roar'd afar.

8.

While Freedom wakes, the foe shall never slake

* The storm, which dispersed the French armament near Bantry bay, began to blow on Christmas eve.

† The burning wind of Abyssinia.

His rage in Britain's shame
Victorious; never was her valor broke,
When confident she dared the impious stroke,
And mindful of her fame
Stretch'd her full might, and bade her youths awake.
But thou, sweet Freedom, take
That charmed trump to thy resistless hands,
Whose strain can well inspire with living force
The pale and breathless corse;
And ever and anon her slothful bands
Rouse with a lengthen'd peal, whose warlike thunder
Of fatal sleep may rend the bonds asunder.

Go boldly forth, my song,
Though rear'd in peaceful shades; and (if the foe
Ask, why the virgin Muse war's clarion sound)
On unpolluted ground
Say thou wert born, where bloodless rivers flow;
But add,—The guardian sword, ere Britain yield,
Her matrons and her tenderest maids shall wield.

IMITATIONS.

V. 35.—Brama toda a montanha, o som murmura ;
Rompemse as folhas, ferve a serra erguida.
Camoens.

V. 43.—Vinca, se cosi vuoi,
Vinca lo Scita.—
—I voler tuoi
Legge son ferme a noi. *Filicaja.*

V. 69.——Tu eres diestra
Salud y gloria nuestra. *Herrera.*

V. 78.— ——————Al suon la terra
Si scosse, e ne muggir l'ime caverne.
Ghedino.

V. 90.—Envuelta en humo la dudosa lumbre.
Lupercio Leonardo de Argensola.

SONNET

ON THE

DEATH OF THE BAVARIAN GENERAL TILLY,

WHO WAS KILLED IN 1632, BY A WOUND RECEIVED IN CONTESTING THE PASSAGE OF THE LECH WITH GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS.

TILLY, thine hopes are fallen! by the stream
Of rapid Lech victorious cannons roar
With Swedish vengeance; on the adverse shore
Fraught with thy death the vollied lightnings gleam!
Yet nor those hardy vetĕrans, who seem
To mock* all hinderance; nor those mouths, which pour
The thundering voice of war with fierce uproar;
Nor e'en Gustavus mars thy glorious dream.
But she, who met thee with her ghastly train
Of murder'd babes, (a pale and vengeful ghost)
Sad Magdeburg, in Leipsic's† dubious fight;

* The Lech was swollen, and deemed impassable.

† The first great victory gained in Germany by Gustavus Adolphus was over the army commanded by Tilly, near Leipsic,

And with her Heaven's red arm, which o'er the plain
Spread strange dismay: then Victory fled thine host,
And thy bright glories sunk in fatal night.

where he had retired from the ruins of Magdeburg, after burning the town and massacring its inhabitants, to the number of 25 or 30,000 souls. Tilly's army, at first successful, was seized by a sudden panick. Schiller observes, in his history of the 30 years war, that after the horrible destruction of Magdeburg, the good fortune, which Tilly had before invariably enjoyed, forsook him altogether.

SONG.

Joy to-night, and care to-morrow!
Dream of bliss, and wake to sorrow!
Grief may quickly fill its measure;
Fate may brightest hopes destroy:
But scarce the tear can learn to flow;
And scarce the tongue can talk of woe;
For long these eyes have beam'd with pleasure,
Long these lips have whisper'd joy.

Fondest hearts are quickest broken:
Blissful words are easy spoken;
But, when fancy bleeding lies,
Lips are mute and cold as clay.
Yet, though the voice of anguish fail,
The eyes be dim, the visage pale,
Love's glowing passion never dies,
Till the pulse forgets to play.

ANACREONTICS.

FAIREST! if by night or day,
Ne'er in wish from thee to stray,
Nor in hours of lonely leisure
Ever woo a sweeter pleasure,
Than to bid the anxious thought
Dwell on thee, with rapture fraught;
If to deem the breath of youth,
Perfum'd by thy fragrant mouth,
Fresher, than the gale, which blows
O'er the dew-besprinkled rose;
If to hold, that who might rest
Pillow'd on that gentle breast,
Were more than Eastern monarchs blest;
If to worship thee, and swear
None are sweet or good or fair,

That each graceful shape is rude,
Near thy perfect image view'd;
If to deem thy cheerful smile
Rich with charms, that might beguile
E'en the latest pang of death,
Be the surest pledge of faith:
Think not, that, when doom'd to part
From that treasure of my heart,
These fond thoughts can e'er forget
Hours of bliss, that quickly fleet;
Or, when billows swell between,
Meet with joy another scene!
For to me nor tuneful measure,
Social jest or dearer pleasure,
Joyous seem, when far from thee;
In whose nature sweet and free
All the gentlest virtues vie,
Beauty, mirth, and modesty.
When I miss thy lovely form,
Beauty loses every charm;

Friendship lacks its dearest tie,
Music all its melody.
Still, where'er thy footsteps stray,
Secret vows will win their way;
Ardent wishes, born of youth,
Nurs'd by faith and constant truth;
And, across the envious sea,
Wing their anxious flight to thee.

TO

THE MEMORY OF MY FRIEND THOMAS BRIGSTOCK.

DEAR lost companion of my earliest joys!
If lingering yet thy spirit haunt the fields,
Where blithesome once we stray'd, and young in care,
Thou se'est me still unchanged; this mindful heart
From all the pomp and turmoil of the world
Still faithful turns to thee; and oft retires
In the dark covert of some aged grove,
To muse with solitude and sad regret:
What time the nightingale in shady brake,
Where the low hazel or the tangled thorn
Veils her from vulgar eye, with querulous note
Warbles, as mindful of a gentle friend.
And soothing is her lay, to one, who grieves
In placid sorrow, at the fall of eve
Marking the ruddy light that fades away,
And the still moonbeam steal upon the leaves.
How oft retiring from the giddy crowd

At sober evening, when the setting sun
Skirted the western clouds with varied light,
We mused unseen upon the goodly forms
Of smiling nature! Sometimes, when the year
Put forth its budding charms, we lov'd to mark
The pale anemone, that softly rear'd
Its modest head beneath the leafless brake,
Delightful herald of returning spring.
Then as we saw the year roll slowly on
Breathing new sweets, and opening fresh delight
Of shade and pasture, bloom and luscious fruit,
Led by delusive rapture oft we stretch'd
Our anxious thoughts into the viewless maze
Of that wide world, through which our journey lay
Doubtful and distant; now with sorrow dark,
Now gilded with bright hopes and fancy gay.
But ever as I mark'd the secret hand
Of baneful sickness, slow and unrestrain'd,
Prey on thine alter'd form, (which late had glow'd
With beauty and with strength above thy peers)

A bodeful tear would rush into mine eyes;
And a wild thought would beat against my heart
That life's eventful journey must be trod
Without that loved companion, whom my soul
Had chosen in the guileless hour of youth;
Who should with me have stretch'd the towering wing
E'en to Ambition's height; and should (if ere
Propitious Fortune smiled) have shared the meed
Of that fair fame, we panted to deserve.
Thy lamp soon wasted; it had burnt too bright,
And sunder'd the frail tenement of life,
That shrowded its pure beams. O! thou art gone;
Thy grave has long been strewn; and those, who erst
Sported with thee in youth or turn'd the page
Of infant learning, have well nigh forgot
That once thou wert, and did'st in all excell.
But never from this breast, this mindful soul,
Shall pass thine image, which is graven there
With friendship's first impression; nor the thought
Of those delightful days, when life was new,

And we together cull'd its budding sweets
Careless of coming woe. But ne'er for thee
Pale sorrow spread her melancholy board;
Thou ne'er didst taste of grief. The tender down
Of manhood scarce had tinged thy blooming cheek,
When the cold hand of all-consuming death
Nipp'd thy fair promise. Thou didst never learn
The treachery of joy, the loss of friends,
The pangs of hapless love: thy glowing heart
Imagin'd days of rapture, fondly dream'd
Of more than mortal charms; nor ever waked
To wipe fell sorrow's tear:—for few are they,
Whose earliest fancy crowns their days with joy;
But oft through woe, and anguish, and despair,
Man wanders t'wards the port of tranquil bliss.
Thou didst not hear the deadly cry of France,
Which, like the crash of an upbreaking world
Appall'd all Europe, from the utmost bound
Of Finisterre to Moscow's forests hoar,
And shook old Ocean's reign; thou didst not see

The impious Fiend of democratic war
Let loose its havoc, tearing from their base
The monuments of power, the massive seats
Of ancient empire and religious sway;
Thou didst not mark from every mangled realm
The pang of horror vibrate to the heart
Of thy dear country; else the piteous groan
Of sullied Freedom and dismember'd states
Had rung e'en to thy soul. For thou wast kind
In nature, and thy breast would throb to hear
Of high atchievements, and the valor old
Of chiefs recorded in historic page,
Who by fair deeds and honorable strife
Upheld our England's fame. Therefore I deem,
Though torn untimely from our fond embrace,
Thee blest above thy peers; whose sleep of death
(Ere fate had dealt one night of restless woe)
Stole unperceiv'd on thy delighted youth.

THE END.

JOYCE GOLD, PRINTER, SHOE-LANE.

MISCELLANEOUS POETRY.

BY

THE HON. W. HERBERT.

VOLUME SECOND.

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SKIRNER'S EXPEDITION.

From the old Icelandic in Sæmund's Edda.

1805.

FREYR, son of Niorder, dwelt in Hlidskialf, and discerned the whole world. He looked towards Jotunheim*, and there he saw a beautiful virgin, going to bower from the hall of her father. Hence was his mind grievously affected. His attendant† was named Skirner. Niorder bade him ask for a conference with Freyr. Then Scada‡ sung.

"Skirner, arise! and swiftly run,
Where lonely sits our pensive son!
Bid him to parley, and enquire,
Gainst whom he teems with sullen ire."

* For an account of Jotunheim, the Jotuns, Thursi, Vani, Alfi, and Asi, see part 1st, notes on the Song of Thrym.

† *Scosveinn*, literally shoe-swain.

‡ Scada was the wife of Niorder.

"Ill words, I fear, my lot will prove,
If I thy son attempt to move;
If I bid parley, and enquire,
Why teems his soul with savage ire."

SKIRNER sung.

"Prince of the Gods and first in fight,
Speak, honor'd Freyr, and tell me right!
Why spends my Lord the tedious day
In his lone hall to grief a prey?"

FREYR sung.

"O how shall I, fond youth, disclose
To thee my bosom's heavy woes?
The ruddy God shines every day,
But dull to me his cheerful ray."

SKIRNER sung.

"Thy sorrows deem not I so great,
That thou the tale shouldst not relate.
Together sported we in youth,
And well may trust each other's truth."

FREYR sung.

" In Gymer's court I saw her move,
The maid, who fires my breast with love.
Her snow-white arms and bosom fair
Shone lovely, kindling sea and air.
Dear is she to my wishes more,
Than ere was maid to youth before:
But *Gods and Elfs, I wot it well,
Forbid, that we together dwell."

SKIRNER sung.

" Give me that horse of wonderous breed
To cross the nightly flame† with speed;
And that self-brandish'd sword to smite
The giant race with strange affright."

FREYR sung.

" To thee I give this wonderous steed
To pass the watchful fire with speed;

* Asi and Alfi.

† The bower of Gerda was surrounded with fire, like that of Brynhilda, whose history is related at length in the notes.

And this, which borne by valiant wight
Self-brandish'd will his foemen smite."

SKIRNER addressed his horse.

" Dark night is spread ; 'tis time, I trow,
To climb the mountains hoar with snow.
Both shall return, or both remain
In durance by the giant ta'en."

Skirner rode into Jotunheim to the court of Gymer: furious dogs were tied there before the door of the wooden enclosure, which surrounded Gerda's bower. He rode towards a shepherd, who was sitting on a mound, and addressed him :

" Shepherd, who sittest on the mound,
And turn'st thy watchful eyes around,
How may I lull these bloodhounds, say!
How speak unharm'd with Gymer's may* !"

THE SHEPHERD sung

" Whence, and what art thou ? doom'd to die,
Or dead revisitest the sky?

* May, maid.

For ride by night, or ride by day,
Thou ne'er shalt come to Gymer's may."

SKIRNER sung.

" I grieve not, I; a better part
Fits him, who boasts a ready heart.
At hour of birth our lives were shaped;
The doom of Fate can ne'er be scaped."

GERDA sung.

" What sounds unknown mine ears invade,
Frighting this mansion's peaceful shade?
The earth's foundation rocks withal,
And trembling shakes all Gymer's hall."

THE ATTENDANT sung.

" Dismounted stands a warrior sheen;
His courser crops the herbage green."

GERDA sung.

' Haste, bid him to my bower with speed,
To quaff unmix'd the pleasant mead:
And good betide us !* for I fear
My brother's murderer is near.—

* The duties of hospitality were held so sacred amongst the nor-

What art thou? Elf, or Asian son?
Or from the wiser Vanians sprung?
Alone to visit our abode
O'er bickering flames why hast thou rode?"

SKIRNER sung.

" Nor Elf am I, nor Asian son;
Nor from the wiser Vanians sprung:
Yet o'er the bickering flames I rode
Alone to visit your abode.
Eleven apples here I hold,
Gerda, for thee, of purest gold;
Let this fair gift thy bosom move
To grant young Freyr thy precious love."

GERDA sung.

" Eleven apples take not I
From man, as price of chastity!
While life remains, no tongue shall tell,
That Freyr and I together dwell."

thern nations, that Gerda would not refuse admittance to Skirner, though she imagined him to be her greatest enemy.

SKIRNER sung.

"Gerda, for thee this wonderous ring
Burnt on young Balder's pile I bring;
On each ninth night shall other eight
Drop from it, all of equal weight."

GERDA sung.

"I take not, I, that wonderous ring,
Though it from Balder's pile you bring.
Gold lack not I in Gymer's bower;
Enough for me my father's dower."

SKIRNER sung.

"Behold this bright and slender brand
Unsheath'd and glittering in my hand;
Deny not, maiden! lest thine head
Be sever'd by the trenchant blade."

GERDA sung.

"Gerda will ne'er by force be led
To grace a conqueror's hateful bed:
But this, I trow, with main and might
Gymer shall meet thy boast in fight."

SKIRNER sung:

" Behold this bright and slender brand
Unsheath'd, and glittering in my hand!
Slain by its edge thy sire shall lie;
That giant old is doom'd to die.
E'en as I list, the magic wand
Shall tame thee! Lo, with charmed hand
I touch thee, Maid! There shalt thou go,
Where never man shall learn thy woe.
On some high pointed rock forlorn
Like eagle* shalt thou sit at morn;
Turn from the world's all-cheering light,
And seek the deep abyss of night:
Food shall to thee more loathly shew,
Than slimy †serpent creeping slow.
When forth thou com'st, a hideous sight,
Each wondering eye shall stare with fright.

* Eagles are said to sit without moving for a long time upon some high eminence in the morning.

† Perhaps alluding to the serpent of Midgard in the Icelandic Mythology.

By all observ'd, yet sad and lone;
'Mongst shivering *Thursians wider known,
Than him, who sits unmov'd on high
The †Guard of heaven with sleepless eye.
Mid charms, and chains, and restless woe,
Thy tears with double grief shall flow.
Now seat thee, Maid, while I declare
Thy tide of sorrow and despair.
Thy bower shall be some Giant's cell,
Where phantoms pale shall with thee dwell.
Each day to the cold Thursian's hall
Comfortless, wretched, shalt thou crawl;
Instead of joy and pleasure gay
Sorrow and tears and sad dismay;
With some three-headed Thursian wed,
Or pine upon a lonely bed.
From morn till morn love's secret fire
Shall gnaw thine heart with vain desire;

* *Hrim-thursar. Hrim (Anglicè rime)* was spoken with a guttural aspiration; and probably *Crim-tartary*, the former seat of the Asi, was so called from its cold.

† Heimdallar. See part 1st, p. 28.

Like barren root of thistle pent
In some high ruin'd battlement.
O'er shady hill, through greenwood round,
I sought this wand; the wand I found.
Odin is wroth, and mighty Thor;
E'en Freyr shall now thy name abhor.
But ere o'er thine ill-fated head
The last dread curse of Heaven be spread,
Giants and Thursians far and near,
Suttungur's *sons, and Asians, hear,

* Suttungur, the son of Gilling, was a giant, and possessed the liquor of poetry, which he had gained from the Dwarfs. It is related in the Edda, *(Resenius's edition, c. 60, &c.)* that the Asi and Vani, having been long at war, made peace, and spit into a vase. From this the Gods formed Kuaser, a person of exceeding learning; and the Dwarfs mixed his blood with honey, and so made the liquor of poetry. The Vani were a Grecian colony, and this fable seems to imply, that both the learning and the poetry of the North was partly of Greek origin. Odin, under the feigned name of Bolverk, entered into the service of Bauge, brother of Suttungur, and drank up the liquor. A small quantity of it, which he spilt, was scattered amongst men. It is observable, that the name of *Suttungur*, from whom Odin gained this liquor, may denote, that he derived his poetry from the *Southern tongues*.

How I forbid with fatal ban
This maid the joys, the fruit, of man!
Cold Grimmer is that giant hight,
Who thee shall hold in realms of night;
Where slaves in cups of twisted roots
Shall bring foul beverage from the goats:
Nor sweeter draught, nor blither fare,
Shalt thou, sad Virgin, ever share.
'Tis done! I wind the mystic charm;
Thus, thus, I trace the giant form;
And three fell characters below,
Fury, and Lust, and restless Woe.
E'en as I wound, I strait unwind
This fatal spell, if thou art kind."

GERDA sung.

"Now hail, now hail, thou warrior bold!
Take, take this cup of crystal cold,
And quaff the pure metheglin old!
Yet deem'd I ne'er, that love could bind
To Vanian youth my hostile mind."

SKIRNIR sung.

"I turn not home to bower or hall,
Till I have learnt mine errand all;
Where thou wilt yield the night of joy
To brave Niorder's gallant boy."

GERDA sung.

"Barri is hight the seat of love;
Nine nights elaps'd, in that known grove
Shall brave Niorder's gallant boy
From Gerda take the kiss of joy."

Then rode Skirner home. Freyr stood forth and hailed him, and asked, what tidings.

"Speak, Skirner, speak, and tell with speed!
Take not the harness from thy steed,
Nor stir thy foot, till thou hast said,
How fares my love with Gymer's maid!"

SKIRNER sung.

"Barri is hight the seat of love;
Nine nights elaps'd, in that known grove

To brave Niorder's gallant boy
Will Gerda yield the kiss of joy."

FREYR sung.

"Long is one night, and longer twain;
But how for three endure my pain!
A month of rapture sooner flies,
Than half one night of wishful sighs."

BRYNHILDA'S RIDE TO HELL*.

From the old Icelandic in Semund's Edda, M. S.

1805.

After the death of Brynhilda two funeral piles were constructed; one for Sigurd, and that was burnt first; but Brynhilda was burnt on the other, and she was borne on a vehicle tented with precious cloth. It is said, that Brynhilda went in this vehicle along the road to Hell, and passed by a habitation, where dwelt a certain giantess. The giantess sung.

"Hence avaunt! nor dare invade
This pillar'd mansion's rocky shade!
Better at home thy needle ply,
Than thus our secret dwelling spy;

* Helveg, the road to Hell; or perhaps it only means *the funereal road*. I have subjoined an account of the history of Brynhilda, without which the verses will not be easily understood.

O faithless head of Valland's race,
Darest thou approach this charmed place?
Many a wolf, that howl'd for food,
Thou didst sate with human blood!"

BRYNHILDA sung.

" Maid of the rock, upbraid not me,
Though pirate-like I plough'd the sea!
Those, who kenn'd my early merit,
Shall ever praise my lofty spirit."

GIANTESS sung.

" I know thee well, ill-fated dame!
Thy sire was Budla, Brynhilda thy name!
Thou didst Giuka's race destroy,
And turn to plaint his kingdom's joy!"

BRYNHILDA sung.

" Hateful head, if thou wouldst know,
I will tell my tale of woe;

V. 5. " Valland; Gallia occidentalis et maritima plerumque hôc significatur in historiis Arctois." *M. S. Lex.*—" Vallir; Galli, ejusque regionis incolæ." *Ib.*

How the heirs of Giuka's realm
Did my perjured love o'erwhelm.
Beneath an oak by mournful spell
The angry monarch garr'd me dwell.
Twelve years I counted and no more,
When faith to Sigurd young I swore.
Mongst Hlyndale's warriors was I hight
Hilda clad in helmet bright.
Helmgunnar old this arm did fell;
This falchion sent his soul to hell:
Glory I gave Audbrodur young;
But Odin's wrath wax'd fierce and strong.
His powerful wand my senses bound,
And burnish'd shields were piled around;
And he should break my sleep alone,
Who ne'er the breath of fear had known.
Wide around my strange abode
With blazing fire the forest glow'd;

V. 22. *Monarch*. Odin, or perhaps her father Budla.
V. 23. This alludes to her first interview with Sigurd.

And none might pass, though wise and bold,
Save who should bring stern Fofner's gold.
The generous lord stout Grana bore,
Whose might had won that precious store.
My foster-father bade me wed
The stranger to my lonely bed;
And seem'd that youth alone more bold,
Than all the chiefs, that Denmark told.
Darkling we slept from eve till morn,
As he had been my brother born;
Eight nights the peaceful couch we shared,
Nor hand was stirr'd, nor touch was dared.
Yet hence did proud Gudruna say,
In Sigurd's arms Brynhilda lay:
This well I wot, Brynhilda ne'er
Would brook their foul disloyal snare.
Women and men were born in strife
To spend the anxious hours of life;

V. 39. Grana was the horse of Sigurd.

Now, join'd by death's all-healing pow'r,
Sigurd and I shall part no more.—
Giantess, avaunt!".....

"*After this* (says Norna Gests Saga) *the giantess howled frightfully, and rushed into the caverns of the mountain.*"

NOTES

ON

BRYNHILDA's RIDE TO HELL.

These verses are imperfectly quoted from the Edda in Norna Gests Saga; c. 8. where v. 25 and 26 are omitted.

Heto mic allir i Hlyndaulom
Hildr undir hialmi, hvörr er kunni.

The MS. in the museum varies also in several lines, some of which are evidently corrupt: for instance, instead of *Fafnisdynu, the pillow of Fofner*, the MS. gives *Gull tha er und Fafni la, the gold that lay under Fofner;* which is clearly an explanation, that has crept into the text.

The verses in Norna Gests Saga are prefaced by the following introduction.—"When Brynhilda was carried out to be burnt, she was borne near some rocks.

A giantess dwelt there; her complexion was swarthy, and she was standing in a skin garment before the entrance of a cave. In her hand she held a long wand, and she said; *This will I add to thy pile, Brynhilda; and it had been better, thou hadst been burnt alive for thy foul deeds, who didst let slay Sigurd Fafnisbana, a man so illustrious. Often was I propitious to him, and therefore will I sing vengeful words against thee, that thou mayst become more hateful to all, who shall hear what is said of thee.* After that Brynhilda and the giantess began to utter incantations against each other."

The tragic history of Sigurd and Brynhilda (properly Brynhildr) is told at length in the unpublished part of Sæmund's Edda, and in Volsunga Saga; from which I have abridged an account, which will be sufficient to make these stanzas intelligible.

Sigurd, son of Hiordys and king of Sigmund, was educated, according to the old Northern custom, by his foster-father, whose name was Reigin. The father of Reigin had possessed a ring and a wonderous store of

gold, which Odin had taken from the dwarf Andvare, who had foretold that it would prove the bane of all, who should acquire it. Fofner, the brother of Reigin, slew his father, and took possession of all that treasure. It is said in Volsunga Saga, that "after that he became so savage, that he kept aloof, and suffered none but himself to enjoy his wealth; and that he became at last the worst of serpents, and lay upon the treasure." Much has been said, and many ingenious suggestions have been advanced, concerning the dragons of fabulous history, who watched over treasures and imprisoned damsels. It appears in Volsunga Saga, that it was a figurative expression; for Reigin says therein to Sigurd, speaking of his brother Fofner, "*Thad er ecke voxtur epter hætte lingorma, og er giort af miklu meirra en er,*" *i. e.* "He is not actually shaped after the fashion of a snake, and much more hath been made of this, than is true." Sigurd bore the device of a serpent upon his shield, after he had slain this Fofner; to which he was excited by Reigin, who had been defrauded of his share

in his father's treasure. After the performance of this feat, which procured him the surname of Fafnisbana, he slew Reigin also, who had incurred his suspicion, and took possession of all Fofner's gold. Then stretching southward towards the French frontier, he arrived at the mountain called Hindarfiall; and there he beheld a great light, as of flaming fire, which blazed even to the heavens: and when he reached it, he saw a fortification of shields, and above a standard; and a warrior lay within in complete armour. First he took off the helmet; and saw, that it was a woman, clothed in a coat of mail, that adhered even to her skin. Sigurd rent the mail from head to foot, as if it had been a garment; and said that she had slept long enough. "Who is this," (replied she) "of might sufficient to rend my armour, and to break my sleep? Art thou Sigurd Sigmundson, and bearest the helmet of Fofner, and the sword which slew him?" Sigurd replied, "I am of the race of Volsung; and this have I done, for that I heard thou wert a rich princess, excelling in beauty and in wisdom,

and that would I certify." Brynhilda answered, "Two kings contended, one hight Hialmgunnar, and he was old, but of mickle might, and Odin had promised him the victory; the other was Agnar or Audbrother: and I fell d Hialmgunnar in fight; but Odin struck my head with the sleepy-thorn, and said I should never be again victorious, and should be hereafter wedded; but I vowed strongly against him, never to be wedded to any man, who could fear." After this Brynhilda, who was deeply skilled in incantations, conversed with Sigurd on mystic and moral lore, and displayed great wisdom: and Sigurd said, "No wiser woman have I beheld, and thee I swear to marry, even if I might chuse amongst all mankind;" and they both pledged their faith. Then Sigurd rode away; his shield was manyfold, and burnished with ruddy gold; a dragon was graven on it, dark brown above, and of brilliant red below; and even so was his helmet, and saddle, and furniture. His breastplate was golden, and all his armour studded with gold. He is said to

have excelled all men in courtesy and valor, in symmetry of stature, in active exercises, in eloquence and wisdom: therefore, saith Volsunga Saga, his name is celebrated in every language north of the Grecian sea, and so it will be, as long as the world shall last. Sigurd rode, till he arrived at a large town, where lived a prince named Heimer, who was married to the sister of Brynhilda. There was he cordially received by them and their son Alsvidur, and deposited all his treasure. Meanwhile Brynhilda had returned to the court of Heimer, and dwelt apart amongst her virgins, excelling all women in works of art. She broidered in gold the mighty deeds of Sigurd, the slaughter of the serpent, the rape of his treasure, and the death of Reigin. It chanced one day, that Sigurd rode into the forest with hound and hawk, and much attendance; and, ere he returned, his hawk flew up to a tower, and perched in a small window. Sigurd pursued his bird, and entered the abode of Brynhilda, where he beheld a maid of exceding beauty, and much was he smitten with her per-

son and her handywork. And when Sigurd came to hall, he would converse with no man; and Alsvidur questioned him courteously touching his sadness; and Sigurd answered, "Good my friends, hear, why I am thoughtful. My hawk flew into a tower; and, as I would take him, I beheld a lovely woman; and she was broidering with gold the feats, which I have performed." Alsvidur replied, "Thou sawest Brynhilda, the daughter of Budla; and she is famous in war: but take not thou thought of her, for no man would she ever suffer near her, nor pour out the wine for any one." Sigurd said, that he preferred her to all women, and that he should try, whether she would deny him. The next day went Sigurd to Brynhilda, and she received him in a rich apartment; it was hung with the costliest cloths, and the floor was carpeted; and she held a golden cup, and bade him drink. Sigurd took her by the hand, and seated her by his side and kissed her, saying, "No woman was ever born so lovely; and that will be the best of days, when we shall be

united." Brynhilda replied, that she was destined to pass her life in warfare, and that he must espouse Gudruna, the daughter of Giuka. But Sigurd swore by the Gods, that he would marry her or no one: and she pledged herself likewise unto Sigurd; and he gave her the golden ring of Andvare. And it came to pass, that Sigurd went to the court of Giuka, bearing with him all his wealth; and the wife of Giuka thought to divert his love from Brynhilda, that he might espouse her daughter: and she gave him a charmed draft, which when he had drunk, he forgot Brynhilda; and he abided there and married Gudruna, and her brothers Gunnar and Hogni were his companions in arms.

The fame of Brynhilda's beauty had long reached the court of Giuka, and Gunnar resolved to win her; and he prayed Sigurd and Hogni to accompany him on his journey. They first visited king Budla, and then proceeded to Hlyndale, where the damsel dwelt.—Heimer received them well, and told them, that she would marry him, who could ride through the flaming fire,

that burned round her habitation. They beheld her tower shine with gold, and the furnace blazed all about it. Gunnar forced his steed towards the fire, but it started back; and he requested Sigurd to lend him his horse Grana, but Grana would not stir with his new rider. Then Gunnar and Sigurd changed steeds again. Sigurd held the sword, which had slain Fofner, and bound on his golden spurs; and when Grana knew the spur, he rushed into the flames; and a loud sound arose, and the fire raged more fiercely: as it is told in the poetry of the Edda, "*The earth gan shake, and the furnace bickered high towards heaven; few would have dared those royal deeds, to ride through or to spring over the flames. Sigurd smote Grana with his sword; the furnace slackened before the king; all the flames were laid before him, who sought renown. He rode with the gold*[*], *which Reigin had possessed.*"—

[*] *Gold*; in the Icelandic, *blik*. Biörner, in Volsunga Saga, translates it, *the horse*, which does not accord with the story; and I do not imagine, that the word can bear that signification. It means *splendor*, and is poetically used for *gold*. In the MS. Lexicon, in

And when Sigurd had passed the furnace, he found a splendid mansion, and there sat Brynhilda. She asked what man it was, and he named himself Gunnar Giuka's son, and said; "Thou art my bride with thy sire's consent; for that I have rode through the fire, as thou with thy fosterfather Heimer hast conditioned." Brynhilda answered mournfully from her seat, as a swan on the salt-lake; the sword was in her hand, the helmet upon her head, and she was clothed in mail. Three nights he dwelt there, and they rested in one bed, but he placed his sword Gram between them. He took from her hand the ring of Andvare, and gave her another in its stead. Then went Brynhilda to Heimer, and told him what had befallen her; and he said; "So must it be; the condition shall be fulfilled." Sigurd and the brothers returned to the court of Giuka; and after went king Budla, and his daughter, and his son

the Museum, I find, "*Blik, niter; in Eddâ pro aere;*" which I believe alludes to this passage, for the word does not occur in the part, which is published.

Atla with a mighty retinue; and the nuptials were held with high solemnity. And when some days had passed, Sigurd recollected his oath to Brynhilda, but he held his peace: and Gunnar and Brynhilda dwelt together with good sport and banqueting.

It chanced one day, that Gudruna and Brynhilda went forth to bathe in the waters of the Rhine; and Brynhilda went into the deeper water, saying; "I will in nothing be equalled by thee; for my father was more powerful than thine, and my husband hath performed greater feats, and he rode through the burning fire, but thine was the servant of king *Hialfrec."—Gudruna answered wrathfully, "It savours not of wisdom to upbraid my husband, who is renowned as the first of men: and ill doth it become thee, since he lay with thee before thy husband; 'twas he slew Fofner, and rode through the flames, when thou didst think it

* Hialfrec married the mother of Sigurd, after his father's death.

had been Gunnar: and he slept with thee, and took the ring of Andvare, and here mayst thou behold it." Brynhilda saw the ring and knew it, and the paleness of death came over her; she returned home, and spake not a word during the evening. And Brynhilda fell sick, and kept her bed; which, when Gunnar heard, he went to her, and questioned her: but she answered him not, and lay as if she were dead. When he urged her more, she said; "What hast thou done with the ring, I gave thee, which I received from my father Budla at our last parting, when thou didst come to him with king Giuka, and threaten fire and desolation, if ye obtained not me? After that he conversed with me, and asked which amongst ye I would chuse; but I offered to defend the country, and to lead a third of the army to battle. Two alternatives were proposed to me; to marry according to his will, or to lose his inheritance and friendship; and he said, that his friendship would be better than his wrath. I considered, that I was too weak to resist, and I engaged to marry him, who

should ride the horse Grana with the gold of Fofner, and pass through the blazing fire, and slay those whom I named. Now did none, save Sigurd, dare to ride through the furnace; for he lacked not courage: he killed the serpent, and Reigin, and five other kings; but thou, Gunnar, wert pale, as a corse; and art neither king, nor warrior. And I vowed solemnly at home, to bestow my love on the most excellent alone, and that was Sigurd; now am I perjured, and therefore will I contrive his death."—Gunnar reproached her with the murder of those, she had killed in battle; and she attempted to slay him, but Hogni prevented her: and after that she remained some days without food, and spoke to nobody. Then Sigurd went to Brynhilda, and said; "Awake, Brynhilda; the sun shines throughout the whole city, and thou hast slept enough. Cast aside thy sorrow, and be joyful."—"How darest thou" (replied Brynhilda) "visit me, since no man hath acted towards me more treacherously?"—"If thou deemest me hostile," (said Sigurd) "thy reason errs; the

husband of thy choice is thine."—"No," (answered she) "Gunnar rode not through the fire, and paid not to me the dower of slaughtered chiefs. I wondered at the man, who entered my apartment, and I thought that I recognised thine eyes; but I could not distinguish with certainty, on account of the covering, in which I was enveloped for my misfortune. But thou didst overthrow the serpent, and ride through the furnace, and not the son of Giuka; nor hath my soul ever smiled to Gunnar, but he hath been always hateful to me, though I concealed my disgust. Sigurd, I well remember the oaths, which we swore at Hindarfiall, but they are broken; and sooner would I perish now, than violate my faith to Gunnar. I chuse not two husbands in one abode, and never shall I be at rest, till the sword be reddened with thy blood."—When Sigurd had departed, Brynhilda excited Gunnar to slay him, together with his child; protesting, that otherwise she would withdraw herself from his bed, and return to her own relations. And as she was the most beautiful of women,

and Gunnar loved her passionately, he excited his brother Guttormur to perform the execrable deed; for as he and Hogni were the sworn companions of Sigurd, they dared not injure him. In the morning Guttormur entered the chamber of Sigurd, who was sleeping in the arms of Gudruna, and slew him; but Sigurd, waking with the deadly wound, smote Guttormur with his sword, and they both perished. Then Brynhilda ordered a great funeral pile to be constructed; and she placed herself on the pile with the dead bodies, and they were burnt together with five females and eight male slaves, whom her father had given her: for thus, she said, the obsequies of Sigurd would be fit and honorable.

V. 31. "*I Skatalundi.*"—I can find no account of this word. Peringskiöld in Norn. G. Saga translates it "Ille mihi *caput* soporiferâ hastâ percussit." In the MS. Skatalundi appears to be two words.—*Lundr* is a grove.

V. 26. " *Hilda.*"—" Brynhilldur for med hialm og *brinju*, og gieck ad vigum, og thvi var hun kollud Brynhilldur." i. e. " Brynhilda went with helmet and *coat of mail*, and sallied forth to war, and therefore was she called Bryn-hilda." *Volsunga Saga*, c. 32.

V. 47. " *Eight nights.*" The prose account says three nights.

THE

DYING SONG

OF

REGNER LODBROCK.

Translated from the old Icelandic.

1804.

Regner Lodbrock was killed in 794, by vipers applied to a wound in his breast, having been taken prisoner by Ella, in Northumberland.—These lines are supposed to be spoken by Regner in the hour of death, and by many persons they are believed to have been really his composition; but probably the account is true, that they were written by the Scald Brage, after his death, at the request of his widow Aslauga. N. B. I have omitted eight stanzas, giving an account of various engagements, which, from their similarity, might be thought tedious.

1.

We *smote with swords; nor long, before
In arms I reach'd the Gothic† shore,
To work the loathly serpent's death.
I slew the reptile of the heath;

* *Hiuggum vier*, we hewed.

† Gothland, in Sweden.

My prize was *Thora; from that fight
Mongst warriors am I Lodbrock hight.
I pierced the monster's scaly side
With steel, the soldier's wealth and pride.

2.

We smote with swords; in early youth
I fought by Eyra's† billowy mouth.
Where high the echoing basnites rung
To the hard javelin's iron tongue,
The wolf and golden-footed‡ bird
Glean'd plenteous harvest of the sword.
Dark grew the ocean's swollen water;
The raven waded deep in slaughter.

3.

We smote with swords; ere twenty years
Were number'd, in the din of spears

* Thora was guarded by a serpent, which Regner slew, having protected himself against its poison, by fleecy brogues, whence he was called Lod-brock. He espoused Thora.

† The Sound.

‡ The eagle.

I rear'd my armed hand, and spread
The tide of battle fierce and red.
Eight earls my weighty arm subdued
Eastward by Dwina's icy flood;
There the gaunt falcon lack'd not food.
The sweat of death distain'd the wave;
The army tined* its warriors brave.

4.

We smote with swords; fierce Hedin's† queen
Mid the hot storm of war was seen,
When ‡Helsing's youths to Odin's hall
We bade, and garr'd her prowess fall.
Our vessels plough'd through Ifa's flood;
The arrows stung; the stream was blood.
Brands grated on the mail, and through
Cleft shields the death-fraught lances flew.

* Tined, *lost*, Icel. *tyndi*.

† Hilda, goddess of war.

‡ *Helsing*. Part of the coast of the gulph of Bothnia.

5.

We smote with swords; none fled, I trow*,
Ere on the masted galley's prow
Bold Herraud fell: no fairer earl
Did e'er his bellying sail unfurl
On winged †steeds, that spurn the main
Cleaving the seafowl's lonely reign;
No lord in ‡stour more widely fear'd
To distant port his vessel steer'd.
That glorious chieftain's glowing heart
In fight ay sought the foremost part.

6.

We smote with swords; in fierce affray
The warriors cast their shields away:
By rifling steel with fury driven
Many a fearless breast was riven;

* *I trow;* Icelandic, *Hygg ec,* I think.

† Ships.

‡ *Stour,* Icel. *styr,* war.

And, midst the din, from Skarpa's* rock
Echo'd the falchion's sounding shock.
The iron orbs with blood were dyed,
Ere sunk king Rafen's youthful pride.
Hot streaming from each valiant head
Sweat on coats of mail was shed.

7.

We smote with swords; near Inder's† shore
A sumptuous meal the ravens tore;
Nor carnage lack'd to glut those ‡steeds,
On which the sorceress Vala speeds.
'Twas hard to 'scape unharm'd that day:
When peer'd the sun's first dawning ray,
Shafts saw I starting from the string;
The bent bow made the metal ring.

* *Skarpa or Skarfa skerium.* Probably Skarp-ey on the coast of Norway. From sker, a rock, and skarpr, sharp, or skarfur, sea-fowl.

† *Inder.* Probably an island near Trondhiem.

‡ Beasts of prey, on which the sorceresses were supposed to ride.

8.

We smote with swords; loud clang'd the plain,
Ere Ulla's* field saw Eysteinn slain.
With gold adorn'd our conquering band
Strode o'er the desolated land;
And swift to meet each helmed head
The pointed flames of arrows sped:
Down many a neck the purple gore
Trickled from the burning sore.

(St. 9, 10, 11, and 12, are omitted.)

13.

We smote with swords; near Hadning's† bay
(Hilda's‡ sport and Hilda's fray)
Every noble warrior held
High in air his charmed shield.
Bucklers brast, and men were slain;
Stoutest skulls were cleft in twain.

* *Ulla's.* The site of Upsala.

† *Hadning's bay.* Perhaps in the Orkneys.

‡ *Hilda,* goddess of war.

'Twas not, I trow, like wooing rest
On gentle maiden's snowy breast.

14.

We smote with swords; the iron sleet
Against the shields with fury beat.
On Northumbria's hostile shore
Heroes welter'd in their gore:
Our foes at early dawn of light
Fled not from the sport of fight,
Hilda's sport, where falchions keen
Bit the helmet's surface sheen.
'Twas not like kissing widow sweet
Reclining in the highest* seat.

(St. 15 and 16 are omitted.)

17.

We smote with swords; at dawn of day
Hundred spearmen gasping lay,

* The old Northern houses consisted of one large habitable room, in which was an elevated stage for persons of rank, at the end opposite the door; like the dais or high table in our College Halls. This was called Aundveige.

Bent beneath the arrowy strife.
Egill reft my son of life;
Too soon my Agnar's youth was spent,
The scabbard*-thorn his bosom rent:
The whiles each warrior's clashing steel
Contentious rung a dreadful peal
On the grey hauberks, Hamder's† pride;
And our bright standards glitter'd wide.

(St. 18th is omitted.)

19.

We smote with swords; at morn I view'd
The ‡fair-hair'd prince by fate subdued;

* Slider-thorn, i. e. sword.

† *Hamder.* An ancient warrior, who had been famous for his armour.

‡ Fair-haird, *Harfagran.* Wormius says, that this means Harald Harfager. A more gross error was never committed by a learned antiquarian in the history of his own country; for Harald Harfager, the founder of the Norwegian monarchy, whose reign forms an important æra in the history of that country, died peaceably in his bed, above a hundred years after the time of Regner. Bishop Percy, in his prose translation, has copied the mistake of Wormius.

Gay Aurn, (whose voice the widows loved,
Whose charms the blooming virgins moved)
Fainting, waning to his end.
In Ila's* sound that day he kenn'd
Other sport; 'twas not, I ween,
Like quaffing from the goblet sheen
Fuming wine by maidens pour'd:
Yet, ere he fell, the battle roar'd,
The fulgent orbs in twain were cleft,
And lifeless many a kemp† was left.

(St. 20th is omitted.)

21.

We smote with swords; the sounding blades,
Ruddy with gold, assail'd our heads.
In after times on ‡Anglesey
Shall mortals trace the bloody fray,
Where Hilda's§ iron vesture rung,
Where kings march'd forth, and spears were flung.

* *Ila's sound.* Between Scotland and that island.

† *Kemp,* soldier.

‡ *Anglesey,* Aungols-ey.

§ *Hilda's vesture,* coats of mail.

Like winged dragons, red with gore
Our lances hiss'd along the shore.

22.

We smote with swords; what fairer fate
Can e'er the sons of men await,
Than long amid the battle's blast
To front the storm, and fall at last?
Who basely shuns the gallant strife
Nathless must lose his dastard life.
When waves of war conflicting roll,
'Tis hard to whet the coward soul
To deeds of worth; the timid heart
Will never act a warrior's part.

23.

We smote with swords; this deem I right,
Youth to youth in sturdy fight
Each his meeting falchion wield;
Thane* to thane should never yield.

* Thane, Icelandic *Thegn*.

Such was ay the soldier's boast,
Firm to face the adverse host.
Boldest, who prize fair maidens' love,
Must in the din of battle move.

24.

We smote with swords; I hold, that all
By destiny or live or fall:
Each his certain hour awaits;
Few can 'scape the ruling Fates.
When I scatter'd slaughter wide,
And launch'd my vessels to the tide,
I deem'd not, I, that Ella's blade
Was doom'd at last to bow my head;
But hew'd in every Scottish bay
Fresh banquets for the beasts of prey.

25.

We smote with swords; my parting breath
Rejoices in the pang of death.
Where dwells fair Balder's father dread,
The board is deck'd, the seats are spread!

In *Fiolner's court with costly cheer
Soon shall I quaff the foaming beer,
From hollow skulls of warriors slain!
Heroes ne'er in death complain;
To †Vider's hall I will not bear
The dastard words of weak despair.

26.

We smote with swords; their falchions bright
(If well they kenn'd their father's plight,
How ‡venom-fill'd a viperous brood
Have gnaw'd his flesh and lapp'd his blood)
Thy sons would grasp, Aslauga§ dear,
And vengeful wake the battle here.
A mother to my bairns I gave
Of sterling worth, to make them brave.

* *Balder's father, Fiolner,* and *Vider*; various names for Odin.

† Vider was Odin's war name. *Vidr at vigom,* I am called Vider in battle.—*Grimnismal, st.* 48.

‡ *Venom-fill'd,* Eitor-fillir.

§ Regner's wife by a second marriage. She was the illegitimate

27.

We smote with swords; cold death is near,
My *rights are passing to my heir.
Grim† stings the adder's forked dart;
The vipers nestle in my heart.
But soon, I wot, shall Vider's ‡wand
Fix'd in Ella's §bosom stand.
My youthful sons with rage will swell,
Listening how their father fell:

daughter of Sigurd and Brynhilda, whose history I have related at length; and was born after their first interview. From this it appears that the song of Hroke the black could not all have been written by himself in the 6th century; on account of the mention of Sigurd, whose daughter was living at the end of the 8th.

* Literally, "It is quickly passing away to inheritance."

† *Grim*, Icel. Grimr.

‡ Odin's wand, i. e. a war-spear.

§ "At the east end of the town, *(Rippon, in Yorkshire,)* and not far from the Minster, is a remarkable *tumulus*, called Aili's Hill or Alla's Hill; its shape is conical, the circumference at the base being 900 feet, and the height of the slope about 222 feet. Tradition ascribes the raising of it to the Danes. From its base to the apex, it is said to be composed wholly of sand, gravel, and human bones. Thoresby asserts, that it takes its name from Alla, a Northumbrian king, slain in the year 867." *Works of E. Dayes, p.* 121.

Those gallant boys in peace unbroken
Will never rest, till I be wroken.

28.

We smote with swords! where javelins fly,
Where lances meet, and warriors die,
Fifty times and one I stood
Foremost on the field of blood.
Full young I 'gan distain my sword,
Nor fear'd I force of adverse lord;
Nor deem'd I then, that any arm
By might or guile could work me harm.
Me to their feast the Gods must call;
The brave man wails not o'er his fall.

29.

Cease, my strain! I hear a voice
From realms, where martial souls rejoice.
I hear the Maids* of slaughter call,
Who bid me hence to Odin's hall.

* See Part 1st, p. 89 and 119.

High-seated*.in their blest abodes
I soon shall quaff the drink of Gods.
The hours of life have glided by;
I fall; but smiling shall I die.

* *I sundveige*; in the high seat, or at the high table.

THE

SONG

OF

HARALD THE HARDY.

From the old Icelandic, printed in Bartholinus, (Antiquitates Danicæ) from Knytlinga Saga.

1805.

My bark around Sicilia sail'd;
Then were we gallant, proud, and strong:
The winged ship by youths impell'd
Skimm'd (as we hoped) the waves along.
My prowess, tried in martial field,
Like fruit to maiden fair shall yield!
With golden ring in Russia's land
To me the virgin plights her hand.
Fierce was the fight on Trondhiem's heath;
I saw her sons to battle move;

Though few, upon that field of death
Long, long, our desperate warriors strove.
Young from my king in battle slain
I parted on that bloody plain.
With golden ring in Russia's land
To me the virgin plights her hand.
With vigorous arms the pump we plied,
Sixteen (no more) my dauntless crew,
And high and furious wax'd the tide;
O'er the deep bark its billows flew.
My prowess, tried in hour of need,
Alike with maiden fair shall speed.
With golden ring in Russia's land
To me the virgin plights her hand.
Eight feats I ken; the sportive game,
The war array, the fabrile art;
With fearless breast the waves I stem;
I press the steed; I cast the dart;
O'er ice on slippery skates I glide;
My dexterous oar defies the tide.

With golden ring in Russia's land
To me the virgin plights her hand.
Let blooming maid and widow say,
Mid proud Byzantium's southern walls
What deeds we wrought at dawn of day!
What falchions sounded through their halls!
What blood distain'd each weighty spear!
Those feats are famous far and near!
With golden ring in Russia's land
To me the virgin plights her hand.
Where snow-clad Uplands rear their head,
My breath I drew mid bowmen strong;
But now my bark, the peasant's dread,
Kisses the sea its rocks among.
Midst barren isles, where ocean foam'd,
Far from the tread of man I roam'd.
With golden ring in Russia's land
To me the virgin plights her hand.

NOTES

ON

THE SONG OF HARALD THE HARDY.

No relick of Icelandic poetry has been so mangled and misconstrued by its learned translators, as the song of Harald. The Latin, by Bartholinus, is partly erroneous; it was, however, rendered into French uncorrected by Mallet, from whom the bishop of Dromore drew his prose translation. The errors were naturally multiplied in the progress; and at last, in the poetical translation by Mason, (which he informs us was intended as "*a specimen of the first ballad, properly so called, now extant of the Northern tongue;*") not only the ideas of the original, but the historical facts alluded to in the poem, are so completely perverted, that very few vestiges of the Icelandic ballad are discernible in the English.

I have not been fortunate enough to procure a sight of Knytlinga Saga, which is very scarce; the manuscript copy in the British Museum is imperfect, and the chapter, which should contain these stanzas, is wanting.

The first of the stanzas is quoted in Heimskringla. They are said to have been composed by Harald on his return from Constantinople to the court of king Jarisleif in Russia, where he married his daughter, to whom the burthen of the stanzas alludes.

Tho lætr gerdr i Gordum
Gullhrings vid mer skolla.

These lines are carelessly translated by Bartholinus, *Attamen virgo Russica me respuit.* A doubt has arisen, whether the Russian damsel had rejected or accepted his profered love, from the ambiguity of the verb *lætr*, which has the same opposite senses as the English word *to let*, meaning sometimes *to hinder;* the Icelandic word *Tho* has various significations; Peringskiold understands it as I do. Bartholinus's translation is very loose; *gullhrings* is quite overlooked, and *skolla*

not explained. Schöning, in his edition of Heimskringla, translates the lines, *Attamen se præbet puella in Gardis aureis annulis ornata in me frigidam.* It does not appear by that vague interpretation, what he understood *Skolla* to mean. I can meet with the word no where, but in this song, where *Lætr skolla vid* occurs twice; and I am persuaded that the words mean, *consents* or *suffers to kiss.* In the MS. Lexicon in the British museum, *Skolla hliod* is interpreted *gannitus; hliod* means *silence.* The second passage, where the expression occurs in these stanzas, is *Nu læt ek skeidr skolla vid sker*, i. e. *Now I let my ship kiss the breakers;* Bartholinus renders it *crepitare ad saxa in mari latentia.* In that passage *læt* means clearly *permit*, and it seems very improbable, that in the same song, coupled with the same words in another line, it should mean the reverse. I shall briefly relate that part of the history of Harald to which these stanzas allude.

After the death of Saint Olave, king of Norway, in

the battle of Sticklastad (situated in the interior of Norway N. E. of Trondhiem) in 1030, Harald Hardradr his brother on the mother's side, then 15 years old, remained concealed in the hut of a peasant, till the wounds were healed, which he had received in defence of his brother. The next summer he fled to the court of Jarisleif king of Garda-rike, (a part of Russia,) where he was well received, and remained some years. In 1034 he proceded with the followers he had collected to Constantinople, about the time when the empress Zoe raised Michael* the Paphlagonian to the throne and bed of her murdered husband. He was received into her pay, and served in company with Georgius Maniaces, whom the Icelanders call Gyrgir: but Harald soon became the favorite of the army, and he retained the sole command, Georgius having returned

* Snorro calls him Michael Catalactus, which seems to be a confusion between his name Paphlago, and that of his successor Michael Calaphates. Their reigns having been very short, and both emperors associated with Zoe, the confusion was natural.

with the few, who adhered to him. Harald passed over into Africa, where he made considerable conquests; and, subsisting his army by plunder, he continued to remit the surplus of his booty by trusty messengers to the court of Jarisleif. His victories in Africa were followed by an attack upon Sicily, in which he was equally successful. Having spent several years on this expedition, during which he fought 18 pitched battles, and reduced many fortified places, he returned to Constantinople; whence, after securing his stipend from the imperial treasury, he undertook a journey to the Holy Land, where he made magnificent offerings, and bathed in the waters of the Jordan. On his return from that pilgrimage, hearing that his nephew Magnus had obtained the crown of Norway, he solicited his discharge from the imperial service. The profligate empress, who in her sixtieth year espoused a third husband, and associated his concubine to the throne, is supposed to have entertained a lawless passion for Harald; and, though his crime was perhaps only the

desire of quitting Constantinople, he was accused of peculation and imprisoned. On the ensuing night his escape was effected by the assistance of a lady of the first rank, who is said to have had no other motive for his deliverance, than obedience to a vision of Saint Olave. He immediately rejoined his followers, and stormed the imperial palace. According to Snorro he put out the eyes of the emperor Constantine Monomachus on this occasion; but that is a mistake, for Constantine continued to reign after the death of Zoe. Gibbon says that in the tumult, which paved the way for Constantine to the throne, the eyes of the son of Calaphates were extinguished, and Snorro may have easily confounded the names of his son and his successor. Harald left Constantinople in 1044, according to Schöning's table, and Constantine was raised to the imperial throne in 1042, according to Gibbon; those dates will not correspond, if it is supposed that Harald's contest was with Calaphates; on the other hand the fact seems false, as applied to Constantine. Harald carried

off from the palace Maria the niece of Zoe, who had formerly refused to give her to him in marriage; and, having joined his ships, he fled with precipitation towards the Black Sea. Before he proceeded on his voyage, he dismissed the unhappy princess, ordering her to return to Zoe, and tell her how fruitless had been her attempts against him, and the vain refusal of her niece's hand. He then continued his voyage through the Hellespont, and composed sixteen stanzas, of which only the foregoing six are extant, alluding to Ellisif or Elisabeth, daughter of Jarisleif. He proceded to Holmgard, where he was joyfully received by Jarisleif, and espoused Elisabeth. In 1046, a treaty was concluded between him and Magnus, who dreaded an attack from Harald, by which the latter received an equal share in the crown of Norway, and delivered up to Magnus half the immense wealth, which he had brought from Constantinople. After the death of his nephew, Harald remained sole monarch.

Constantine Manasses says that a popular tumult

took place against Michael Calaphates, in consequence of his confining Zoe; and that he tried to appease it by setting her at liberty; but he adds,

Πλὴν ἀλλὰ πάλιν ἡ πυρὰ
τῆς ῥάσεως ἀνῆπτο,
Πάλιν ἀνεζωπύζετο
κατὰ τῶ κατωπτύσαι.

and afterwards,

Καὶ κόρας ἐξορύτλυσιν
αὐτῶ ταῖς μαχαιρίσι,
Καὶ σὺν αὐτῶ τὸν δυσσεβῆ
πατράδιλφον τυφλῶσι.

According to Michael Glycas, after the tumult, εἰς τὰ ἄδυτα τῶ ναῶ καταδιύγουσιν, ἀλλ' ἐκεῖθεν ἁρπάζονται, καὶ διὰ τῶν ποδῶν ἐν τῇ ἀγορᾷ σύρονται, κατὰ δέ γε τὸ Σίγμα τὸν ὀφθαλμὸν ἐκτυφλῶνται, ὡς ἡ Θεοδώρα ἐνέσκηψεν. Both these accounts differ from that of Gibbon.

V. 2.—"*Gallant, &c.*" Prudir, a more expressive word than *proud*, meaning adorned with every excellence.

V. 3.—"*Winged ship.*" Vængis hiortr; literally a winged hart.

V. 4 and 5.—" My prowess, &c."—

" Vætti ec minnr at motti
Mani eun thinnig nenna."

These lines appear to me to have been quite misunderstood; I translate them thus. *Spero memor in conventû Virgini porrò ad eum modum operam præbere.* Nenna is an amatory verb. In *Scirnis for*, where an assignation is made between Gerda and Freyr, the word occurs; Nenna Niardar syni, *operam dare* Niordi nato. *Vætti ec*, I expect. " Sá er vid vættom af vegi löngom, Quem expectavimus de longâ viâ. *Hym. Qv.* 11.—*At nenna*, spontaneam alacritatem habere ad aliquam rem peragendam. *Scirn. f.* 38. 6.—*Mani*, dative from *man*, a maid; Manna glaum mani, hominum gaudia virgini. *Ib.* 34. *Mot*, conventus. *Minnr*, or *minnugr*, mindful. Schöning translates it *minus*; but the comparative, *less*, would be *minne* masc. or fem. *minna* neut. nor could it take an *r*, if used adverbially.

V. 13. "*My king.*" His brother Saint Olave, killed in the battle of Sticklastad against Thorer Hund, whose army consisted chiefly of the inhabitants of Trondhiem. "Hafa Threndor hier mann mug mestann. *Olaf. Helges S.* c. 231. Harald was wounded in supporting his brother, and fled the country. The English translators from ignorance of the history, as well as the language, have made Harald victorious, and state that he slew a king.

V. 17. "*The pump we plied.*" Josum ver svanna. —Ec eis, *haurio ;* præterit. sing. joos.—I take svanna to be a pump, upon the authority of Bartholinus.

V. 20. "*Billows.*" In Bartholinus it is printed *Ilum*, which would be *the twilight ;* it should be *humr*, the sea.

V. 25 and 26. "*Eight feats, &c.*"—

Ithrottir kann ek atta
Ygs fet ek lid at smida
Færr ek er hvast a hesti.

Bartholinus translates the second line carelessly, *Strenuè dimicare audeo*, leaving some of the words

uninterpreted; and thus in the detail he and the other translators, who have followed him, make out only six exercises; instead of eight, as stated in the first line. *Ek fet*, is I place firmly or fortify. M. S. Lex. *Lid*, an army. *At smida*, to forge; whence our word *smith*. *Færr*, strong; fortis, *Hickesius*. *Ek er hvast a hesti*, I am keen on horseback. There should therefore be commas after *lid* and *færr*. I am unacquainted with the word *ygs*; but *ygge* is pinna, MS. Lex. and I imagine that the word here stands by itself, meaning *at ninepins*, or some game of that sort; which, with the addition of the forge, would make up the eight exercises. In a passage quoted by Bartholinus, p. 420. Regnvaldus Kolson boasts of nine exercises, which are chess, runes or charms, reading, *forging*, skating, shooting, rowing, playing on the harp, and composing verses.

V. 33. "*Maid and widow.*" Perhaps alluding to Zoe and her niece Maria.

V. 34. "*Byzantium's southern walls.*" Literally,

the city in the South. I have ventured to add the name Byzantium.

V. 41. "*Uplands.*" Part of Sweden and Norway so called, as we say The Highlands, in Scotland.

As my version differs very widely from that of Mason, I think it right to subjoin a literal prose translation together with the original lines, that the reader may judge how far it is faithful.

Sneid fyrir Sikiley vida	The ship sailed wide rou[illegible]icily.
Sud; varum tha prudir.	Then we were magnificent. The
Brunn skreid vel til vanar	brown winged stag (i. e. ship) glid-
Vengis hiortr und drengium.	ed well according to our hopes un-
Vætti ek minnr at motti	der the youths. Mindful I hope in
Mani enn thinnig nenna.	the meeting to be equally active in
Tho *lætr gerdr i Gordum	love to the virgin. Hence the maid
Gullhrings vid mer skolla.	of the gold ring in Russia consents
	to embrace me.
Fund var thess, at Thrændir	Such was the conflict, that the men

* *Lætr* is either *permits*, or *hinders*. Coupled with a passive participle or an infinitive it is an auxiliary, and adds nothing to the sense but its tense; as *lætr sodinn*, for *sydr*, he boils. If *lætr* is taken in the negative sense, the translation will be, *But the maid of the gold ring in Russia refuses to embrace me.*

Their hofdu lid meirra;
Vard su er ver ofgiordum
Vist ernlig snerra:
Skildums ungr vid ungan
Allvalld i styr fallinn.
Tho, &c.

of Trondhiem, they had the largest host. That fight, which we executed, was certainly terrible. Young I was separated from the young king fallen in stour, &c.

Senn josum ver svanna
Sextan, tha er brim vexti,
(Dreif a hladna hufa
Humr) i fiorum rumum.
Vætti ek minnr at motti
Mani enn thinnig nenna.
Tho, &c.

Together sixteen we worked the pump, when the tide waxed, (the sea rushed into the laden planks) on four benches. Mindful I hope in the meeting to be equally active in love to the virgin. &c.

Ithrottir kann ek atta.
Ygs, fet ek lid, at smida
Farr, er ek hvast a besti;
Hefk sund numit stundum;
Skrida kann ek a skidum;
Skyt ek oc rœk svá at nytir;
Tho, &c.

I ken eight exercises. Ninepins; (*Quære.*)——I can array an army; strong in working at the forge; I am keen on horseback; I have sometimes taken the sound; (*as we say, to take the water;*) I can slide on skates; I shoot and row, so as to be useful. &c.

Enn munat eckia....	But nor widow nor young maid may
Ung ne mær at værim,	(*deny**) that we were (where we
Thar er giordum tsvip sverdum,	made the clash of swords) south-
Sudr i borg um morgin,	ward in the city at morning. We
Ruddumz um med oddi;	were reddened round with weapons.
Eru merki thar verka.	Those works are notorious. &c.
Tho, &c.	
Fæddr var ek, thar alma	I was born, where the Uplanders
Upplendingar bendu;	bend the bow; now I let my war-
Nu læt ek vid sker skolla	ship, hated by the countrymen,
Skeidr bumonnum leidar.	kiss the breakers. Wide at a dis-
Vitt hefi ek sizt ytum	tance from men have I frequented
Eygard skotid bardi.	the abode of islands (*i. e. the sea*)
Tho, &c.	with my ship. &c.

* Bartholinus inserts *negabit* in his translation; a word is wanting not only to the sense, but to the metre, of the first line in this stanza.

† "Hvoriar eru bestar, ef berias skall,
Heiller at *sverda svipan*?
Quænam sunt optima, si pugnandum est, Consilia cum *gladiorum collisione*."—Quoted from the unpublished Edda in *Norna Gests Saga*.

THE

LAMENTATION OF STARKADER.

From the old Icelandic, printed in Bartholinus Ant. Dan. p. 391. and in Biörner's Nordiska Kämpa Dater.

1803.

That chief I follow'd, whom I kenn'd
Mightiest in battle's strife;
Those were the happiest fairest days
Of all my varied life:

Before, (as angry fate decreed)
Where evil spirits led,
For the last time in joyful trim
To Hordaland I sped.

There, by each hateful curse pursued,
To work a deed of shame;
And (such, alas! my bitter lot)
To gain a traitor's name.

Vikar my king (stout Geirthiof's bane
And famed in deadly stour)
Aloft, sad victim to the Gods,
I hung in evil hour.

My weapon to the chieftain's heart
Thrust deep the deadly blow;
Of all the works, my hand hath wrought,
This caused me keenest woe.

Thence hapless have I wander'd on
A wild ill-fated road;
Abhorr'd of every Hordian boor,
And bent by sorrow's load:

Without or wealth to soothe my cares,
Or joy of honest fame;
No king to guide my pathless way,
No thought, but woe and shame.

NOTES

ON

THE LAMENTATION OF STARKADER.

These ancient lines are said to have been composed by Starkader himself. He was a warrior of great reputation, and by his assistance the dominion of Vikar was established over a great part of Norway. The following extraordinary account of the death of Vikar, which took place in 890, is given in the Saga af Gautreki oc Hrolfi, printed at Upsala in 1664, with a Swedish translation by Verelius.

"Starkader accompanied king Vikar to Hordaland; he was the most distinguished warrior in the army, and dearest to the king. The wind proving boisterous and unfavourable, after the oracles had been consulted, it was deemed, that Odin required a man, drawn by lot

from the army, to be hanged as a sacrifice; the lot fell upon Vikar, which produced great sorrow amongst his followers. A little before midnight Starkader was awakened by his foster-father Hrosharsgrani, who bade him rise and follow him. They took a small boat, and rowed to an island; there went they up into the woods, and found a spot, from which the trees had been cleared. Eleven men sat there upon stools, and a twelfth seat was unoccupied. They advanced into the assembly, and Hrosharsgrani seated himself in the vacant place. They all saluted Odin, who said, that the judges should decide the fate of Starkader. Thor began, and said. "Alfr, father to Starkader's mother, gave his daughter to a houndlike Jotun, rather than to Thor the God. And on this account I decree, that Starkader shall have neither son nor daughter, and shall so end his life." Odin said. "I decree, that he shall live three ages of men." Thor said. "He shall perform a foul action in each." Odin said. "I decree, that he shall have the best of weapons and armour."

Thor said. "I decree, that he shall possess neither land nor territory." Odin said. "I decree, that he shall be rich in chattels." Thor said. "I ordain, that he shall never think his wealth sufficient." Odin said. "I give him victory and skill in every combat." Thor said. "I condemn him to be wounded in every encounter." Odin said. "I give him ready skill in poetry, so that he may versify as fast as speak." Thor said. "He shall never remember, what he hath composed." Odin said. "I decree, that he shall be highly esteemed by the most illustrious and the best of mankind." Thor said. "He shall be hated by the people." The judges then confirmed all that had been said concerning Starkader, and the assembly was thus dissolved. Hrosharsgrani and Starkader returned to their boat; then said Hrosharsgrani; "Now, foster-son, thou shouldst repay the assistance, which I have afforded thee." "Well," replied Starkader. "Then shalt thou incontinently send me king Vikar," (said Hrosharsgrani) "and I will lay the scheme for this."

Starkader assented. Hrosharsgrani took a weapon in his hand, and said, that it should appear like a reed. Then returned they to the army, and it was already daybreak. The next morning the king's council assembled to deliberate; they were all of opinion, that some show of sacrifice should be made, and Starkader published their decision. A fir tree stood near them, and a stem was lying by it; from the lower part of the fir grew a slender twig, which reached up to the limbs of the tree. The servants were then preparing meat, and a calf was cut up and opened. Starkader took the calf's intestine; and, mounting the stem, he bent down the slender twig, and tied the calf's intestine to it. Then said Starkader to the king; "Now is there a gibbet prepared for thee, king; and it does not seem very dangerous. Now come thou here, that I may lay the snare round thy throat." The king said, "If this does not prove more dangerous, than it seems to me, I expect, that it will not hurt me; but, if it be otherwise, fortune must decide what shall happen." Then

he mounted, and Starkader layed the noose round his throat, and descended from the stem. Starkader then thrust the reed against the king, and said; "Now I give thee to Odin." He then loosed the twig of the fir; the reed was changed into a spear, and pierced the king; the stem slipped from under his foot, and the calf's intestine was turned into a strong halter, and the twig sprung up, and raised the king to the branches; and there he died."

V. 6. *Enn thvi flaugd ollu;* the evil spirits were the cause of my going there.—Flaugd is the plural of flagd, a monster, or evil genius. There is a similar expression in the dying song of Ingimar of Ask in Orkneyinga Saga, p. 172.

"Flaugd hauttu mic til Fyrileifar;
Æ var ec úfuss til orosto;
Mic bittu örfar af álmboga;
Mun ec aldrigi á Ask koma."

i. e. "The evil spirits excited me to go to Fyrileif; I was always disinclined to war; the arrows from the bow sting me; I must never return to Ask."

V. 8. *Hordaland* was the old name for a part of Norway in the neighbourhood of Hardanger.

V. 12. *Nidings nafn;* an infamous name.—Nidings verk is an infamous deed; Nidingr, a man branded with infamy for such a deed. See Bartholinus, (1. 7.) who has expatiated on this subject, and stated the different actions, which were reckoned infamous.

V. 13. *Geirthiofs bana;* the slayer of Geirthiof.—Herthiof murdered Halfdan the father of Vikar, and was afterwards defeated and slain by Vikar with the assistance of Starkader. The same person is probably here intended by Geirthiof.

GRYMUR AND HIALMAR.

From the old Icelandic in the Rhyme of Karl and Grymur.

1805.

In the preceding part of this rhyme, Grymur, son of a valiant earl, asks for the hand of Ingegerda, daughter of Karl, king of Sweden; and she is promised to him, on condition that he shall first overthrow Hialmar, son of Harek, king of Biarmaland. Grymur sails in quest of Hialmar, whom he finds proceeding towards Sweden, with the intention of wooing the same Ingegerda.

GRYMUR stands on Gothic land;
Wolves shall lick the bloody strand,
If the sturdy warriors fight
Proudly for the virgin bright.
On the shore each eye was bent;
The land was deck'd with many a tent;
Bright the host with princely show;
Hialmar ruled that host, I trow.
Loud he cried, "Ye strangers free,
Whose yon fleet, that stems the sea?"

Forth stepp'd, and named him, Grymur strong;
" Thee have I sought this summer long."—
" Now welcome, Grymur! good thy fare,
Health and honor be thy share!
Gold, and wine of fairest hue,
Will I give thee, not untrue."—
" I take not, I, thy bidding fair;
This heart is bent on savage war.
Gird thee, gird thee, for the fight!
We must feed the wolves to night!"—
" Rather be our thoughts of peace;"
(Hialmar spoke with courteous phrase)
" Let us dwell, like brothers sworn,
Join'd in sweet friendship night and morn!
Wake we not the strife of shields!
Well this arm the falchion wields,
But the lovely virgin's hand
Now I woo from Swedish land."
Fierce and furious wax'd the knight;
Loud he cried with wounded spite,

"Bowne* thee quick to smite my shield;
Shrink not from the martial field!"—
"Costly rings I give to thee
With my sister fair to see,
Biarmaland and princely sway,
So we feed not birds of prey."—
"I thy sister will not see;
Bid not thou such gifts to me!
Cowards linger, slow from fear;
This the noble maid will hear."
Hialmar cries with passion sore,
"Youth, I scorn to soothe thee more!
Stand the fight; on bucklers sheen
Prove we strait our weapons keen!"
He has ta'en his hauberk white,
Trusty blade, and helmet bright;
And his buckler gleams afar;
Stouter ne'er was held in war.

* *Bowne*, make ready.

First by lot must Grymur smite;
Arm'd he was to stir the fight.
He clove the buckler with his brand,
And struck to ground Hialmar's hand.
But never flinch'd that warrior true,
Nor deign'd, tho' maim'd, for peace to sue.
His glaive, uprais'd with dauntless main,
Split Grymur's helm and mail in twain.
Streaming flow'd apace the gore;
The sharp-edged sword had smote him sore:
His breast and entrails felt the wound,
And the blade shiver'd on the ground.
Hialmar cried, "The stroke is light;
My trusty falchion fail'd to bite.
Had both mine arms discharged the blow,
Warrior, thou hadst now been low."
Grymur fierce, with either hand,
Reckless upheav'd his deadly brand;
He smote the helm; his weapon's point
Cleft head and brain with dreadful dint.

Clang'd in the steel the ringing sword;
The host beheld their prostrate lord.
Nor long the fainting Grymur stood,
For gushing well'd the stream of blood.
Hialmar good lies buried there;
Grymur home his soldiers bare.
As he near'd the Swedish ground,
Swell'd apace his burning wound;
Strength and life began to fail:
The king, the maiden, heard the tale.
Whence, but from her, the leech's aid?
And who, but Grymur, claim'd the maid?
Wassail* was kept in the monarch's hall,
And proudly dight were the courtiers all.
Each heart was brisk, as the wine did flow;
No goblet of water was pour'd, I trow.
The nuptial feast was blithe and gay;
The gifts of the king were large that day:

* *Weitzla*, Icelandic; a banquet, or carousal.

Bracelet, or necklace, or ring of gold,
Must every trusty liegeman hold.
The virgin bless'd the youth of her choice,
And bridegroom and bride did both rejoice.

NOTES

ON

GRYMUR AND HIALMAR.

THESE lines are translated from a part of the *Rimur af Karl og Grym Suia kongum, og af Hialmar Hareks suni a Biarmalande*, which was published by Biörner with a very loose translation. Indeed it is rather a summary of the contents, than a translation; for he has moulded many Icelandic sentences into one Latin period, and given the whole a different cast. I have rendered it line for line, and nearly in the metre of the original, which has however a triple alliteration to each couplet, as well as rhyme. It may be sufficient to quote the four first lines of the Icelandic.

Grymur kiemur a Gautalad,
Giefast mun vargi nockr brad,
Ef thar stryda sterker nu
Stoltar menn fyrer biarta fru.

The Biarmians did not speak the Northern language, and were probably Finns or Laplanders. In king Alfred's Periplus it is stated, that their language was like that of birds.

V. 49. "*First by lot, &c.*"—It was an old custom amongst the Northern nations to fight their duels with alternate blows. The striker generally wielded his sword in both hands, and discharged the blow on his antagonist, who stood firm to receive it, under the protection of his shield. The first stroke was not always however decided by lot. See the first duel between Gunlaug and Rafen in part 1st. p. 68. and that of Angrym and Svafurlami, p. 92.

V. 87. "*Bracelet, &c.*"—See the note on the word *Jewels* in part 1st. p. 30.

NOTE

ON

THE DISCOVERY OF ICELAND.

In the former part, p. 40, I mentioned that at the commencement of the reign of Harald Harfager, Iceland was uninhabited.

Angrim Jonas, in his Crymogæa and Specimen Historicum, has pointed out the absurdity of imagining, that Iceland was the Thule of the ancients. Unless my memory deceives me, that mistaken notion originated with Adam of Bremen. It appears most probable, that Thule was a part of Norway, which still bears the name of Thyle-mark, where the traces of Phœnician commerce are visible; where great mines had been dug, and forests felled, at a period so early, that no account of it appears in the old histories; and at a time when the rude and ignorant natives could

not easily have performed works of such magnitude. It is certain, that Iceland was completely covered with *wood in the ninth century, when it was first discovered; nor were any vestiges of culture or inhabitants to be seen throughout the island, excepting a few crosses and trifling utensils, which had been left by Irish fishermen, who occasionally touched there, and were called Papæ, on account of their religion, by the first Norwegian settlers. Hence it is evident, that Iceland could not have been that Thule, with which the Phœnicians had formerly had intercourse and trade.

Iceland was first discovered by †Naddod, a Norwegian pirate, who had established himself in the Ferroe isles. These islands had been frequented by the Norwegians, who had turned out sheep upon them, for the purpose of getting fresh provisions, whenever

* With willows according to Are Frode, the old Icelandic historian, who was born in 1068, c. 2. p. 10; and with birch according to Angrim Jonas, who wrote in 1609. p. 21. See Landtmma, part 1st. c. 1. p. 3.

† Called Naddocus by Angrim Jonas.

they had occasion to touch there, and on that account they were called Fær-öe or sheep-islands; from the old word *fær*, (in Danish *faar*) which was used for sheep. One of the first settlers in these islands was Grim Camban, a Norwegian, who was worshipped after his death in Iceland.

About the year 861, the pirate Naddod being overtaken by a violent storm between Norway and Feroe, was driven upon the eastern coast of Iceland into a bay, which is now called Austfiord, where he could not discover the smallest trace of habitation. A heavy fall of snow, which happened just before his departure in autumn, and covered all the high country, induced him to give the island the name of Sneeland, *i.e. snow-land*. Three years after the first discovery of this country, Gardar, a Suéde by birth, sailing through Petland fiord, between Scotland and the Orkneys, was also driven by a storm to the eastern coast of Ice-

* See Landnama, part 1st. c. 1. p. 15.

land, and landed near the promontory called Austur-horn in Skialfanda bay, where he passed the winter. Another small vessel was driven into a neighbouring bay just before the departure of Gardar; from which it may be conjectured, that, although we have no such accounts, this island must have been visited before under stress of weather at different times by the Norwegians, as well as Irish, ships; though little regarded, as a barren and distant land. The name of Sneeland was changed for Gardars-holm, by which the island was called in honor of its second accidental visitor.—The reports and exaggerated description of Gardar, excited Flokka, a noted pirate of Rogaland, in Norway, distinguished by birth and valor, to sail in quest of this new country. With this view he constructed a vessel; and, to assist him in directing his course, he resolved on the curious expedient of carrying with him some crows, from which circumstance he afterwards was called *Rafn-Flokka. It appears that he had

* In Danish Ravn, a crow.

formed an intention of settling in the island, as he carried his daughters with him, which he would probably not have done, if his expedition had been for the usual purpose of piracy. One of them called Geirhilda, according to Angrim Jonas, was accidentally drowned at Shetland, in a lake, which afterwards bore her name; and the other was married to a man of distinction in Ferroe, where Flokka touched in the course of his voyage. Having sailed hence into the wide sea, he loosed one of his birds, which rising to a considerable height, directed its flight to the land which they had quitted; from which he concluded, that he still was nearer to that, than to any other coast. Some time after a second crow was loosed, which having risen to an excessive height, without being able (as it was supposed) to discover land, returned on board the vessel. Flokka steered a steady course according to the best conjecture, till the third crow, having towered like the former, took a direct flight, which served him as a guidance to the eastern shores of

Iceland. He navigated completely round the island, and from the accumulation of ice, which floated into the Northern bays in the spring, he gave the country the name of Iceland, which it has ever since retained. The severity of the winter had destroyed all his tame animals, and on this account, at the close of summer, he sailed for Norway; but a violent squall separated his boat from the ship, and drove them back to Iceland, where he was forced to pass a second winter, living chiefly upon fish, with which the bays abounded. He was accompanied in this expedition by a Scotchman called Faxa, whose name was given to a great bay on the south western coast. It appears, that the melancholy winters, he passed there, had cooled the ardor of Flokka, for on his return to Norway he gave no flattering description of the country, he had quitted; and the island remained uninhabited till about the year 874, when the first colony was there established by Ingiolf and Hiorleif, two distinguished Norwegian sea-rovers from Fiordafylke.

The names of all the early settlers in Iceland, and the spots which they occupied, were carefully recorded; and the Icelanders of the present day can trace their pedigrees up to the ninth century with tolerable certainty.

THE END.

JOYCE GOLD, PRINTER, SHOE-LANE.



ERRATA.

P. 61. l. 17. *after* mot, *insert* a meeting.

In the first Part of Select Icelandic Poetry, &c.

P. v. *for* Til Her Anker, *read* Til Herr Carsten Anker, Directör for det Danske Asiatiske Compagnie i Kiöbenhavn.
— xi. l. 2. *for* excellant *read* excellent.
— 42. l. 9. *for* Einar *read* Eric
— 83. l. 11. *for* gaugur *read* gangur
— 118. l. 19. *for* Baldur *read* Helgi
— 119. l. 5. *for* abode *read* sanctuary.



HEDIN.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY THOMAS DAVISON, WHITEFRIARS.

HEDIN;

OR,

THE SPECTRE OF THE TOMB.

A TALE.

FROM THE DANISH HISTORY.

BY

THE HONORABLE WILLIAM HERBERT, *clerc.*

LONDON:
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE-STREET.
1820.





HEDIN.

I.

THY steeps yclad with fir-trees evergreen,
Thy torrents roaring the huge rocks between,
Thy broken glens and crags sublimely piled,
O Norway, beauteous Nature's rudest child,
Who can survey, and lash'd by stormy wind
Mark thy bleak coast, and climate nothing mild,
Nor deem such scenes by Freedom's power design'd
To steel her sons with strength, and brace the generous mind!

II.

And hast thou rued the fell invader's sword!
Has the Franc eagle to thine eyrie soar'd!
Have Sweden's hateful banners, floating wide,
Mock'd thy gray hills and valleys' rugged side,
As thy free honours, once fair Norway's boast,
Stoop'd to a foreign yoke in vain defied;
While Want assail'd thy desolated coast,
And ghastly Famine scowl'd on thy beleaguer'd host!

III.

Sons of the rock, in strife and tempest brave,
Thine offspring roam'd, like seamews, o'er the wave;
Yet faithful Love, by the pure-glowing light
Of thy bleak snows, with northern streamers bright,
And high-born Honour and chaste Truth abode.
Strong was thy race, and dauntless in the fight,
But none unrival'd as young Hedin strode,
Bold in the battle's surge, and first in glory's road.

IV.

Gay laugh'd the sun on Danish Issefiord,
And fast in Leyra's (1) port the fleet was moor'd:
And there were lists, as if for combat, boon;
And in the midst twelve thrones; on every throne
A scepter'd prince, in gorgeous garb array'd.
They waited on the voice of Dan's (2) great son;
His sovereign word twice fifty kings obey'd,
And many a lordly knight from Denmark's court outrade.

V.

And there were two, in helm and hauberk clad,
On whom all looks were turn'd; the gaze was sad
And piteous, though they stood with bearing high,
Seeming the flower of that proud chivalry.
And there was one, a form of beauty rare,
By nuptial train attended; but her eye,
Fix'd in majestic sorrow, seem'd to wear
Less look of bridal joy, than of forlorn despair.

VI.

To them the monarch; "Princes of my realm,
"Shall kindred strife this goodly state o'erwhelm?
"Battle unauthorized and combat rude
"Have shiver'd Denmark's peace with civil feud.
"See the rash son defy the parent's brand!
"With hopeless wrath stern vengeance is pursued;
"Once blest in love, as now by hatred bann'd,
"Sworn comrades e'en to death, (2) the twain before you stand.

VII.

"Them judge ye, Peers; if combat be decreed,
"Two chiefs are lost to Denmark; both must bleed.
"If fault in either worthy death be found,
"Let equal justice deal the deadly wound,
"So one be saved: and see yon beauteous form,
"Like a pale statue rooted to the ground,
"Daughter and bride, with torn affections warm,
"Plead for her spouse and sire, to 'scape this double storm!"

VIII.

He ceased; through the deep crowd a murmur ran,
Then, silence made, stern Harald (4) thus began.
" I call to combat Hedin, and reclaim
" My daughter, his too fair, but guilty, dame.
" Is my head soil'd with treason? is the hand
" Of Harald recreant to its earliest fame?
" So fall the axe on me! but if I stand
" Pure and untouch'd, I ask the battle with my brand.

IX.

" I had one gem preserved with precious care,
" My hope, my treasure. Who so fit to wear
" That jewel as my friend? with partial voice
" Him unsolicited I bade rejoice.
" My heart's best pride, the darling of my sight,
" Was freely profer'd by a parent's choice;
" A form so perfect, and a mind so bright,
" She seem'd a living beam of heaven's immortal light.

X.

" Nor linger'd long the hours: his vessels bore
" Hedin in tempest to his native shore.
" Swift at the call his northern clansmen hied
" To greet in Frodé's halls the willing bride.
" And ask ye now, high Peers, why I, who led
" The virgin to those bonds in joyful pride,
" Tear the sad matron from her nuptial bed,
" And heap with bitter hate her lord's accursed head?

XI.

" I answer, he, who lives bold Harald's fere,
" Must stand untouch'd, without reproach or fear;
" She, who my blood inherits, may not rest,
" Scorn of her kind, by a false traitor press'd.
" Traitor and false I name thee, Hedin; curst
" By who once hail'd thee to a brother's breast,
" But deems that act of his pure life the worst,
" Which knit those hallow'd bands that vengeful hate has burst.

XII.

" The living gods, that saw our (5) mingled gore,
" The gods, dire witnesses of vows we swore,
" (Link'd to one being, by one interest bound,
" Since that dread moment on that hallow'd ground)
" Bear witness to our strife! Insatiate hate,
" Since love is rent, must deal its deadliest wound.
" Hedin, we may not live; to me the weight
" Of sharing thy disgrace is heavier than my fate.

XIII.

" It boots not now, that where the northern tide
" Roars round its rocks, we vanquish'd side by side.
" I bore thee faint from Orkney's hostile plains,
" When weak thy limbs, and bloodless were thy veins.
" My daughter watch'd thee, skill'd to ease the smart
" Of thy keen wounds, and soothe their throbbing pains.
" The serpent, she had warm'd, with treacherous art
" Writhed its pernicious coil around her guileless heart.

XIV.

" By me unhallow'd, in her listening ears
" His voice had pour'd deep vows and guilty prayers;
" The man my choice deem'd true, sincere, and brave,
" Had breathed corruption on the prize I gave.
" By the lone taper or the conscious moon
" He whisper'd love, foul love's dishonour'd slave;
" Freely I yielded the delightful boon,
" But his dark treason cull'd the precious flower too soon.

XV.

" The day was named; at Frodé's board I sate,
" Fearless of guile, improvident of hate.
" Nigh Jutland's coast the spotless Hilda lay,
" While he to bid his kindred braved the spray.
" No beam was in my halls, save one lone light,
" That pour'd from her chaste bower its trembling ray.
" The traitor mark'd it in the silent night,
" His anchor bit the sand, his footsteps shunn'd the sight.

XVI.

" Now ask your hearts, why Harald redemands
" The gift he trusted to a recreant's hands;
" Why my stout ships reclaim'd the guilty wife,
" Stunning the Baltic's wave with civil strife:
" And (but he fled defeated, half subdued)
" This arm ere now had quell'd the traitor's life.
" In vain that tongue for mercy might have sued,
" Which swore a guileful oath, and like a villain woo'd."

XVII.

He ceased; with swelling wrath the youth replied—
" For peace or mercy never Hedin cried;
" Nor fled I, save more stoutly to assail,
" Spreading fresh canvas to the shivering gale
" With force collected, sudden overta'en
" By thy fell rage and unsuspected sail.
" That arm, which seal'd our vows on Orkney's plain,
" Nor shuns the strife of swords, nor ever smites in vain.

XVIII.

" I ask but justice from your voice, O Peers!
" The fight proud Hedin neither seeks, nor fears.
" If to have loved be guilt, that guilt I own.
" Is virtue's breast unanimated stone?
" Secret we grieved, and mournfully repined,
" That love's fond wishes were so deeply sown;
" But chaste desire was not to honour blind,
" And Hilda's virgin fame was stainless as her mind.

XIX.

" Now hate has done its worst, and death is nigh;
" The dream of life has glided swiftly by.
" Come the red danger of the deadly fight,
" If Hedin falls, his friend must leave the light!
" But glory shines unfaded and the same,
" While love's best raptures yield us short delight;
" And that dire trial, which redeems our fame,
" Shall fire our souls again with friendship's purest flame."

XX.

This said, a deep and solemn pause ensued,
Like the dead calm upon the waveless flood.
Each eye is fix'd, each turn'd in pity, where
Stands that bright form of motionless despair,
Hilda, the loveliest; chaste as mountain snow,
Pure from her wedded couch; her flowing hair
From the white shoulder to the zone below
Hangs careless, and her eye seems tranced in settled woe.

XXI.

A mien she wears of perfect majesty.
If the bright spirits of the glorious sky
E'er change for grief their heavenly garb of bliss,
Their shape of sorrow must be e'en like this,
So sad, yet so serene! How pale the hue
Of that sweet form, which scarce the winds dare kiss!
A vision fair, bewraying to the view
No glow of mortal love, but faith sublime and true!

XXII.

Each look in wonder on that shape is bent;
To listen, if she breathes, each ear is lent;
When, with both arms outstretch'd, "My blood be spilt!
" Mine, mine alone, O princes! mine the guilt!
" Thrice-honour'd father, let my life atone!
" Save for God's blessing never Hilda knelt;
" Now proud I kneel before the justice-throne,
" Not for thy life, or his; I sue for death alone.

XXIII.

" Unheard, unseen, in Jutland's calm retreat
" My youthful breast had learn'd with love to beat,
" And all that heaven on Hilda had bestow'd
" Of love and faith from her fond bosom flow'd,
" What time, as evening's balm bedew'd the shore,
" The heart-rapt lover sought my lone abode:
" A parent's blessing on his lips he bore,
" And whisper'd dreams of joy, I wist not to explore.

XXIV.

" O pure endearments of that fatal eve!
" Sweets, that now bid the shuddering bosom grieve!
" I would not change in death's extreme distress
" That first fond blush which then suffused my face.
" For I have lived to be young Hedin's bride,
" Known the long rapture of his chaste embrace,
" Nor is there joy untasted, save the pride,
" As we were one in bliss, to be in death allied.

XXV.

" If kindred feuds require a forfeit life,
" Let Hilda fall, sole cause of civil strife!
" And thou, dread sire, if ever free from stain
" I sooth'd thee, sang to thee in grief or pain,
" Winning with virgin skill the sprite of woe,
" Let thy proud daughter still small grace regain!
" Grant her with joy to meet the murderous blow,
" And o'er her cold cheek hear a parent's blessing flow."

XXVI.

She ceased; stillness ensued, as when the deep
Foretells a storm, and yet the whirlwinds sleep.
Like the sad beam of reason faintly spread
Round the lorn maniac on his dying bed;
Like the last radiance of the setting sun,
Ere night's wild tempest wraps the sky in dread;
A gleam, that show'd like hope, though hope was none;
A dream of life, when life's frail glass was nearly run.

XXVII.

There was no breeze upon the mountain's brow,
There was no ripple on the lake below,
E'en nature seem'd to pause: each living form
Seem'd fix'd by fearful presage of a storm
In mingled expectation and dismay:
Till the dread judgment broke the silent charm,
And loud and stern those lords in proud array
Decreed the deadly fight, and bade the trumpet bray.

XXVIII.

It burst on Hilda like death's keenest throes,
Benumbing life: stately and slow she rose;
Her lovely bosom, passing mortal mould,
Seem'd like a shape of marble still and cold;
It throbb'd not, moved not, stiffen'd by despair,
And whiter than her vestment's snowy fold.
So calm, so pale, so exquisitely fair,
She seem'd like beauty's wraith, and scarce of life aware.

XXIX.

But long and loud the trumpet's deadly clang
Of strife the parricidal summons rang.
The lists are measured; for (6) alternate blows
The dire swords bared, and the dark vizors close;
And, each in cumbrous mail and harness dight,
Father and son firm foot to foot oppose.
Harald draws first the lot, with vengeful might,
So heaven befriend his stroke, to end at once the fight.

XXX.

High with both hands the gleaming blade he rear'd
O'er that young head that never shrank or fear'd;
And unresisted, like a bolt of hell,
On his strong casque the thundering falchion fell.
Far fly the helm's bright fragments; the dim eyes
In darkness swim, and the stunn'd senses reel.
Half bow'd to earth behold him prouder rise,
And yet he stands unharm'd, and yet his foe defies.

XXXI.

A mournful murmur through the admiring crowd
Wax'd faintly tremulous, more loud and loud.
Beauteous he smiled, and from his forehead bare
Smooth'd back the ringlets of his (7) flowing hair.
" My weapon cleaves not," the old warrior cried;
" Strike now, strike firmly, Hedin, and beware!
" Thy strength, thy prowess shall not twice be tried;
" Ill may that youthful brow this blunted falchion bide."

XXXII.

Hedin each nerve with force collected strains,
The hot blood throbbing in his swollen veins;
And loud, "Since sire or son," he cries, "must bleed,
"Swift be the death, and worthy be the deed!"
He spoke, and instant the dire dint assay'd
Of his bright weapon with the lightning's speed;
But the slant helmet foil'd the impetuous blade;
From the left shoulder gush'd the blood-spring warm and red.

XXXIII.

Now, fierce avenger, shall thy wrath be slow?
Serene thy victim waits the fatal blow.
Hear the faint moan, the doubtful voice of dread,
As thy keen glaive shines threatening o'er his head!
Stay the fierce deed, and yet, O yet delay!
Hear the low sounds of shuddering pity spread!
Down his bare neck the unbound ringlets stray,
Waving in glossy curls, and o'er his shoulders play.

XXXIV.

Stern father, hast thou mark'd that eye of youth,
That beam of loveliness, that ray of truth?
Shall calm reflection milder thoughts inspire?
Gaze, daughter, gaze! behold thy vengeful sire!
Mark his dire port, his high uplifted hand,
The arm's strong sinews braced by ruthless ire!
It stops!—Shriek out for joy!—Upon the sand
His proud relenting arm casts down the stainless brand.

XXXV.

Mute had she view'd each stroke of deadliest hate
Wing'd with a husband's or a father's fate;
Joy burst on her stunn'd senses, as the flow
Of deafening waters on the waste below:
For she had stood past hope, past wish or pain,
The numb'd heart strain'd to meet the shock of woe.
Her pale cheek flush'd not; 'mid her bridal train
A cold and senseless weight she sank upon the plain.

XXXVI.

Stout Hedin on the throng'd arena stood
Unmoved, as waiting still the work of blood.
And, "Lacks thine arm," he cries, "the nerve to smite?
"O recreant to fame, as void of right!
"Does mine eye quell thy soul? O nothing brave,
"Hedin's bare forehead scares thee from the fight!
"Hedin, who fled from thy victorious glaive,
"Nor dared to bide thy prowess on the Baltic wave!

XXXVII.

"O heartless, now it galls me to have led
"A dastard's offspring to an honour'd bed,
"Pure though she be as light, and fair as heaven,
"Like the best gifts by gods to mortals given!
"It grieves my spirit, ever wont to stand
"Lord of the war, though life's best hope is riven,
"It grieves my soul to perish by a hand
"That unresisted shrinks and dreads to wield the brand."

XXXVIII.

To him brave Harald mildly sad replied:
" I would have spared thee, youth of fatal pride!
" O'er my stern heart the thoughts of other times
" Came as a fairy dream of distant climes,
" Stilling fierce passion, like the aërial strains
" Of gentlest music breath'd to witching rhymes.
" I thought of Orkney's desolated plains,
" Where the red stream of blood flow'd jointly from our veins.

XXXIX.

" Sweet memories of former friendship stole,
" Like some dear vision, o'er my troubled soul.
" Methought thine infant leap'd within the womb
" Of my pale daughter leaning on thy tomb.
" I would not that the child should tread the world
" Friendless and fatherless in utter gloom,
" Nor see the lance by his bold parent hurl'd,
" Nor view his gallant barque with death's red flag unfurl'd.

XL.

" Enough! Thy pride rejects the life I gave.
" Raise, Hilda, high thy lord's and parent's grave!
" The die is cast; together, as we fall,
" Receive us, Odin, in thy blissful hall!"
He said, and from his hoary locks unbound
The weighty helm that press'd his forehead tall;
And, smiling, cast it scornful on the ground,
Prepared to give and take at once the deadly wound.

XLI.

No more; on rush they, prodigal of life,
Eager to die, and desperate in the strife.
'Tis done; in last convulsion, on the sand,
The parent grasps his comrade's dying hand;
" 'Tis done!" he whispers, " from this bloody floor
" We go to glory, in that joyous land,
" Where never hate shall disunite us more,
" Or fell suspicion bathe our hands in kindred gore."

XLII.

On him pale Hedin raised his glassy eye,
And, "Hear me, sire," he murmur'd, "ere we die!
"I, fearful of denial, dared not sue,
"But ne'er was Hedin to his friend untrue;
"Save that the captived heart, unused to bow,
"While the dear hope was ever in its view,
"With lingering passion breath'd the secret vow,
"And hid the burning love, it trembled to avow.

XLIII.

"Hate has been quick the harvest to destroy,
"If it was guilt to reap that treacherous joy;
"To bear the pang of unfulfill'd desire
"In the soul's core, and nurse its hidden fire.
"Cold is the hand that grasps thee, and in night
"Float these dim eyes; but the proud spirit soars higher
"To heaven's eternal realms, and that pure light
"Whose glorious beams relume the warrior's dying sight.

XLIV.

" Friend, father, we have loved, as men whose blood
" Sprang from one fount and mingled in one flood;
" Together have we dared each deadliest form, "
" The battle's thunder, and the ocean's storm;
" Like one proud tree we flourish'd, now uptorn
" By hate's fell blast, as once by friendship warm.
" Some cheering balm, by love's sweet influence borne,
" Stole o'er my youthful thoughts, now ravish'd and forlorn.

XLV.

" High souls, that kindle ardent in the fight,
" Know most of bliss, drink deepest of delight:
" To weaker spirits even joys belong,
" Love's pangs are fiercest to the proud and strong.
" Enough; thy course of full-earn'd fame is done;
" My years have quickly waned, more bright than long.
" We sink; we swim in darkness; but the sun
" Of glory still shall light us, though our course be run.

XLVI.

" And thou, chaste partner of a life too brief,
" To taste of half thy charms, or share thy grief,
" Place in one tomb the husband and the sire!
" The stern avenger of our fond desire,
" And thine heart's lord, whose thoughts, though dying, strive
" With thine in bliss united to expire;
" In joy too rich, and yet too proud to live
" Reft of the double charm that love and honour give."

XLVII.

Dead, gory, stiff they lie; and she who bless'd
Their sight, while living, breathes in transient rest.
Sleep on, thou fair one! for thy soul too soon
Must start to horror from that joyful swoon!
O to have seen the sire the husband spare!
To wake all glowing at the unlook'd-for boon!
With eyes that love and gratitude declare,
To smile, to seek, to view—the sire and husband—where?

XLVIII.

There is a sense which words can ne'er express,
That blunts the sufferings of keen distress;
A rapture e'en of woe, that drags the mind
Beyond the sphere of ills it leaves behind;
Opes a new heaven with no dark clouds o'ercast,
Where the thought roams sublime and unconfined;
A pride of grief, when earthly hopes are past,
That mounts above the storm, and soars upon the blast.

XLIX.

She did not rend with one wild shriek the air,
Nor gave her soul to frantic vain despair;
Nor did her bosom heave one piteous sigh.
Say, was she faithless to love's hallow'd tie?
Was her heart pangless? or her feelings light?
Could woman's cheek in such an hour be dry?
Or the keen anguish of that deadly sight
Pass like a summer dream, and yield to new delight?

L.

O never yet was sire more fondly loved!
Nor ever heaven's all-judging eye approved
A pair more closely link'd by nuptial band,
Than he, whose cold grasp holds his comrade's hand
In death united, and that beauteous fair,
Whose placid calmness does her soul command,
Still as the lake unmoved by breath of air,
And stately as the swan that sails unruffled there.

LI.

On her cheek glow'd love's bloom and living fire;
But, not unworthy of her valiant sire,
There was a proud endurance in her eye,
And in her veins heroic blood throbb'd high.
Honour's pure beam adorn'd each gentler grace,
Patience to bear, and fortitude to die.
Had (8) the keen sabre smote her lovely face,
She ne'er had shrunk or wink'd unworthy of her race.

LII.

Her gallant spirit, fearless of the smart,
Had met the death-stroke with a warrior's heart,
In anguish smiling like a joyful bride.
But deem not ye the feelings lightly tried,
Though the tear swell not, or the bosom sigh!
In stillest calm the deepest thoughts abide;
The pang suppress'd may never reach the eye,
But the fond soul within feels all its agony.

LIII.

As the mild lustre of the glowing heaven,
When the calm hours draw on the silent even;
When shade is on the earth, but light on high,
Spread like a mantle o'er the cloudless sky:
So, though the heart is wrapp'd in deepest gloom,
Streams yet unchanged the lustre of the eye;
The patient soul obeys its heavy doom,
While glory shines above, and points beyond the tomb.

LIV.

Pass we the gorgeous rites that graced the slain,
Pass we the hoary minstrel's funeral strain!
O'er them fair glory's deathless flower shall bloom,
Nursed by sweet song, and breathe forth fresh perfume.
They shall not lack soft beauty's pitying tear,
Alike their valour, and alike their doom!
Long, long shall Denmark's sons their mound revere,
And scalds shall deck their grave with laurel never sere.

LV.

The night was calm and murky; the soft gale
Seem'd to diffuse fair peace o'er hill and vale;
But Hilda slept not, whom the strong desire
Of her lost Hedin gnaw'd with secret fire.
To the still grave she bent her fearless way,
While her dark thoughts with nature's gloom conspire;
Awhile she seem'd in anguish to survey
The monumental pile that wrapp'd his mouldering clay.

LVI.

But not to mourn she sought that mansion lone,
Or weep unseen upon the dreary stone,
And in her sorrow there was nothing meek;
Gloomy her eye, and lowering seem'd to speak
A soul by deep and struggling cares distraught;
And the bright hectic flush upon her cheek
Told the mind's fever, and the darkling thought
With haughty high designs and stedfast passion fraught.

LVII.

Strange signs upon the tomb her hands did trace;
Then to strong spells she did herself address,
And in slow measure breathed that fatal strain,
Whose awful harmony can wake the slain,
Rive the cold grave, and work the charmer's will.
Thrice, as she call'd on Hedin, rang the plain;
Thrice echo'd the dread name from hill to hill;
Thrice the dark wold sent back the sound, and all was still.

LVIII.

Then shook the ground as by an earthquake rent,
And the deep bowels of the tomb upsent
A voice, a shriek, a terror; sounds that seem'd
Like those wild fancies by a sinner dream'd;
A clang of deadly weapons, and a shout:
With living strength the heaving granite teem'd,
Inward convulsion, and a fearful rout,
As if fiends fought with fiends, and hell was bursting out.

LIX.

And then strange mirth broke frantic on her ear,
As if the evil one was lurking near;
While spectres wan, with visage pale and stark,
Peep'd ghastly through the curtain of the dark,
With such dire laugh as Phrensy doth bewray.
It needs a gifted hand, with skill to mark
Hilda's proud features, which no dread betray,
Calm amid lonesome deeds and visions of dismay.

LX.

On her pale forehead stream'd an eyrie light
From that low mansion of infernal night,
Displaying her fair shape's majestic mould
In beauteous stillness; but an eye that told
More sense of inward rapture than of woe,
Thoughts of forbidden joy, and yearnings bold.
On the lone summits of eternal snow
So shines 'midst nature's calm the pure sky's azure glow.

LXI.

Speechless she gazed, as from the yawning tomb
Rose Hedin, clad as when he met his doom.
Dark was his brow, his armour little bright,
And dim the lustre of his joyless sight;
His habergeon with blood all sprinkled o'er,
Portentous traces of that deadly fight.
His pallid cheek a mournful sadness wore,
And his long flowing locks were all defiled with gore.

LXII.

There have been those, who, longing for the dead,
Have gazed on vacancy till reason fled;
And some dark vision of the wandering mind
Had ta'en the airy shape of human kind,
Giving strange voice to echoes of the night,
And warning sounds by heaven's high will design'd:
But this was bodily which met her sight,
And palpable as once in days of young delight.

LXIII.

High throbb'd her heart; the pulse of youth swell'd high;
Love's ardent lightning kindled in her eye;
And she has sprung into the arms of death,
Clasp'd his cold limbs, in kisses drunk his breath;
In one wild trance of rapturous passion blest,
And reckless of the hell that yawn'd beneath.
On his dire corslet beats her heaving breast,
And by her burning mouth his icy lips are press'd.

LXIV.

Stop, fearless beauty! hope not that the grave
Will yield its wealth, which frantic passion gave!
Though spells accursed may rend the solid earth,
Hell's phantoms never wake for joy or mirth!
Hope not that love with death's cold hand can wed,
Or draw night's spirits to a second birth!
Mark the dire vision of the mound with dread,
Gaze on thy horrid work, and tremble for the dead!

LXV.

All arm'd, behold her vengeful father rise,
And loud, "forbear, dishonour'd bride!" he cries.
With starting sinews from her grasp has sprung
The cold wan form, round which her arms were flung;
Again in panoply of warlike steel
They wake those echoes, to which Leyra rung;
Fierce and more fierce each blow they seem to deal,
And smite with ruthless blade the limbs that nothing feel.

LXVI.

Darkling she stands beside the silent grave,
And sees them wield the visionary glaive.
What charm has life for her, that can compare
With the deep thrill of that renew'd despair?
To raise the fatal ban, and gaze unseen,
As once in hope, on all her fondest care!
In death's own field life's trembling joys to glean,
And draw love's keen delight from that abhorred scene!

LXVII.

The paths of bliss are joyous, and the breast
Of thoughtless youth is easy to be blest.
There is a charm in the loved maiden's sigh;
There is sweet pleasure in the calm blue sky,
When nature smiles around; the mild control
Of buoyant fancy bids the pulse throb high;
But when strong passion has engross'd the soul,
All other joys are dead; that passion is its whole.

LXVIII.

The beaming sun may wake the dewy spring,
The flowers may smile, and the blithe greenwood ring;
Soft music's touch may pour love's sweetest lay,
And young hearts kindle in their hour of May:
But not for Hilda shall life's visions glow;
One dark deep thought must on her bosom prey.
Her joys lie buried in the tomb below,
And from night's phantoms pale her deadly bliss must flow.

LXIX.

There still each eve, (9) as northern stories tell,
By that lone mound her spirit wakes the spell;
Whereat those warriors, charmed by the lay,
Renew, as if in sport, the deadly fray:
Till, when as paler grows the gloom of night,
And faintly 'gins to peer the morning's ray,
The spectre pageant fadeth from the sight,
And vanisheth each form before the eye of light.



NOTES.

Note 1, page 7, stanza iv.

And fast in Leyra's port the fleet was moor'd.

Ledra, or Leiré, was the old capital of Denmark, situated on an inlet of the sea called Issefiord.

Note 2, page 7, stanza iv.

They waited on the voice of Dan's great son.

Frode the Third, son of Dan, king of Denmark, reigned over many tributary princes in the fourth century.

Note 3, page 8, stanza vi.

Sworn comrades e'en to death, the twain before you stand.

It was not unusual amongst the northern nations for sworn feres or comrades to make a vow not to survive each other, the performance of which was religiously accomplished.

Note 4, page 9, stanza viii.

Then, silence made, stern Harald thus began.

The real name of Hilda's father was Hogni, or Hogen, which would have been unpleasant to an English ear.

Note 5, page 11, stanza xii.

The living gods, that saw our mingled gore.

Those who took upon themselves the oaths of feres or companions in war, usually wounded themselves, and mingled their blood, in token of their indissoluble union.

Note 6, page 19, stanza xxviii.

Alternate blows.

It was a common practice in the duels that were prevalent amongst the northern warriors, having drawn lots for the first blow, to receive alternate strokes of the sword without attempting to ward them off.

Note 7, page 20, stanza xxxi.

Smooth'd back the ringlets of his flowing hair.

The bravest warriors of the north took much pains to preserve the beauty of their long flowing ringlets. This may be well exemplified by a passage quoted from an old Saga, in Bartholinus's Danish Antiquities. "That young warrior was very beautiful to behold, and had long golden hair, which hung down far over his shoulders. Thorkill asked him, how he felt disposed for death. He answered, 'Well, because I have lived most honourably, and those are dead whom I think it better to perish with than to survive: but one thing I wish you to grant me, that no slave or person inferior to yourself shall lead me to execution, and that you will so hold up my hair, and strike my head so quickly from my neck, that my locks, concerning which I have long taken so much pains, may not be stained.

And now the sooner my head is struck off the better.' "— *Bart.* p. 54.

Note 8, page 30, stanza li.

Had the keen sabre smote her lovely face.

It was the highest pride of the northern nations to show not only fortitude and indifference, but even an appearance of pleasure in death, however violent or attended with cruel circumstances. The lines in Saxo Grammaticus, on the death of Agner, smiling in his agony, are very spirited.

> Semivigil subsedit enim, cubitoque reclinis
> Ridendo accepit letum, mortemque cachinno
> Sprevit, et Elysium gaudens successit in orbem.
> Magna viri virtus, quæ risu calluit uno
> Supremam celare necem, summumque dolorem
> Corporis ac mentis læto compescere vultu.

Many instances are mentioned in the old northern writings of the extraordinary exertion by which a blow was received upon the eyes without winking, and indeed the same thing is mentioned by Pliny concerning two remarkable gladiators. The soldiers of Harald Hildetand's bodyguard were invariably cashiered if observed to wink on receiving a blow upon the face in a conflict. In the old history of Jomsburg another prisoner of the same Thorkill who is above mentioned, being asked by him how he was prepared for death, is said to have answered, " Well, but I entreat you not to let me be led like a sheep to the slaughter. Now I will sit down before you, and do you smite me with your sword

on the face, and observe whether I either wink with my eyes, or show any sign of uneasiness: for we inhabitants of Jomsburg have habituated ourselves not to shrink from such a blow." Thorkill consented, and stepped forward and smote him across the eyes; but no man could perceive him either wink or shrink from the blow.—*Bart.* p. 51.

Note 9, page 29, stanza lxix.

There still each eve, as northern stories tell.

The following account is given in Professor Suhm's Historie af Danmark. "Hogni and Hedin were very celebrated in the reign of Frode the Third. Hedin, the son of Hiorvard, a Norwegian prince, came with 150 ships to King Frode. With 12 vessels he preceded the rest of his fleet, having placed a shield on his mast, as a token that his purpose was amicable: and friendly terms were speedily arranged. A tributary king in Jutland, named Hogni, had a daughter of exquisite beauty, called Hildur. She and Hedin, having been both prepossessed in favour of each other by previous report, met privately, and became exceedingly enamoured. Hedin and Hogni afterwards sailed together on maritime expeditions, the latter not being aware of Hedin's affection for his daughter. Hogni was a person of majestic carriage, and very imperious disposition; Hedin of inferior stature, but remarkably well made. Hogni offered his daughter in marriage to Hedin, and they pledged themselves by joint oaths to revenge the death of each other; after which they sailed against the Orkneys, which they subdued. After their return home, Hogni re-

ceived information that Hedin had seduced his daughter before her marriage to him, which was looked upon as an heinous offence; and giving credit to the report, he attacked Hedin, who was at sea under the king's orders, but having an inferior force, took refuge in Jutland. When Frode heard this, he summoned them, and tried to bring about a reconciliation: but Hogni was inflexible, and demanded the restitution of his daughter; whereupon the king gave orders for a duel, in which Hedin received a severe wound; but Hogni took compassion on his youth and beauty, and spared him. But sometime after they met again on Hithin's island, near Rogaland, in Norway, and slew each other. It was rumoured in those superstitious times (A. D. 360), that Hildur so deeply regretted them, that by means of incantations she waked up the dead, who thereupon renewed their conflict; and that they would continue to do so every night till the end of the world. This story was the original cause of battle being called by the old Scalds the sport of Hilda."—*Suhm*, tom. i. p. 168.

She has been called by modern writers the Goddess of War, or Bellona of the North, which was not exactly the case, though her name is found amongst the Valkyrier, or maids of slaughter.

THE END.



WORKS

OF

THE HON. W. HERBERT;

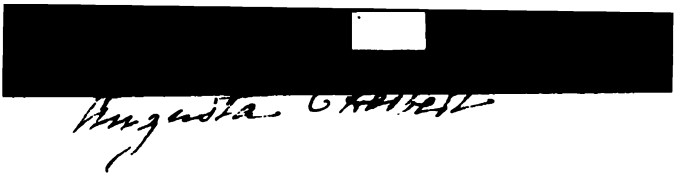
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PIA DELLA PIETRA.

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PIA DELLA PIETRA.

A TALE.

Ricorditi di me, che son la Pia;
Sienna mi fè, disfecemi Maremma.

DANTE.

BY

THE HONORABLE WILLIAM HERBERT.

LONDON:
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE-STREET.
1820.

Ricorditi di me, che son la Pia';
Sienna mi fè, disfecemi' Maremma.
Salsi colui, che 'nnanellata pria
Disposanda m' avea con la sua gemma.

DANTE, PURGAT. 5. 133.

THE four lines which are quoted from Dante, have furnished the ground-work of this tale. I believe that few of the particular circumstances of the real story have been transmitted to us. It is well known, that Maremma is the maritime district of Italy subject to the *malaria*, which is gradually extending into Rome itself.



PIA DELLA PIETRA.

PIA DELLA PIETRA.

Calm sea, whose beauteous waters gently lave
The shore of Italy with tideless wave,
How still and lovely on thine azure breast
The evening ray's serener splendors rest!
The purpled landscape blushes, like the bud
Of opening beauty, by thy glowing flood.
There myrtles breathe; the orange sweet and fair
Flings its rich fragrance on the tranquil air.
Fields of the luscious grape and golden lime!
Delightful valleys of a balmy clime!
Soft smiles your land! But why, midst scenes so fair,
Are man's heart-gladdening roofs so lone and rare?

Why waft the tremulous airs along the plain
No flute's clear sound, or woman's blither strain?
Mournful and mute, though Nature's peaceful glow
Seems to breathe sweet forgetfulness of woe!
Have busy cares, have vice and folly made
No habitation in the desert shade?
Have man's adventurous hands not yet despoil'd
The ripe luxuriance of the fruitful wild,
Giving new voice and strains of other tone
To its rude echoes? On her solemn throne,
In that sweet loneness wrapp'd, does Nature hear
No voice, save the herd's lowing? or the deer
Rustling the coppice, and the nightbird's lay
From the thick jasmine's odoriferous spray?
Or the hoarse rush of waters, and the hoof
Of countless steeds, from human haunts aloof,
Spurning the virgin glebe, an untamed brood
That crop the flowery turf of solitude,

Where the bee murmurs, and the night-fly's light
Cheers with pure lamp the lovely brow of night?

There is a breath of fragrance on the gale,
A voice of warbling in the beauteous vale;
The wild luxuriance of its native wealth,
But not to man the breath of life or health.
There is a charm of freshness; but the breeze
Wafts the slow poison of unseen disease.
Death's angel lurks beneath your flowery screen,
Maremma's groves and mountains evergreen!
Those skies so blue, those waters still and clear,
The liquid light of that transparent air,
Are Death's deceitful vizor; the fell bait,
Which but to view, to taste, to breathe, is fate.

Faint traveller, wearied with the noontide's ray,
Who hail'st delighted the sweet close of day!

The cool refreshment of yon breezy plain,
The very charm that soothes thee, is thy bane!
Sure as the shaft that slayeth in the night,
The Pestilence glides slowly, robed in light.
All-glorious Italy, o'er thy fair champaign
The smiling fiend extends her silent reign,
And desolation follows. Lo! she stands
On the proud Capitol, with noiseless hands
Showering the secret ruin on the dome
Of thy great temple, everlasting Rome!
Immortal city, beautiful and strong!
The queen of empire, and the boast of song!
Whose huge magnificence has still defied
Barbarian rage and Time's o'erwhelming tide!
Shall e'er thy dwellings, like Palmyra, stand
A lonely spectre in a desert land?
Shall the wolves howl in halls where Maro sung,
And the wild forest spread where trophies hung?

The deadly ill creeps slow and unrestrain'd,
Where Power once fulmined, and where Wisdom reign'd:
The fiend exterminating wins her way,
And one wide wreck of glory marks her sway.

The sun, all-cloudless, threw his parting gleam
O'er thy fair gulf, Livorno! The slant beam
Glow'd o'er the tranquil bosom of the stream.
On the mild landscape and delicious vale
The western light with gilding radiance fell.
Where, with wild groves o'er-hung, a mansion stood
In the full view of that resplendent flood.
Nature had wreathed its walks with every sweet;
It look'd like Love's own temple, a retreat
Fitting fond thoughts; yet a neglected air
Of mournful loneliness it seem'd to wear:
But not untenanted by beauty's power,
Though sorrow veil'd it, was that silent bower.

Two shapes, fair female shapes, in garb of woe
From its gilt portals issued sad and slow.
One, whose dark lashes veil'd her downcast eyes,
Shew'd the high port of noble destinies;
Her fair companion seem'd of elder years,
Gazing on that sweet form with boding fears,
And deep participation of despair,
As silent grief consumed it; the sad pair
Without a word to breathe, a tear to flow,
Were link'd in gloomy hopelessness of woe.

The younger lady was of beauty rare,
A form that seem'd to float upon the air.
She had a lip of love, which but to kiss
Might have been deem'd extremity of bliss.
Her dark eyes were all tenderness; their ray
Spoke the fond memory of a happier day;
A charm of witching mildness in their light
Told how they would have sparkled with delight,

A gentle aptness for sweet mirth and joy
Which not Despair's cold touch could quite destroy.
The beam of love was not extinguish'd, though
Shrouded and quell'd by some o'erpowering woe.
Pallid the hue of her transparent skin
Shew'd Death was mining his fell path within,
Languid decay: a fix'd and burning flush,
Not melting, like soft Beauty's healthful blush,
Mid the surrounding ivory, betray'd
The baneful fire which on her vitals prey'd,
The deep oppression of some mastering grief
Destroying slowly the sweet sap of life.

Silent, almost unconscious where they stray'd,
They seated them beneath a chestnut's shade;
Whose giant trunk once echoed to your praise,
Pan or Pomona, sung in Latin lays!
The strain of Romans, when the subject world
Saw their bright standards on each coast unfurl'd!

Majestic, strong, its stately ruin stood;
Still its scathed form o'er-brow'd the Tuscan flood;
And, like Rome's self all-glorious in decay,
Stretch'd its broad arms with solitary sway.
Realm of past glory! still it seem'd to reign
In lonely pride o'er thy deserted plain!

The youthful mourner on that lovely scene,
The beautiful expanse of blue serene,
(As the sun sank beneath that splendid ocean,
Which glow'd all tranquil without shade or motion)
In still dejection gazed: a pearly tear
Swell'd in her lids, but trembling linger'd there;
Nor stain'd her beauteous cheek, nor brought relief
To the deep pang of that consuming grief.
Her look was utter hopelessness; it told
Affections warm, but joys destroy'd and cold;
Total prostration of that anxious strife,
Which is the energy and zest of life,

That charm which vibrates, till all hopes are dead,
Even in the thrilling agony of dread.
There was not in its beam one tremulous ray;
It did not one weak thought or fear betray:
No faint expression in that visage pale
Mark'd one last wish within this worldly vale.

Long did her fond attendant kindly bend
O'er the sad features of her silent friend;
She watch'd with look of love with pity blent
The face serene which on her bosom leant,
And seem'd in mournful contemplation lost
Of life's young visions so untimely cross'd.
Her joyless thoughts were roaming far away
To thy blithe streets, Sienna fair and gay;
To scenes of former happiness and pride
When the song waked to greet the envied bride;
Till a cold shiver stealing o'er her frame
Told of the evening's breath, which freshening came

From the far Apennine, whose chilly wind
To present cares recall'd her wandering mind.
There was a rustling of the aged trees,
A mournful sighing of that nightly breeze,
Which ever motionless and silent lay
In the bright stillness of the azure day.
Tighter upon her breast the shawl she drew,
And part around the mourner gently threw,
Then with kind warning sign'd her to beware
Of the cool night-dew and that baneful air.
The lovely sufferer spoke not; at the hest
She rose obedient to the fond request,
Not as if fearful of the nightly chills,
Or yielding any thought to present ills;
But calm, indifferent, careless of delay,
Because it was most easy to obey,
With an unconscious shudder as she went,
Homeward her melancholy steps she bent.

O strange reverse of every youthful joy!
All-powerful fates, which every bliss destroy!
Why moves that airy form so meek and slow,
A shape of loveliness enshrined in woe?
What doth she there? with beauty made to bless
Man's ardent wishes, not to know distress!
So sad, so lonely, sinking to the grave
Without one beam to comfort or to save!

Gay are thy fields, Sienna, gay the site
Of the rich mansions on thine airy height!
Health crowns thy vineyards, and the verdant slope
Of thy fair hills, where Joy with young-eye'd Hope
Frames his fond visions; the bright dance is there,
The harp, the viol, and the willing fair;
The spirit of youth and love is in thy walls,
And hearts of gladness bound within thy halls.
Thy loveliest shapes were trimm'd in blithe array,
When Della Pietra hail'd his bridal day:

Of all thy maids, that wreath'd their flowing hair,
There was no form so gentle and so fair,
No face so glowing, as the timid bride
Crown'd in her hopes and blooming by his side.
No bridegroom with high bliss so proudly flush'd,
As he who kiss'd that cheek where beauty blush'd,
Those eyes with coy reluctance fondly bent
On him whose wishes woo'd her to consent.
Her bridemaids were of that fair realm the flower,
Rich in youth's charms, and conscious of their power:
But which, though seeming kindly to rejoice,
Pined not at glorious Della Pietra's choice?
And is not Pia blessed of the blest,
Envied by beauty, and by pride carest!
Her lord, of Tuscany the strength and boast,
In council eloquent, in war a host!
Quick in conception, powerful in need,
Ardent and irresistible in deed!

Her spell has charm'd that spirit; she alone
Has won that soul, and made its strength her throne.
On him her hopes, her joys, her wishes rest;
Her very life is center'd in that breast.
Whate'er of kindness in his nature glows
Seems on her pure affection to repose;
And she has breathed into that heart of stone
A gentler pulse, a spirit like her own.
To soothe his thoughts, to mitigate the fire
Of aspirations strong and proud desire,
To draw him fondly to the sweeter calm
Of milder passions, the mind's quiet balm,
Was her heart's joy and glory; thus entwined,
Their thoughts were wedded, and their pleasures join'd;
And she on Della Pietra's bosom lay
As the sweet blossom of his happier day.

An orphan, long had she lost bliss deplored;
None shared her chaste affections; her high lord

(Like that proud chief who mourn'd Troy's boded fall)
Was to his partner father, brother, all.
Her parents, of Sienna's purest blood,
Long sojourn'd where fair Venice woos the flood,
And perish'd there untimely. One blithe boy
Had with sweet Pia shared each early joy,
Her brother, partner of each young delight,
With ruddy cheek, fine form, eyes black as night;
She had no friend, save him, who long before
In a frail barque had sail'd for Smyrna's shore;
And the hoarse waters whelm'd him: from that hour
Silent and lonely was her cheerless bow'r;
Till the black plague that hover'd o'er the town
Smote her sad parents. Helpless and alone,
Recall'd to Tuscan halls in beauty's prime,
She mourn'd, a stranger in her native clime.
Sienna's mansions to her thoughts were strange;
'Tis passing hard for childhood to exchange

The home of hearts, which in dear union blend,
For the cold welcome of a distant friend.
Her years pass'd joyless, till love's thrilling beam
Stirr'd the bright fancies of a happier dream.
The bridal dawn'd auspicious, and she found
In blest reality youth's visions crown'd.

It chanced one eve, the merry wilds were ringing
With birds unto the sun their farewell singing,
And nature's face was beautiful and still,
Though dark clouds gather'd on each distant hill.
Fair Pia, joyous in that balmy hour,
Through the lone groves had sought her favorite bow'r.

Shrouded by sweets, a stranger blithe as May
There sate, reposing from his toilsome way.
She started;—on her mind tumultuous rush'd
The memory of griefs long past and hush'd.

Her brother's image dawn'd upon her sight,
As she had often view'd it in the night,
When all life's scenes were still, and on the thought
Came other forms by glowing memory brought.
For there had e'en been moments, when her mind
Had cast the certainty of fate behind,
And she had gazed upon the crowded quay
Of Venice, striving his loved shape to see;
And oft upon the marge of Adria's flood
With burning thoughts and wistful eyes had stood,
Straining the sight in anguish, to descry
His gleaming sail upon the distant sky,
And stretch'd her look across the waters blue,
Till she had fancied the fond vision true:
And now it flash'd upon her, like the blaze
Of morn on one just startled by its rays.
He rose before her like a waking dream;
Seven years the sun had cast its burning gleam

On his toil'd brow; enslaved by Mahound's clan,
His slender form had ripen'd into man.
She could not err; the features stamp'd by time
On her mind's tablet had defied the clime.
Her brother's soul was sparkling in his eye,
The frolic thoughts of their fond infancy.
She knew him;—felt him on her bosom prest,
With scarcely credulous delight carest.
She had no voice; but link'd in that embrace
Her soul was breathing thankfulness and praise.
Murmuring fond transport, clasp'd in dear delight,
And beaming joy as innocent as bright,
They had no sense for other sound or sight.

But Della Pietra mark'd the rising storm,
And wistful watch'd for Pia's cherish'd form:
The distant voice of thunder was abroad,
And big drops patter'd on the dusty road.

With kind solicitude of tenderest love,
And quickening step, he hurried through the grove.
Twice had he call'd;—she heard not. Through the side
Of her loved bower in anxious haste he spied.
The thunder did not smite him, but his cheek
Turn'd ashy pale; he did not breathe, or speak;
But ghastly, stark, as if the levin-brand
Had blazing burst upon him, did he stand.
He saw, what ages never could undo,
What fiends in triumph could have scarce deem'd true!
He saw his Pia in the daring grasp
Of man!—He choked; he had no breath to gasp.
By heaven! she kiss'd him, and that angel form
Was prest with rapture by a stranger's arm;
Another's pulse was throbbing on the breast
Of her by whom his whole of life was blest;
Those eyes, which were to him his only heaven,
Beam'd with new transport, ne'er to be forgiven:

And yet the rapture of that fatal kiss
Seem'd all too radiant for unholy bliss.
He stood, like one, that instant reft of hope,
On the precipitous and fiery slope
Of the rent earth, which had engulf'd the whole
Of his life's joy, the treasure of his soul.
He stood, but scarce one moment, wildly viewing
That dreadful vision, on the brink of ruin.
It was an eye's glance, rapid as the gleam
Of the red thunderbolt—a thought—a dream—
A stroke of vengeance, swifter than the speed
Of agonized love in beauty's need.
He knew not, (ne'er could tell) how the fell brand
Flaming and naked came into his hand;
But it was done; in a convulsive sob
The murder'd youth had breath'd life's latest throb;
His heart's blood spouted on the thin white veil,
A brother's blood on Pia, as he fell.

She moved not, spoke not, did not understand
That bleeding brother or that naked brand;
But the world reel'd around her, as her lord
Stood like Fate's angel with his blood-stain'd sword.
She shrinks; she shudders; on that corse she falls,
(Like those sad victims in Pompeia's halls,
O'erwhelm'd at the blithe hour of thoughtless youth)
The kiss of joy still trembling on her mouth.

The sword was raised to slay her, but the hand
Yet linger'd, though it held the vengeful brand.
What were his feelings? Was there whom to hate?—
The powerless foe lay bleeding at his feet.
To curse?—but her, whose loveliness to save
From breath of harm he would have hail'd his grave!
Her, whom to gaze on was his soul's delight!
Whom but to screen from the rude blast of night,
He would have hewn his flesh! yet there she lay
Deluged with murder, cold as lifeless clay,

And his fierce weapon was outstretch'd and bare
To hurl her unrepenting to despair.
The thoughts of hours and days and months and years,
The memory of hopes and bliss and fears,
Were crowded, hurried, in the rapid stream
Of that one instant's musing; a swift dream
Of mingled joys and anguish.—That strong mind,
Which was but now to all but vengeance blind,
Is a wild field, wherein the varied thought
Is maddening into agony of doubt;
A shrine, where helpless beauty pleads for life,
Where fiends and dovelike mercy are at strife.
He could not, dared not slay her, as she lay
So pale, so beautiful; yet that delay
Was but the lingering doubt of vengeful pride
Striving with love, and to stern deeds allied.
He had sent one before the throne of heaven
Boiling in sin, unhousel'd, and unshriven:

A settled gloom o'erspread his mournful eye;
Murmuring he spoke—" She shall repent, and die."

Eight days unseen he fasted, nor renew'd
His stain'd apparel, by dread thoughts pursued.
Dark were those feelings, once so proud and hot;
Despair and loneliness became his lot,
And the deep frown of silence: ne'er again
Was his voice heard amid the buzz of men.
Revenge held fatal sway: but with that sun
His hopes had set, and his youth's race was run;
His days of bliss were number'd and foredone.

But lovely Pia from that bloody deed
They bore, where her lord's mandate had decreed;
They bore her senseless, that ill-fated bride,
One faithful maiden weeping by her side.
When life revisited her pulse again,
A burning fever throbb'd in every vein.

The seat of reason swam; the mind was hot
With some strange sense of ill, but knew not what.
She shriek'd, as one whom outrage was pursuing,
Struggling with force, and striving against ruin.
She call'd with wildness on her brother's name,
Screaming for mercy, trembling her whole frame;
Then shrunk, and hush'd each sound, and veil'd her head,
As if for safety, in her fever'd bed.
Somewhile in that still guise she would abide
With deathlike silence, fearing to be spied;
Then creeping forth, as if with cautious dread,
Talk'd in strange tone, with who had long been dead;
And sobb'd and laugh'd alternately, or smiled
With frightful mirth, unnatural, and wild.
At length the pulse wax'd feebler; and the glare
Of her bright eyes had a less ghastly stare;
She held less converse with things long gone by,
With viewless forms of those she ne'er might spy;

And the sad dawn of reason slowly rose
On that long night of her distracted woes:
Exhausted nature sank in short repose.
That awful pause of phrensy seem'd to steep
Her burning temples in refreshing sleep.
She oped her lids: the beauteous eyes were mild;
The sweet tone of her voice was nothing wild;
But all around the room with still amaze
And wonder-breathing look she seem'd to gaze,
Seeking some form familiar to her view
Which might of memory the web renew:
But nought that she had ever known or seen
Could the mind trace in that sad quiet scene,
Save one kind mourner faithful to the last,
The only link that could recall the past,
Her fond attendant; her, with anxious eye,
Of that strange place she question'd: the reply
Was meekly given with low half-stifled breath,
" Maremma;" but in that brief word was death.

It dawn'd upon her mind, the blackest morn
Of horror, that e'er burst on wretch forlorn;
The frightful vision of the past was there,
The dread futurity of dark despair;
It stood before her deadly, clothed in hate,
The full reality of hopeless fate.
She saw, she understood, both what had past,
What was for ever gone, and what must last.
A brother murder'd in the hour of bliss,
His wild death shrieking in a sister's kiss:
Her fame for ever blighted; and the curse
Of her loved lord, e'en clinging to her hearse:
Herself cast off, a thing for every maid
To point with scorn's proud finger, and upbraid:
Her vengeful husband, blasted by the guilt
Of blood so innocent, so madly spilt.
Strange aspect to his form her terrors lend,
Slow waxing to the semblance of a fiend;

And his stern features were gigantic grown,
A shape of horror stiffen'd into stone.
It was a vision, that might well renew
The burning shapes of phrensy to her view;
But the slow certainty of death behind,
Maremma's baneful prospect, soothed her mind.
Irrevocable vengeance was achieved;
Her doom was stamp'd, and could not be relieved:
There was no issue, but the narrow gate
That leads from woe to everlasting fate;
And through that darkness gleam'd a ray from heaven,
Where innocence might plead and hope to be forgiven.

She knelt, and raised unto the God of life
A heart where feelings were no more at strife;
A heart so pure, that angels might have wept
To see how meekly every passion slept.

But there was one, a stern man, by her side,
Array'd in garb of holiness, who cried,
" Daughter of sin, thy worldly dreams are past;
" Wake to repentance, while life's mercies last.
" Thy cup of guilt is measured; and the bowl,
" Mantling with passion, has o'er-whelm'd thy soul.
" Kneel for no earthly blessing! let the mind,
" Chasten'd mid sin's foul revel, be resign'd!"

He ceased; a blush dyed deep her pallid cheek,
The last that ever tinged that visage meek;
But the fond thoughts of innocence and pride
Swell'd for one moment, and her heart was tried:
Fluttering they pass'd, as Pia with a sigh,
Her hands on her breast folding, made reply.

" Father, it is not for a child of earth
" To plead before the God that gave her birth,

" As if chaste innocence from deadly sin
" Were real worth, or should give peace within:
" Helpless I bend before the throne of grace,
" And here, a weak frail being, bow my face.
" My prayer is not for happiness below;
" With hopeless heart I kiss the rod of woe.
" But by the burning blush upon my cheek,
" By my soul's anguish, and my bending meek,
" I am reproachless of that hateful guilt,
" For which my brother's stainless blood was spilt.
" I never named that brother; seven years dead,
" I thought the wild waves beat upon his head,
" And, silent, spoke not of that vision dear,
" Whose slightest memory drew forth a tear.
" This was my wrong: perchance if he had heard
" I had a brother, he might not have err'd.
" I know there is in life no hope of good;
" My husband's judgment has been seal'd in blood.

" The limbs of him who died are in the tomb,
" Stript of life's semblance, moulder'd in their bloom.
" E'en were he living, there is no one near
" Save me, to whom his form was known and dear.
" 'Tis not in human skill to wipe the stain
" Which, fix'd on Pia, must till death remain.
" I have no wish on earth, no fond desire,
" But to appease my God, and to expire."

'Tis said that he was stern, that holy man,
And so he seem'd, when his proud words began;
But there is that in innocence, which bids
Soft pity's dew suffuse the sternest lids.
His look grew mild; a strong emotion made
His voice one instant falter, as he said;

" Life's charms are fleeting, daughter; I believe
" Thy thoughts are chaste: nor is it thine to grieve.

" The flattering dreams of earthly joys are past,
" And in short suffering thy lot is cast.
" The storm has borne thee trembling to the view
" Of that blest haven, where all hopes are true.
" Thine heart has pass'd through pleasures, which allure
" By joy's frail path to sin, and thou art pure.
" The port of bliss is won; and shall the mind
" Reluctant stretch one longing look behind,
" Through shoals and billows to those flowery isles
" Whose treacherous sunshine flatters and beguiles?
" Repine not, gentle sufferer! but raise
" Thy thoughts to heaven with tenderness and praise!"

And Pia did not murmur; from that hour
Her bosom felt religion's healing power.
One boon she mildly ask'd, and on her cheek
The full tear trembled, and her voice was weak.

" 'Tis not a proud desire to leave the name,
" Which I received, untouch'd by evil fame;
" Nor sickly yearning to be mourn'd when dead
" By the dear partner of my stainless bed,
" (Though haply that fond wish might be forgiven)
" That swells my fluttering breast: except in heaven
" We may not meet; and from the eye of love
" There light immortal will all doubts remove.
" Be it not deem'd that the last boon I crave
" Savours of wishes on this side the grave!
" But O, when Pia's form is cold and still,
" When this heart's anguish shall no longer thrill,
" Bear one sad blessing from his hapless bride
" To my loved lord, and tell him how I died.
" That mournful tale may win him to repent,
" Mercy may dawn, and vengeance may relent!"

It was a wish so sacred and so pure,
That its attainment might have seem'd secure;

But the meek spirit trembled in her breast,
As if it were to some dread judge addrest.
The boon was granted; one fond care remain'd
To trace the letter, with dim tears distain'd;
But, ere the wax was cold, in saintlike mood
Her soul was settled, and weak thoughts subdued.
The world was calm around her; in thy vale,
Maremma, there was neither mirth nor wail:
But e'en that fatal stillness had a charm
For one both dead to hope and to alarm.

Disease prey'd slowly on her wasting frame;
The climate's poison mined it, and became
With the mind's suffering leagued; that tainted air
Would have defied man's skill and nicest care;
But she, devoted, and exposed to death,
Drank the fell pestilence with willing breath.

Life faintly waned; e'en her sad friend inhaled
That languor, which o'er youth and health prevail'd;
Link'd in fond service to that hopeless doom
She trod the same slow journey to the tomb;
And scarce by love was strength enough supplied
To close the eyes of Pia when she died.

It was upon a still and breathless eve
Her spirit seem'd about to take its leave.
The church's rites were ended; and, resign'd,
She felt sweet comfort beaming on her mind,
All that religion can of peace bestow,
To calm the heart, and soothe the throb of woe.
The holy man had spoke his latest pray'r,
Foul spirits from the bed of death to scare;
And, like grief's image, that desponding maid
Bent in mild pity o'er her dying head.

Her limbs wax'd cold, though sultry was the night,
And darkness dimly grew upon her sight.
She ask'd for light, the taper's cheering ray;
But 'twas her light within that did decay:
Four tapers gleam'd, and on her alter'd face,
As in a death-wake, shone their pallid blaze.
With melancholy mien and smother'd breath
Mournful they watch'd the slow approach of death;
When dark, and dimly by that light reveal'd,
A stately form half enter'd, half conceal'd:
And Pia raised her look, and (as her eye
Turn'd on that shape majestic) with a cry
So piercing, that it seem'd to rend her heart,
Uprose erect with stiff and sudden start.
In that dread agony on her bosom prest
She held the mournful scroll, love's last request;
And fell, death-smitten in that fearful throe,
Pale, cold, and lifeless, on her couch of woe.

It was himself, that wretched man of blood;
Like a dark spectre Della Pietra stood
At his wife's feet: the beautiful, the meek,
Lay lapt in death, no more to move or speak.
Came he with deadly views? The work was done,
The race of innocence was past and won.
Came he repentant, doubtful of his end?
Too fond for murder, and too proud to bend?
It matters little, whether thoughts he bore
Darkling with hate, or whether he forbore.
His face was muffled; and they could not spy
The feelings which there strove for mastery;
The wan, the desolate, and ghastly look:
But they could see how fierce the passion shook
His limbs, (as if the fever's shivering fit
Convuls'd them) and the strange wild gleam that lit
His fixt eye gazing on that lovely shape,
Whose spirit from his wrath had made escape.

The scroll was by her hand; with doubtful dread,
Trembling he tore its covering, and read.

" Fate is fulfill'd: thy Pia's soul is gone
" To yield account before its Maker's throne.
" Her life is past, a tale of sorrow told;
" The breast, that pillow'd once thine head, is cold.
" All, that blind anger will'd, has been achieved;
" Now, only now, may Pia be believed:
" Without suspicion the proud heart may hear
" The voice that whispers from the lowly bier.
" Loved husband, start not; let the beam of truth
" With mild conviction win thy soul to ruth!
" Let thy strong mind from passion's cloud be freed!
" Thy Pia lives not for herself to plead.
" But, by the cross of Him who meekly died
" To bear our sins and humble human pride!
" By that dread throne, unto whose radiant light
" Thy spirit soon must wing its trembling flight,

" At life's still close, when passion's storm is o'er!
" By the pure vows which to thy love I swore!
" It is a brother's blood that stains thy blade;
" Upon a guiltless wife thy curse is laid.
" Chaste, uncorrupted, innocent of aught
" That touch'd thine honour even by a thought,
" Thy Pia died; of all life's charms bereft,
" But the sweet memory of the bliss she left.
" Her joys but bloom'd and flourish'd in thy sight;
" Absent, they mourn'd from very lack of light.
" But, O! loved husband, in the tenderest hour
" When our hearts throbb'd and fondest thoughts had power,
" Was e'er my love so free, my wish so wild,
" That thou shouldst deem me passion's lawless child?
" Could Pia's breast have woo'd man's rude approach?
" I write to bless thee,—and will not reproach.
" The scene of life is closed; and now thy heart
" Will yield me justice, and in love we part.

" We part, O grant it heav'n! to meet in joy
" Where faith's pure glory no wild doubts destroy.

" Lorn heart, despair not, or for me repine!
" My pangs are past, and they were light to thine.
" But thou, though reft of bliss, thy course pursue,
" Through life's sad vale to faith and virtue true!
" Raise the deep anguish of thy struggling grief
" To heaven's blest mercy, and there find relief.

" One boon, one trembling prayer! before I close
" Grief's mournful scroll, and sink in death's repose.
" O best beloved, the glory of thy bride,
" In life my hope, my blessing, and my pride!
" Whene'er strife wakes, and angry passions stir,
" Remember Pia! let the thoughts of her,
" Whom wrath, too hasty, to the tomb has sent,
" Win thy stern heart to mercy!—and relent!"

THE END.

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TALES.

BY

THE HONORABLE WILLIAM HERBERT.

LONDON:
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE-STREET.
1820.

HEDIN.

HEDIN.

SUPPLEMENTARY ALTERATIONS.

P. 6. st. 3. v. 6. *read,*

Strong was thy race and dauntless in the fight,

P. 7. st. 4. *read,*

Gay laugh'd the sun on Danish Issefiord,
And fast in Leyra's (1) port the fleet was moor'd:
And there were lists, as if for strife prepared;
Twelve kingly thrones in awful order rear'd;
On each a prince in gorgeous garb array'd,
Summon'd by him whose mandate they revered.
Great Frode's (2) word twice fifty kings obey'd,
Upheld his stately power, and flourish'd in its shade.

P. 17. st. 24. v. 6. *read,*

Known the chaste rapture of his loved embrace,

P. 17. *Insert the following lines between st. 24 and st. 25.*

XXV.

" Has Hilda's bosom nurs'd a lawless flame?
" Has Harald's stainless issue stoop'd to shame?
" As pure from guilt, as now of hope forlorn,
" I yield no answer to that charge but scorn:
" Or (if reply be meet) enough for me,
" From Harald's glorious blood was Hilda born;
" Dishonour comes not of that stately tree,
" But like its princely stock the scion's fruit must be."

P. 22. st. 35. v. 6. *read,*

The nerves all strain'd to meet the shock of woe.



THE GUAHIBA.



LONDON:
PRINTED BY C. ROWORTH, BELL YARD,
TEMPLE BAR.

THE GUAHIBA.

A TALE.

BY

THE HON. AND REV. WILLIAM HERBERT.

LONDON:

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.

1822.



THE principal circumstances of this lamentable story, the particulars of the scenery, climate, and Indian superstitions, are taken from Humboldt's Personal Narrative. I fear that the facts which he has recorded concerning this barbarous transaction, and the manner in which Indian children have been hunted by the orders of some of the South American missionaries, must be authentic; at the same time we should remember that he writes (as he himself states) with the feelings of a Calvinist, of course not very favorable to the establishments he visited; and as he tells us that any written attestation in favor of the monks which he might have left amongst them would have been considered as extorted from him under circumstances that made him dependant upon them, so he must allow us to believe that his depositions against them after his return may

have been a little colored by prejudice. With the exception of the modes occasionally employed for obtaining converts or neophytes, I apprehend that the government of the Spanish missions has been mild and patriarchal, though probably indolent and neglectful of stimulating the Indians sufficiently to industrious occupations. The exertions of the persecuted Jesuits were much more effective, and, since the dissolution of that illustrious brotherhood, civilization has undoubtedly retrograded in the South American wilderness. Although the particular transaction here recorded cannot be read without indignation, nothing can be farther from my intention than to excite any general odium against the Spanish missionaries, whose meritorious and patient endurance is not to be forgotten, while we lament the faults of their education. Of course it will be understood that the speech of the Guahiba expresses the sentiments natural to an Indian under such circumstances, not those of the writer.

I have in preparation, though little advanced, a work of greater magnitude, the style of which, according to my present intentions, will probably bear some resemblance to that of the Guahiba, but may be modified in deference to whatever judgment may be passed on the lines which are now submitted to the public.

THE GUAHIBA.

THE GUAHIBA.

O COULD I lie by Oroonoko's bank,
Where Uniana's[1] isolated peak
Shoots thousand fathom towards the cloudless sky,
Dreaming myself in Paradise, embower'd
By some stupendous tree, whose outstretch'd arms
Seem in themselves a world, on either side front
Displaying different seasons, bud or fruit,
Springtime or summer, and its glorious trunk
Wreathed and perfumed with odorous parasites
That clothe it like a meadow! while the sound
Of the far waters from Atures'[2] fall
Comes on the breathless moonlight, stealing slow
Like some aërial strain! O could I view
The wonders of that realm! deep rayless chasms,

Where fire-plumed ‘ birds hold empire unapproach'd;
Cleft rocks, ingulphing the all-powerful flood
In their fantastic caves; and numberless,
With arrowy boughs emerging from the foam
Amidst a cloud of spray, islets palm-crown'd,
Seeming to float in mist! still herbs, that slope
Their glossy leaves, with thousand living‘ lamps
Resplendent, from whose ray the light serene
Over the deafening water-chaos streams,
As from an angel's smile! There let me lull
Life's passions in delight, and thus reclined
Think peace on earth unbroken, and forget
That violence and guilt can scare the charm
Of such calm solitudes! Does nature view,
In all her wide extent of good and fair,
Scene liker Eden, than the flowery site
Of some mild mission in that stormless clime!
The plain's green carpet, and the leaf-built huts
Mantled with sweet ‘lianas, in the shade

Of plantains spreading wide and graceful palms!
The light mimosa's air-spread canopy,
Which seems depictured on the azure vault
Glowing behind it! and beneath the gloom
Of some majestic 'Ceïba, that lifts
Its silky cotton into middle air,
The Christian father, with his docile group
Of feather-cinctured Indians, just reclaim'd
From perilous wanderings to the Shepherd's flock!
There, by vast waters, which give back their banks
As from a mirror, of their limpid depth
Revealing to the eye each secret form,
Celestial truth is cherish'd, which imparts,
In that still wilderness, midst earthly joys,
Hope of a brighter Eden. Wo to man,
Who mars that glorious vision, giving scope
To lawless rape, unto his perverse will
Likening his Maker's! and, for gentle lore
Breathed by the unadulterate voice of truth,

Yields force the reins, and makes his zeal the law
Oppressing nature, and hopes so to stand
Pure before God!—O for a Seraph's might
To whelm the [8]mother's rock beneath the depth
Of Atabapo, and wipe out the blot
From Christian annals! the stain stamp'd in gore,
Love's purest drops! or rather let it stand,
As, on some awful heath, the accursed tree
Which beacons to posterity the spot
Where guilt once triumph'd! Will the plume-crown'd chiefs
Bow at the shrine of Christ, in whose great name,
Blasphemed by his disciples, deeds were wrought,
That, whisper'd, turn Religion's cherub cheek
To deathlike hue, and, blurring her chaste form,
" Make angels weep"? The trees are in their prime
Which waved their green arms o'er the ruthless scene,
The rock of the Guahiba. It shall stand
A dark memorial till the wreck of worlds;

The opprobrious name shall to the granite cling,
While Pity hath a tear and Mercy shrinks
Back to her throne in heaven, as blood-stain'd zeal
With murder desecrates the font of Christ.

O thou vast continent, where nature seems
A wondrous giant on his cradle lull'd
By the hoarse lapse of torrents; in the shade
Of thine immeasurable woodlands, stretch'd
To the utmost Cordillera's snowy peaks,
Where noontide's hottest splendors dart in vain
From the meridian! In thy loneliest wilds
How great, how glorious is thy majesty!

Girded by torrents, [9]San Fernando stands
Surveying from her walls the mingled swell
Of three huge waters, singly which outvie
Danau or Nile. There in fierce eddy blends
The turbid [10]Guaviare's powerful stream

With stately Atabapo crown'd with palms;
And thee, renown'd of rivers, whose clear strength
Comes roaring from the East, foredoom'd to give
Thy name, great Oroonoko, to each flood
That rolls its thunder from the Western ridge,
Lofty Granada. Thence with proud excess
Shall thy broad deluge rush, wider than range
Of cannon shot, in a long line of foam
From Parima's [11] dark buttress hurrying down,
Till, join'd by Meta and Apure's tide,
It flows, like one vast ocean, thro' the plain
Of Barcelona to the [12] Mournful gulf
Right against Trinidad, that bars its mouth
Four hundred leagues aloof. There cultured scenes
Await thee, regal pomp, and busy cares,
And the mixt hum of commerce ever rings
Thro' burnt Cumana. Here, in wilds scarce trod,
An awful silence thro' thy forest reigns,
Save where the snowy [13] bird of loneliness,

The doleful Campanero, seems to toll
The dirge of solitude. In these rude wastes,
Tranquillest scenes, where Art has never rear'd
Her mimic shapes, stands most reveal'd the might
Of One benign, by whose prolific will
The plain is like a cultured garden gemm'd
With shrubs and flowers; who lifts the towering tree
Unto the sky serene, loaded with fruits
By his spontaneous bounty. Savage minds
Know this, and own their God in loveliness.
Guiana's Indian, underneath the palms,
Which o'er his thicket wave their feathery heads
E'en like a second forest "in mid air,
Sees God in all his works, and, thankful, bends
To one great source of life, whose genial power
For him bids plantain and cassava yield
Their sure encrease, filling each swollen brook
With teaming wealth. No sounds, save sounds of peace,

Break on his solitude; the wailing winds
Stir not, thro' that wide [11]forest, in their birth
Spell-bound. The unseen Genius of the wild
From out its vast interminable depth
Seems to cry " Peace, peace!" Peace to nature's works,
And glory to their Maker! Ebb and flow
Of seasons come not here; the fiery sun,
Once robed in mist, sleeps in that quiet shroud,
As if he waited till the Archangel's trump
Should rend heaven's curtain. Spring, perpetual spring,
Wafts incense; high o'er the Guahibo's hut
Wave plumy heads surcharged [12]with fruit, that shame
Persia or Babylonian gardens. There,
Lord of the waste, he casts his palm-string [13]net
Where, far removed from billowy ocean, sport
Huge dolphins, [14]spouting in their noisy play
Water and foam, or lurking by the shade
Of other greens than wreath old Nereus' hair.

Infants and wife, secure beneath their hut,
Expect his coming, when at fall of day
He and his sturdy boys shall bear the spoil
Of those lone floods. Wo waits his next return;
Silence profound and desolation reign
Where welcome should resound. His frugal meal
Lies half prepared; and gaudy [19] parrot-flowers
That sooth'd his fretful child, and leaves, and plumes,
Upon the sod confused. What force profane
Hath made the echoes of the forest mute?
Jaguar, [20] or Boa, or the wily strength
Of scale-arm'd crocodile hath ne'er approach'd
This tranquil dwelling. Wo! wo! Christian hands
At one fell swoop have made thee desolate!
The priest of San Fernando and his crew
Of red barbarians! in the faith baptized
Of Him who died to save, yet left not here
Peace but a sword! So works the ruthless zeal
Of man against his God, making that name

A curse amongst the heathens, which should breathe
Infinite bliss, unheard beatitude,
Bidding the wilds rejoice, thro' all their depth
Proclaiming social love, benevolent laws
That bind man to his fellows. Swiftly glides
Down Guaviare's flood, freighted by force,
The holy reaver's barque. Maternal shrieks
Die on the distance, and the fruitless wail
Of those rapt infants. Past the limpid mouth
Of Atabapo mingling its dark [91] wave,
They shoot amain, to where the Eastern stream
Winds round Fernando's walls its gorgeous strength,
Rushing from Cerro Duida, [92] whose front
Abrupt mocks emerald's and diamond's blaze.

Lorn parent, gaze on the unfathom'd whirl
Of those impetuous waters, and the trees
Which round thee rear their tall and barren trunks
Obscure and boundless! In that solitude

The flood, the desert, are thy prison walls,
Danger and Famine the stern sentinels!
Between thee and thy home two giant streams,
With all their tributary train, deny
Regress or hope. The southern cross [42] scarce gleams
Thro' that unchanging veil, the eternal cloud
That wraps the horizon; from thy calm abode
Thou art divorced by more than human power,
Nature's impediments. Yet hope still lives,
The unconquerable throb, the inborn spring,
That swells a mother's heart. Dauntless she mark'd
The rite baptismal, to her tender brood
Suspected badge of thraldom. They the while
Unconscious mourn'd, by cruel force estranged
From their dear native liberty; so will'd
The Christian ravisher, misnamed of Him,
Who, robed in gentleness, forbad his own
Outrage or e'en resistance. In her soul
Determined courage reign'd; the firm resolve

To barter life for freedom, or reguide
The nestlings to her hut. Their toil-burnt sire,
Brothers, and fatherland, were all to her;
All else without them, nought; or worse than nought,
Loath'd circumscription, tenfold servitude.

Night wrapp'd Fernando's fane; beneath their cots
Mantled with sweets umbrageous, slept secure
Christians, and neophytes by Christian rites
Regenerate, but heathen still in mind.
Not so the sad Guahiba; she forlorn
Watch'd each still hour, forecasting from those bonds
Escape, and thro' that untrod wilderness
Return to her dear home. Beside her lay
The unfledged captives, from a father's love
By zealous rapine sever'd; one, just skill'd
To lisp his name; one, conscious of her fate,
Joy of his hopes. "My child," with cautious breath
She whisper'd, "night is mirksome, but these wilds

" Are not without their guide; well have I mark'd
" Each globe of fire that studs the firmament;
" And that huge orb, which from the east each morn
" Rolls its illumined bulk to those dark hills
" Whence comes the rain. Behold yon star; it gleams
" Behind thy father's dwelling, a sure lamp
" In trackless deserts. Better to confront,
" Exposed and lone, that shaggy savage[24] form,
" Half-man, half-brute, wide-famed for cruel rape
" In woody solitudes, than bide the curse
" Of this our prison-mansion! Better wade
" Thro' flooded groves obscure, and stem the force
" Of Guaviare in his turbid wrath,
" Tempting the scaly crocodile! Its waves
" Have seen thee, fearless infant, in thy sport,
" Their glittering dolphins chase, and wreathe thy brows
" With river-lilies: thy life link'd to mine
" Together shall we sink, or burst our chain.
" Free as free-born. Dread nothing; thro' the waste

" A mother's strength shall aid thee, little charge!
" Father and brothers from thy native bank
" Shall strive thro' the deep tide, breasting its foam
" To rescue us. Myself thro' swampy shades
" Will bear thy tender limbs, warding the harm
" Of thorn-arm'd brake, or the nut's ponderous fall,
" Serpent or jaguar's fang." Forth stretch'd her arms,
Smiling, the lovely maid, and press'd her cheek
Against a mother's bosom, hiding there
The fearful tear. " Shall we indeed behold
" Our sire," she murmur'd, " and our brothers? Haste,
" Ere our fell guards awake." Behind her back
The mother slung love's lesser burthen, hush'd
By kisses into silence; that sweet girl,
Strain'd with firm sinew to her heart, she bore
Fearless of toil. Rise, floods, and trackless brakes,
And swamps not trodden by the step of man,
Alone she would o'erpass ye! Her fleet course
Would mock pursuit! But, ah! those infant limbs

Dread the rough bindweed, with its thorny ropes
Barring their path. Famish'd they cry for food,
Which, on the tree's high spire, eludes the grasp,
Or shrink from the coil'd snake. Behind them swell
Nearer and nearer on the breathless air,
The voices of their ravishers. She speeds
Phrensied with love, till close beneath her feet
She sees majestic Atabapo glide,
Pellucid, deep, and strong. Loud and more loud
The Christians come. With living cordage, pluck'd
From the green stem, she lashes to her flanks
Her timid cherubs, kissing from their eyes
The starting tear; then fearlessly she springs
Into that chrystal gulph, her grave, if not
Her path to freedom. Gurgling o'er them closed
The liquid volume. Soon she breasts the wave;
Her sinewy limbs throw back the glassy tide
Triumphantly; amazed the Christians view.
Their barques are on the water, and swift oars

Shall intercept her, ere the perilous course
Be half atchieved. Matron, thy foes prevail,
And thou once more art captive! Hearts of stone
Shall sever thee from thine! The plunderer's boat
Shoots down the torrent to Fernando's keep.
Thou, widow'd, childless, bound, must stem the flood
To lone Javita, where of thy beloved
Nor sound, nor sight shall cheer thee. Slow and still,
Laboring against the current's might, they pass
The tiger's[16] rock, the rapid's foaming chain,
The cataract Guarinuma. On her view
Plains open vast and drear, part thickly clothed
With giant grasses, thro' whose bosom wind
Streams tributary, part by forest hid;
And ever and anon rise castled[16] rocks
In ruin'd form, pillars and pyramids,
Quaint work of nature, mocking human art;
And oft-times on their summits towering stand
Yucca or palm. Next where the crumbling walls

Of Mendaxari, once the fane of Christ,
Frown o'er the waters, they suspend the oar,
Hymning a strain to its protecting saint;
Then striving fast by Kemarumo's crag
See culture smile, and pause beneath the boughs
Of that far-venerated tree,[17] whose trunk
Enormous, born what time the deeps were staid,
O'erbrows the Indian gardens; next descry
The Christian hamlet, deck'd in beauteous guise,
Balthasar, where the fig and lemon vie
With Americ's treasures. Onwards still they pass,
By toil undaunted. Thrice the sun had sloped
His ray thro' feathery trees that fringe[17] the bank
Laving their slender trunks; aloft[17] the clouds
Floated swift-borne; beneath, mute calmness reign'd,
And voiceless solitude. The monkey's[17] howl
Came not from far; the screaming vulture's wing
Was not upon the air; and dark, yet clear,
The glassy depth reveal'd no living form;

The crocodile[17] had shunn'd it, pleased to dwell
In turbid floods. Alone around[17] the barque,
Cleaving the surface with resplendent scales
Dolphins kept pace, or bounding by the prow,
Or in the silver wake. Her eye survey'd
Far hills and mountains in pale distance, oft
Measuring in thought the weary way between
Her and her husband. Moonlight fell so soft
On the transparent volume, its pure stream
Scarce seem'd to flow: and those who laboring pull'd
The frequent oar, to the blest Virgin raised
Their hallow'd chorus; the soul-melting notes
Seem'd to ascend unto the cope of heaven
By tranquil airs upborne. The slacken'd bonds
Dropp'd unperceived from the sad mother's limbs;
Hope fired her thoughts, as, gliding by, she mark'd
A stony buttress thro' the swampy fringe
Shelve down into the torrent. Heedless pass
That rock the Christians, which man never more

Shall pass unheeded. With impetuous plunge
Down the deep gulph she goes. They see her dive
Five fathom deep; and, near, the water-snake
Writhes his stupendous[17] folds, fierce, yet amazed
To see his haunts invaded: but secure
She rises, floating down the rapid stream,
Till, whirl'd in the swift eddy, lost in foam,
She grasps the dangerous ledge; with wounded limbs
Then labors to its summit, and gains quick
The river's lofty bank. Ere long, pursuit
Rings on her steps. To holy strains succeed
The unhallow'd war-cry and the hunter's shout,
Fierce and discordant. Morning sweetly dawn'd,
Lighting the lonely plain. They found her, spent
By toil and bleeding wounds, bay'd by their dog
Beneath the thickest jungle; the loud voice
Of triumph echoed, thro' that silent waste,
The death-whoop o'er their quarry. Her they led
Faint, hopeless, unresisting, to the rock;

That rock! late witness of her faith, and more
Than Roman valour! Every leaf was still
In the mute forest; on the umbrageous bank
There was no sound, save of the ceaseless flood
That foam'd against the granite, where her foot
First trod the stone. The deed, the damning deed,
Was done in silence. On that rock they scourged
The wife, the mother, while her innocent blood
Fell drop by drop,—reeking to Heaven, which saw
And yet withheld its thunder. Merciful God,
And those were Christians! Those had press'd the cup
Of thy salvation! with their bloody rites
Mingling thy praise, and casting on thy name
The curse of their own hellish outrage! This,
This weak and helpless woman, had no guide
But thy wide book of nature, from each page
Breathing the voice of love; and yet she trod
The steps of our great Savior, like a lamb
Led to the sacrifice, thro' pious love

For those her little ones. Will not her blood,
Spilt by thy hoary priests, rise against Spain
E'en to thy thunderous threshold? and the stain,
Fixt on that granite, like a furnace glow
Unexpiated in thy day of wrath!

Once more chain'd down and bleeding, in that barque
She sees her hard oppressors plough their way
Thro' Temi's[28] winding and the auxiliar course
Of Tuamini to the Lusian bounds
Where stands remote Javita. There forlorn
She chews the bread of grief; but high resolve
Still nerves her courage, unextinguish'd hope.

O fell tormentors, think ye to have quell'd
That spring unquenchable of holy love
Which fires the mother, while her infant brood
Pines in captivity! Floods, torrents, wastes,
And fearfullest vicissitudes of clime,

Unheeded vanish from the thought of her,
Who seeks home, husband, children. Long she watch'd
Occasion meet for flight, thro' pathless tracts
Deem'd unimaginable. No foot of man
Girded in fittest season for such toil
Had e'er traversed them. Weak, alone, uncheer'd,
She, while rains pour'd their deluge, and the brakes
Yielded no fruit, committed her frail strength
To God and to the desert. Night and day
Wading or swimming, torn by bristled cords
Which serpent-like around her wound their folds,
Defying toil and famine, still she press'd
To one dear goal, her children's prison; fed
With loathsome insects, gather'd from the stem
Of barren trees, that knit their cumbrous arms.
Nor ceased the while that lesser plague, blood-fed
Zancudoes,[19] and the countless winged tribes,
Morning and eve and in noon's sultry hour
Successive, trumpeting their endless war;

And oft, when twilight's shadows were abroad,
High on some tortuous bough, with obscene grin,
She saw (or dream'd she saw) the man-like form
Of hairy savage, the wild's dreaded fiend,
In whose rude haunts, tho' scaped from human wrong,
Worse rape might seize her, brutish violence.
Before, around, unbounded forests rose,
Waters and woods illimitably stretch'd;
But Nature's might was stronger in the breast
Of one lone woman, than in all her works
Gloriously array'd in that wide solitude.

She reach'd Fernando's threshold; and, first seen,
A vengeful spectre deem'd, found way unblench'd
To her own innocents, and sunk foredone
In that last, fondest, loveliest embrace.
They tore her from her children, unappeased,
And steel'd by bigot zeal. From the sweet trance

" I stand not here in judg
" Nature forbids. Against
" Against a wife's firm faith
" Not e'en to fellest nations
" Of mangled captives. Wh
" Thy Deity, who mew'd, lik
" In that low fane, sends fort
" To deeds of pitiless rape?
" Harvest and summer fruits,
" Which never lash our grove
" To the carved crucifix in te
" By human hands; ye lift th
" By torches' glare at noonda

" We worship him abroad, under the vault
" Of his own heaven; yon star-paved firmament,
" The wilderness, the flood, the wreathed clouds
" That float from those far mountains robed in mist,
" The summits unapproach'd, untouch'd by time,
" Snow-clad, are his; too vast to be confined
" He fills his works. Bow ye the trembling knee
" To your own idols and that murd'rous law
" Which bids you seize a mother's callow brood
" In hour of peace! The Carib doth not this,
" The man-devouring Cabre![31] Are ye slaves
" To the dread spirit of ill who wars with God,
" Iolokiamo, fellest foe to man?
" If there be one great Being, who hears our prayer,
" When that sonorous[32] trump (which but to view
" Were death to woman) thro' each leafy glade
" Ten leagues aloof sends forth the voice of praise,
" O tremble at his wrath! My little ones,
" If e'er, to bliss restored, ye reach your sire's

She ceased; and, had one
Beat worthy of its Savior, nc
Had spoke that proud appea
Are thrown on her worn limb
Her bound, up ceaseless wate
To Esmeralda, by the sparkli
Of Cerro Duïda's huge precip
Restrain'd with iron there, in
Confined, her eye dwells fixt
Of Oroonoko hurrying to the
Where rest immured her child
Lies at her feet. She speaks

Of loathsome and disgusting sympathies,
Smiles to her fancy; Death, her comforter.
She views the stream, as who, in burning climes
Where reigns the calenture, misled by love
Of his dear native meadows and the green
Delicious landscape, dreams of leafy glades
Umbrageous, sparkling with fresh morning dew,
Midst the calm ocean fever-struck, and dies
In that sweet error, sinking in the wave
As on a couch of herbage. She, deceived,
Sees in that flood, as fancy fires her brain,
Her hut, her husband, her blithe boys, and those
Two ravish'd innocents, from prison freed
To share that last delight. Her hollow cheek,
Foreshowing death's approach, wears yet a mien
Of such ecstatic rapture, that her eye
Seems lit by saintlike bliss. Silent and still,
As life beat slow and faint, she look'd away
Her soul upon the waters, and it pass'd
In that illusive dream without a sigh.

Peace rest upon her ashes! May the God,
Who sent His Own to gather his stray'd flock
And light the path to heaven, forgive her what
She knew not! and, by his all-saving power,
Guide her to living streams, there to abide
With her beloved by mercy's hand upraised,
Where want, and sorrow, and force shall never come,
Nor voice of her oppressors! May the wilds
Where those foul deeds were wrought, erewhile resound
To purer hymns of praise, and social love
In that huge continent exalt to heaven
Christ's worthiest temple, deck'd with freedom's crown!



NOTES.



NOTES.

Note 1.

Uniana. "The northernmost of the great cataracts of the Oroonoko is the only one bounded on each side by lofty mountains. The left bank of the river is generally lower, but makes part of a plane which rises again west of Atures toward the Peak of Uniana, a pyramid nearly three thousand feet high, and placed on a wall of rock with steep slopes. The situation of this solitary peak in the plain contributes to render its aspect more imposing and majestic."—*Humboldt's Personal Narrative,* vol. v. p. 43.

Note 2.

On either front, &c. "Near Atures the old trees were decorated with beautiful orchideas, yellow bannisterias, blue-flowered bignonias, peperomias, arums and pothoses. A single trunk displays a greater variety of vegetable forms, than an extensive space of ground contains in our countries. Close to the parasite plants peculiar to burning climates, we observed, not without surprize, in the centre of the torrid zone, and near the level of the sea, mosses resembling those of Europe."—*Humb. P. N.* vol. v. p. 49.

" On quitting the village of Turmero (near Caraccas) we discover a single tree, the famous *zamang del Guayre*, known throughout the province for the enormous extent of its branches, which form a hemispheric head five hundred and seventy-six feet in circumference. The zamang is a fine species of mimosa, the tortuous branches of which are divided by bifurcation. Its delicate and tender foliage displayed itself agreeably in the azure of the sky. We stopped a long time under this vegetable roof. The trunk of the zamang del Guayre which is found on the road from Turmero to Maracay is only sixty feet high and nine thick; but its real beauty consists in the form of its head. The branches extend like an immense umbrella, and bend toward the ground, from which they remain at an uniform distance of twelve or fifteen feet. The circumference of this head is so regular, that having traced different diameters, I found them one hundred and ninety-two and one hundred and eighty-six feet. One side of the tree was entirely stripped of its foliage, owing to the drought; and on the other side there remained at once leaves and flowers. Tillandsias, lorantheæ, cactus, pitahayas, and other parasite plants, cover its branches and crack the bark. The inhabitants of these villages, but particularly the Indians, hold in veneration the zamang del Guayre, which the first conquerors found almost in the same state in which it now remains. Since it has been observed with attention, no change has appeared in its thickness or height. This zamang tree must be at least as old as the Oratava dragon tree (*in Teneriffe*). There is something solemn and majestic in the aspect of aged trees, and the violation of these monuments of nature is severely punished in countries that are destitute of monuments of art. We heard with satisfaction that the present proprietor of the zamang had brought an action against a far-

mer, who had had the temerity to cut off a branch. The cause was tried, and the tribunal condemned the farmer. We find near Turmero and the Hacienda de Cura, other zamangs, the trunks of which are larger than that of Guayre, but their hemispherical head is not of equal extent."—*Humb. P. N.* vol. iv. p. 116.

Note 3.

Atures' fall. "It remains for me to speak of the rapids of Atures, which are found in a part of the valley where the bed of the river, deeply ingulfed, has almost inaccessible banks. It was only in a very few spots that we could enter into the Oroonoko to bathe between two cataracts, in coves where the waters have eddies of little velocity. Persons who have dwelt in the Alps, the Pyrenees, or even the Cordilleras, so celebrated for the fractures and the vestiges of destruction which they display at every step, can scarcely figure to themselves from a simple narration, the state of the bed of the river. It is traversed, in an extent of more than five miles, by innumerable dikes of rock that form so many natural dams, so many barriers like those of the Dnieper, which the ancients designated by the name of *Phragmoi.* The space between the rocky dikes of the Oroonoko is filled with islands of different dimensions; some hilly, divided into several paps, and two or three hundred toises in length; others small, low, and like simple shoals. These islands divide the river into a number of torrents that boil up as they break against the rocks; they are all furnished with *jaguas* and *cucuritos* with plumy leaves, and seem a mass of palm trees rising amid the foaming surface of the waters. The river is every where ingulfed in caverns, and in one of those caverns we heard the water roll at once over our heads and beneath our feet."—*Humb. P. N.* vol. v. p. 53—55.

"The cataracts of Atures and Maypures are the only cataracts which, situate in the equinoctial region of the New World, are decorated with the noble growth of palm trees. At all seasons they exhibit the aspect of real cascades."—*Humb. P. N.* vol. v. p. 58.

"When this noise [the noise of the cataracts of Atures and Maypures] is heard in the plain that surrounds the mission, at the distance of more than a league, you seem to be near a coast skirted by reefs and breakers. The noise is three times as loud by night as by day, and gives an inexpressible charm to these solitary scenes. What can be the cause of this encreased intensity of sound in a desert, where nothing seems to interrupt the silence of nature?" &c.—*Ib.* vol. v. p. 67.

"The calm of the atmosphere, and the tumultuous movement of the waters, produce a contrast peculiar to this zone. Here no breath of wind ever agitated the foliage, no cloud veils the splendor of the azure vault of heaven. A great mass of light is diffused in the air, on the earth strewn with plants with glossy leaves, and on the bed of the river as far as the eye can reach." —*Ib.* vol. v. p. 139.

"The *raudal* (rapid) of Maypures is easier to pass than that of Atures. To take in at one view the grand character of these stupendous scenes, the spectator must be stationed on the little mountain of Manimi, a granitic ridge that rises from the Savannah. We often ascended this mountain, for we were never weary of the view of this astonishing spectacle, concealed in one of the most remote corners of the earth. Arrived at the summit of the rock, the eye suddenly takes in a sheet of foam, extending a whole mile. Enormous masses of stone, black as iron, issue from its bosom. Some are paps grouped in pairs, like basaltic hills; others resemble towers, strong castles, and ruined buildings. Their gloomy tint contrasts with the silvery splendor

of the foam. Every rock, every islet is covered with vigorous trees, collected in clusters. At the foot of those paps, far as the eye can reach, a thick vapor is suspended over the river, and through this whitish fog the tops of the lofty palm trees shoot up. What name shall we give to these majestic plants? I suppose, &c. The leafy plume of this palm tree has a brilliant lustre, and rises almost straight toward the sky. At every hour of the day the sheet of foam displays different aspects."—*Humb. P. N.* vol. v. p. 137. "The river is 800 toises broad above the cataracts."—*Ib.* vol. v. p. 130.

Note 4.

Fire-plumed birds. The cock of the rock, or rock manakin, with splendid orange colored-plumage.

"We ventured to pass in our canoe through the latter half of the Raudal of Atures. We landed here and there to climb upon the rocks, which, like narrow dikes, joined the islands to one another. Sometimes the waters precipitate themselves over the dikes, sometimes they fall within them with a hollow noise. A considerable portion of the Oroonoko was dry, because the river had found an issue by subterraneous caverns. In these solitary haunts the rock manakin, with gilded plumage, (pipra rupicola,) one of the most beautiful birds of the tropics, builds its nest. The Raudalito of Carucari is caused by an accumulation of enormous blocks of granite. These blocks are piled together in such a manner as to form spacious caverns. We entered one of these caverns. The spot displayed one of the most extraordinary scenes of nature that we had contemplated on the banks of the Oroonoko. The river rolled its waters turbulently over our heads. It seemed as if it were the sea dashing against reefs of rocks: but at the entrance of the cavern we could remain dry

beneath a large sheet of water that precipitated itself in an arch from above the barrier. In other cavities, deeper but less spacious, the rock was pierced by the effect of successive filtrations. We saw columns of water, eight or nine feet broad, descend from the top of the vault and find an issue by clefts that seemed to communicate at great distances with each other."—*Humb. P. N.* vol. v. p. 630.

Note 5.

Living lamps. "An innumerable multitude of insects spread a reddish light on the ground, loaded with plants and resplendent with these living and moving fires, as if the stars of the firmament had sunk down on the savannah. On quitting the cavern, we stopped several times to admire the beauty of this singular scene."—*Humb. P. N.* vol. v. p. 623.

Note 6.

Lianas. Liana, *liane* in French, is the general name for twining or trailing plants which require support. The same extensive signification appears to be given by our colonists to the word *vine*, bind-weed having a more confined application; a word exactly analogous to liana is wanting in our language.

Note 7.

Ceiba. Bombax ceiba. Silk-cotton tree. A tree of the first magnitude, with five-fingered leaves, somewhat resembling those of the horse-chesnut, and very large solitary white flowers.

Note 8.

The mother's rock. Before we reach the confluence of the river Temi, a granitic hummock that rises on the western bank

[of the Atabapo] near the mouth of the Guasacavi fixed our attention; it is called the rock of the Guahiba woman, or the Rock of the Mother, Piedra della Madre. If in these solitary scenes man scarcely leaves behind him any trace of his existence, it is doubly humiliating for a European to see perpetuated by the name of a rock, by one of those imperishable monuments of nature, the remembrance of the moral degradation of our species, and the contrast between the virtue of a savage and the barbarism of civilized man. In 1797, the missionary of San Fernando had led his Indians to the banks of the Rio Guaviare, on one of those hostile excursions, which are alike prohibited by religion and the Spanish laws. They found in an Indian hut, a Guahiba mother with three children, one or two of whom were still infants. They were occupied in preparing the flour of cassava. Resistance was impossible; the father was gone to fish and the mother tried in vain to flee with her children. Scarcely had she reached the savannah, when she was seized by the Indians of the mission, who go to *hunt men*, like the Whites and the Negroes in Africa. The mother and her children were bound, and dragged to the banks of the river. The monk, seated in his boat, waited the issue of an expedition, of which he partook not the danger. Had the mother made too violent a resistance, the Indians would have killed her, for every thing is permitted when they go to the conquest of souls *(à la conquista espiritual)*, and it is children in particular they seek to capture, in order to treat them in the mission as *poitos*, or slaves of the Christians. The prisoners were carried to Fernando, in the hope that the mother would be unable to find her way back by land. Far from those children who had accompanied their father on the day in which she had been carried off, this unhappy woman showed signs of the deepest

despair. She attempted to take back to her family the children who had been snatched away by the missionary; and fled with them repeatedly from the village of San Fernando, but the Indians never failed to seize her anew; and the missionary, after having caused her to be mercilessly beaten, took the cruel resolution of separating the mother from the two children who had been carried off with her. She was conveyed alone towards the missions of the Rio Negro, going up the Atabapo. Slightly bound, she was seated at the bow of the boat, ignorant of the fate that awaited her; but she judged by the direction of the sun, that she was removing farther and farther from her hut and native country. She succeeded in breaking her bonds, threw herself into the water, and swam to the left bank of the Atabapo. The current carried her to a shelf of rock which bears her name to this day. She landed and took shelter in the woods, but the President of the Missions ordered the Indians to row to the shore, and follow the traces of the Guahiba. In the evening she was brought back. Stretched upon the rock *(la piedra de la Madre)* a cruel punishment was inflicted on her with those straps of manatee leather, which serve for whips in that country, and with which the Alcades are always furnished. This unhappy woman, her hands tied behind her back with strong stalks of Mavacure, was then dragged to the mission of Javita. She was then thrown into one of the caravanseras that are called *Casa del Rey*. It was the rainy season, and the night was profoundly dark. Forests till then believed to be impenetrable separated the mission of Javita from that of San Fernando, which was twenty-five leagues distant in a straight line. No other path is known but that of the rivers; no man ever attempted to go by land from one village to another, were they only a few leagues

apart. But such difficulties do not stop a mother who is separated from her children. Her children are at San Fernando de Atabapo; she must find them again, she must execute the project of delivering them from the hands of the Christians, of bringing them back to their father on the banks of the Guaviare. The Guahiba was carelessly guarded in the Caravansera. Her arms being wounded, the Indians of Javita had loosened her bonds, unknown to the Missionary and the Alcades. She succeeded by the help of her teeth in breaking them entirely; disappeared during the night; and at the fourth rising sun was seen at the mission of San Fernando, hovering around the hut where her children were confined. "What that woman performed," added the missionary who gave us this sad narrative, "the most robust Indian would not have ventured to undertake." She traversed the woods at a season when the sky is constantly covered with clouds and the sun during the whole day appears but for a few minutes. Did the course of the waters direct her way? The inundations of the rivers forced her to go far from the banks of the main stream, through the midst of woods where the movement of the waters was almost imperceptible. How often must she have been stopped by the thorny lianas, that form a net-work around the trunks they entwine! How often must she have swam across the rivulets that run into the Atabapo! This unfortunate woman was asked how she had sustained herself during four days. She said, that, exhausted with fatigue, she could find no other nourishment than those great black ants called *cachacos*, which climb the trees in long bands, to suspend on them their resinous nests. We pressed the missionary to tell us, whether the Guahiba had peacefully enjoyed the happiness of remaining with her children; and if any repentance had followed this

excess of cruelty. He would not satisfy our curiosity, but at our return from the Rio Negro we learnt that the Indian mother was not allowed time to cure her wounds, but was again separated from her children, and sent to one of the missions of the Upper Oroonoko. Here she died, refusing all kind of nourishment, as the savages do in great calamities. Such is the remembrance annexed to this fatal rock, to the Piedra de la Madre."—*Humb. P. N.* vol. v. p. 233.

Note 9.

San Fernando. " San Fernando de Atabapo is placed near the confluence of three great rivers, the Guaviare, the Atabapo, and the Oroonoko."—*Ib.* vol. v. p. 200. " The missionary of San Fernando has the title of President of the missions of the Oroonoko. The twenty-six ecclesiastics settled on the banks of the Rio Negro, the Cassiquiare, the Atabapo, the Caura, and the Oroonoko, are under his orders."—*Ib.* vol. v. p. 200.

" We found at San Fernando, as well as at the neighbouring villages of San Balthasar and Javita, pretty parsonage-houses, covered by *lianas,* and surrounded by gardens. The tall trunks of the pirijao palms formed in our eyes the most beautiful ornament of these plantations. In our walks, the President of the Mission gave us an animated account of his incursions on the river Guaviare. He related to us how much these journeys, undertaken ' for the conquest of souls,' are desired by the Indians of the mission. All, even women and old men, take part in them. On the vain pretext of recovering neophytes who have deserted the village, children above eight and ten years of age are carried off and distributed amongst the Indians as serfs." —*Ib.* vol. v. p. 215.

Note 10.

Turbid Guaviare, &c. The Rio Paragua [or Upper Oroonoko], that part of the Oroonoko which you go up to the east of the mouth of the Guaviare, has clearer, more transparent, and purer water than the part of the Oroonoko below San Fernando. The waters of the Guaviare, on the contrary, are white and turbid."—*Ib.* vol. v. p. 221.

Note 11.

Parima. " In the Oroonoko it is not near the origin of the river that the great cataracts are found. After a tranquil course of more than 160 leagues from the little *Raudal* of Guaharibos, east of Esmeralda, as far as the mountains of Sipapu, the river, augmented by the waters of the Jao, the Ventuari, the Atabapo, and the Guaviare, suddenly changes its primitive direction from east to west, and runs from south to north; and in crossing the land-strait (formed by the Cordilleras of the Andes of New Grenada and the Cordillera of Parima), in the plains of Meta, meets the advanced buttresses of the Cordillera of Parima. This obstacle is the cause of cataracts, &c."—*Ib.* vol. v. p. 42.

Note 12.

Mournful gulph.—Golfo Triste.

Note 13.

Snowy Bird. The carunculated chatterer.—*Latham Synopsis.* vol. ii. p. 98. plate 40. Cotinga blanc.—*Brisson* and *Buffon.* " These birds inhabit Cayenne and Brazil, and are said to have a very loud voice, to be heard half-a-league off, which is composed of two syllables, *in, an,* uttered with a drawling kind of

tone, though some have compared it to the sound of a bell. The Brazilian name is Guira-panga."—*Latham.* It is called Campanero, or bell-man, and delights in lonely parts of the forest.

Note 14.

Second forest in mid-air. "Clusters of palm-trees [of the species called *el Cucurito*], the leaves of which, curled like feathers, rise majestically at an angle of seventy degrees, are dispersed amidst trees with horizontal branches, and their bare trunks, like columns of 100 or 120 feet high, shoot up into the air, and appearing distinctly against the sky, resemble a forest planted upon another forest. When the moon was going down behind the mountains of Uniana, her reddish disk was hidden behind the pinnated foliage of the palm-trees, and again appeared in the aërial zone that separates the two forests."—*Humb. P. N.* vol. v. p. 46.

Note 15.

The wailing winds Stir not thro' that wide forest, &c. "When you have passed the latitude of three degrees north and approach the equator, you seldom have an opportunity of observing the sun and stars. It rains almost the whole year, and the sky is constantly cloudy. As the breeze is not felt in this immense forest of Guyana, and the refluent polar-currents do not reach it, the column of air that reposes in this wooden zone is not renewed by drier strata."—*Ib.* vol. v. p. 248.

Note 16.

Surcharged with fruit, &c. The fine pirijao palm bears fruit like peaches in flavour.—*Ib.* vol. v. p. 239.

Note 17.

Palm-string nets. The nets of the Indians are made of the petioles of palm-leaves.—*Humb.*

Note 18.

Huge dolphins. "In the thickest part of the forest we were astonished by an extraordinary noise. On beating the bushes a shoal of fresh water dolphins four feet long surrounded our boat. These animals had concealed themselves beneath the branches of a fromager or bombax ceiba. They fled across the inundated forest, throwing out those spouts of compressed air and water which have given them in every language the name of *blowers*. How singular was this spectacle in the middle of the land, three or four hundred leagues from the mouths of the Oroonoko and the Amazon!"—*Humb.* vol. v. p. 240.

Note 19.

Parrot-flowers. Heliconia Psittacorum, which bears scarlet and black flowers. The leaves of some species of Heliconia and other Scitamineous plants furnish covering for the Indian huts.

Note 20.

Jaguar. The South American tiger. "The jaguars, or tigers, come into the village of Atures and devour the pigs of the poor Indians."—*Humb.* vol. v. p. 76. The name of Boa for the largest snakes is universally known.

Note 21.

Its dark wave. "The waters of the Oroonoko are turbid and

loaded with earthy matter; those of the Atabapo are pure, agreeable to the taste, without any trace of smell, brownish by reflected, and of a pale yellow by transmitted light."—*Humb.* vol. v. p. 227. "What proves the extreme purity of the black waters is their limpidity; their transparency, and the clearness with which they reflect the images and colors of surrounding objects. The smallest fish are visible in them at the depth of twenty or thirty feet; and most commonly the bottom of the river may be discovered, which is not a yellowish or brownish mud, like the colour of the water, but a quartzose and granitic sand of dazzling whiteness. Nothing can be compared with the beauty of the banks of the Atabapo. Loaded with plants, among which rise the palms, crowned with leafy plumes, the banks are reflected in the waters; and the verdure of the reflected image seems to have the same vivid hue as the object itself directly seen, the surface of the fluid is so homogeneous, smooth, and destitute of suspended sand and decomposed organic matter which roughens and streaks the surface of less limpid rivers."—*Humb.* vol. v. p. 218.

Note 22.

Cerro Duïda. The river Cassiquiare, according to Humboldt, is as broad as the Rhine, or three times broader than the Seine opposite the Jardin des Plantes, and, running out of the Upper Oroonoko into the Rio Negro, forms a wonderful natural junction between the immense rivers Oroonoko and Amazon, which flow in different directions, the Rio Negro falling into the Amazon.—"Opposite the point [of the Upper Oroonoko] where the bifurcation takes place, the granitic group of Duïda rises in an amphitheatre on the right bank of the river. This mountain, which the missionaries call a volcano, is nearly 8000 feet high.

Perpendicular on the South and West, it has an aspect of solemn greatness: its summit is bare and stony; but wherever its less steep acclivities are covered with mould, vast forests appear suspended on its flanks. At the foot of Duïda is placed the mission of Esmeralda, a little hamlet with eighty inhabitants; surrounded by a lovely plain, bathed by rills of black but limpid water."—*Humb.* vol. v. p. 502. " A mineralogical error gave celebrity to Esmeralda. The granites of Cerro Duïda and Maraguaca contain in open veins fine rock crystals, some of them of great transparency, others colored by chlorit or blended with actinote, and they were taken for diamonds and emeralds."—*Ib.* p. 506.

Note 23.

The Southern Cross. A conspicuous constellation in the southern hemisphere.

Note 24.

Savage form. " It was among the cataracts that we began first to hear of the hairy man of the woods, called *salvaje*, that carries off women, constructs huts, and sometimes eats human flesh. The natives and missionaries have no doubt of the existence of this anthropomorphous monkey, which they singularly dread. Father Gili gravely relates the history of a lady in the town of Carlos (in Venezuela) who much praised the gentle character and attentions of the man of the woods. She lived several years with one in great domestic harmony, and only requested some hunters to take her back " because she was tired, she and her children (a little hairy also), of living far from the church and the sacraments."—*Humb.* p. 81. " We will not admit, with a Spanish author, that the fable of the man of the

woods was invented by the artifice of Indian women, who pretended to have been carried off, when they had been long absent from their husbands; we rather counsel travellers who shall visit the missions of the Oroonoko, to continue our researches on the *salvaje* or *great devil* of the woods; and examine whether it be some unknown species of bear, or some very rare monkey analogous to the simia chiropotes, or simia satanas, that can have given rise to such singular tales."—*Ib.* p. 84.

The absurdity of Humboldt's suggestion that the *salvaje* might be an unknown species of bear is too great to be passed over in silence. The accounts of this creature and its violence to women are exactly consistent with the habits of the African ourang-outang, and it cannot reasonably be doubted that they are referable to some analogous species of monkey. He adds, "We were every where blamed, in the most cultivated class of society, for being the only persons to doubt the existence of the great anthropomorphous monkey of America."—*Ib.* 82.

Note 25.

The nut's ponderous fall. The fall of the great nuts of the palm, called the juvia tree (bertholletia excelsa), which contain the triangular nuts known in England by the name of Para nuts, is mentioned by Humboldt as very dangerous to those who walk in the forests.

Note 26.

The tiger's rock, &c. A granitic pass known by the name of Piedra del Tigre. "This solitary rock is only sixty feet high, yet it enjoys great celebrity in these countries. A little to the South of the mountains of Sipapu, we reach the southern extremity of the chain of cataracts, which I proposed to call the

Chain of Parima. The whole of the land extending from the mountains of Parima toward the river of Amazons, which is traversed by the Atabapo, the Cassiquiare, and the Rio Negro, is an immense plain, partly covered with forests and partly with grasses. Small rocks rise here and there like castles."—*Humb.* v. 227. "After having passed the rapids of Guarinuma, the Indians showed us, in the middle of the forest, on our right, the ruins of the mission of Mendaxari which has been long abandoned. On the East bank, near the little rock of Kemarumo, in the midst of Indian plantations, a gigantic Bombax Ceiba attracted our attention. This enormous effort of vegetation surprised us the more, as we had till then seen on the banks of the Atabapo only small trees with slender trunks."—*Ib.* 228. "It was night when we arrived at the mission of San Balthasar. A Catalan missionary had planted a fine garden where the fig-tree of Europe was found in company with the persea, and the lemon tree with the mammee. The village was built with that regularity which in the North of Germany, and in protestant America, we find in the hamlets of the Moravian brethren."—*Ib.* 230.

"The ground from the mouth of the Guaviare constantly displays the same geological constitution. It is a vast granitic plain, in which from league to league the rock pierces the soil and forms not hillocks, but small masses that resemble pillars or ruined buildings."—*Ib.* 242.

Note 27.

Trees that fringe the bank. "The river Atabapo displays every where a peculiar aspect. You see nothing of its real banks formed by flat lands, eight or ten feet high: they are concealed by a row of palms and small trees with slender trunks, the roots of which are bathed by the waters. There are many crocodiles

... seek in vain on th
araguates or great howling
and the crested pheasant.
resembling the boa, are unf
gerous to the Indians who
the first day, swimming by
the most twelve or fourteer
" The night was beautifi
time over the zenith with
wind was felt in the lower s
existed only at the height of
accustomed to those forests
than those of the Oroonoko,
to hear the howlings of the
sported by the side of our b
Mr. Colebrooke, the delphin
water porpoise of the ancien
companies the boats that go

N

Temi's winding. "Above the
the Rio T...

another river, the Tuamini, the waters of which are equally black, we followed the latter toward the south-west. This direction led us to the mission of Javita, which is founded on the banks of the Tuamini."—*Humb. P. N.* vol. v. p. 243.

Note 29.

Zancudoes. "After a few minutes repose, you feel yourself stung by Zancudoes, another species of gnat with very long legs. The Zancudo, the proboscis of which contains a sharp-pointed sucker, causes the most acute pain and a swelling that remains many weeks."—*Ib.* p. 94. "At fixed and invariable hours, in the same season and the same latitude, the air is peopled with new inhabitants; and in a zone where the barometer becomes a clock, where every thing proceeds with such admirable regularity, we might guess blindfold the hour of the day or night by the hum of the insects, and by their stings, the pain of which differs according to the nature of the poison that each insect deposits in the wound."—*Ib.* p. 96.

Note 30.

Like one infirm. "The Indians of the upper Oroonoko, the Atabapo, the Inirida, have no other worship than that of the powers of nature. They call the good principle Cachimana; it is the Manitou, or Great Spirit, that regulates the seasons and favours the harvests. There is an evil principle, Iolokiamo, less powerful, but more artful, and in particular more active. The Indians of the forest, when they visit occasionally the missions, conceive with difficulty the idea of a temple or an image.—'These good people,' said the missionary, 'like only processions in the open air. When I last celebrated the patron-festival of my village, that of Antonio, the Indians of Inirida were present



THE

WIERD WANDERER

OF

JUTLAND.

A TRAGEDY.

JULIA MONTALBAN.

A TALE.

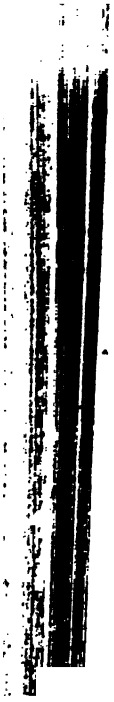
BY

THE HON. AND REV. WILLIAM HERBERT.

LONDON:

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.

1822.



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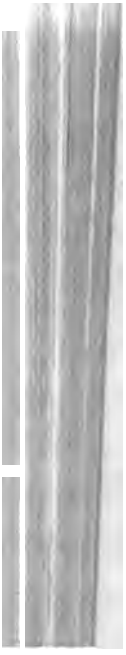
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THE

WIERD WANDERER OF JUTLAND.



SWENO.

UBALD.

REYNALD.

KNIGHTS,

Guests, Messengers, and

BERTHA.

AGNES.

THE WANDERER.

SCENE *in Jutland*—SWENO

TIME, *about*

THE

WIERD WANDERER

OF

JUTLAND.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Sweno's Hall; a Banquet.*

SWENO, UBALD, REYNALD, BERTHA, AGNES,

Knights, Ladies, and Attendants.

SWENO.

SIT, lords, and be the draught of pleasure fill'd
E'en to the goblet's brink! We bid you welcome.
And thou, dear lady, whose hand lock'd in mine,
As on this day, twenty blithe years have witness'd,
We pledge thee in this brimming cup of love.

Thanks, gentles, for this cou

SWEN

Time has sped well with us.

Wears yet the hue of freshne

While her ripe scion, our swe

With beauty's blush, like a ne

We lack not aught, wherewitl

As niggards of their gifts, bei

In our loved daughter and ad

Ubald, thy prowess in each lis

Speaks no mean lineage. As

UBALD

As things most dear, which from ill chance to shield,
I would encounter danger in such shapes
As human daring may but ill assay,
Be a son's duty, it is freely paid,
And Ubald still the debtor. Good my lord,
Your kindness makes me bankrupt of all thanks,
Save the poor service of a faithful arm
To ward your rights.

SWENO.

And we dare trust it, Ubald,
Though half our honors hung on the event.
To-morrow, sirs, it is our mind to hold
A gorgeous tournament, and, by my knighthood,
Who wins hath leave to be our daughter's suitor.
Good Reynald, is thy lance as keen and strong,
As when it tumbled the grim Saracen,
Horseman and horse, tilting in Palestine?

REYNALD.

Ay, noble Sweno; and a lovelier prize .

Makes not the hand more sluggard in the charge.
I pledge my glove to win.

SWENO.

Take it, young Ubald,
And may all guardian saints to-morrow speed thee!
So in the tilt thou dost approve thee victor,
Loud proclamation shall our heralds make
To all who dare impugn thy long-lost birthright;
And, if none answer to that bold appeal,
Valiant we know thee, and shall hold thee noble.

UBALD.

Ay, marry will I. If he cast his gauntlet,
And this arm thrust him from his saddle-bow,
By heaven and good Saint Olaf, he shall eat it,
As that huge dragon, which he slew in Syria,
Would have gulp'd up the princess of—
Plague on it!
I cannot scan the name of half those regions
Whence he has scared the devil and his imps.

REYNALD, *(rising.)*

Sweno, I was bred in war, and learnt the laws
Of knightly courtesy which arrests mine anger.
I know both what is due to host and guests;
Nor would I stain thy social board with blood
E'en of one chattering pie; else, taunting youth,
I well remember, how in Holy Land,
When a base renegade provoked my scorn
By some light speech, I slew the turban'd caitif
With his own rapier.

UBALD.

And made his bare skull
A bonnet for thy mistress.

SWENO.

Peace, peace, Ubald.
Let us have music. Friends, the merry Bacchus
Brims not your flowing cups with wonted glee.
Agnes, we tax thy sweet voice for a song.



I.

With a turf at her f
In her winding-shee
Shall Elfrid lie where the wild
But the deathless sh
Of her lost, lost, fam
Shall weigh like a stone on the

II.

There's a curse above
Upon faithless love,
Can turn the morning's ray to

III.

The curse shall cling
To the bridal ring
Of the faithless lord who left her to mourn;
An angel in the sky
Has graven it on high
On a scroll of fire that can ne'er be torn.

IV.

His bride is gay,
And his children play,
While Elfrid lies where the wild winds roar;
The fiend has set his mark
On their heads dark, dark,
And the spirit of vengeance is near his door.

(While she is singing, SWENO *appears strangely agitated, and interrupts her when she has just uttered the word* vengeance.*)*

SWENO.

'Tis a fiend's song. Where gat you that foul strain,
Crossing our mirth with such portentous sounds,
As if the deep could send the unshrouded dead
To scare us from our joys?

AGNES.

Father, it bodes not
Evil to us; a wild lay, long since learnt
From a wierd woman that craved alms: the notes
So sweetly rung in mine attentive ear,
Time has not robb'd me of their melody.

(Thunder and lightning, which had begun faintly while she was singing, becomes loud and bright, with noise of violent rain. The agitation of SWENO *increases.)*

SWENO.

The heavens frown on this our festival.
'Tis passing strange, that sounds of such dire omen
Should break upon our wassail; quelling the pulse

Of high-born mirth; turning the cheek of joy
To very paleness. Daughter, thy sad notes
Breathe an infectious gloom, and our kind guests
Have miss'd the scope of that sweet mirth we wish'd
them. *(Rising.)*
The tempest waxes, and this ancient castle
Rocks with the blast. May the sun's kindlier beam
Smile on our pomp to-morrow. I crave your leave.
Health and light thoughts attend our welcome friends.

[*Exeunt* SWENO, UBALD, BERTHA, AGNES *and others. Manent* REYNALD *and two other Knights.*]

REYNALD.

Great heaven! is this the man, whose mighty name
Is blown to the four corners of Christ's empire,
Famed for stern valor, marshalling in war
With proud array his feudatory swords
Like a half-king in Jutland! To be thus moved!

FIRST KNIGHT.

'Tis the distemper of his inward nature.

The subtle fluid of that flaming mischief
Which gives the thunder voice, steals to his heart
With secret sickness, curdling all the blood
Till his flesh creeps.

SECOND KNIGHT.

Ay; ever since that morn,
Which to his wedded couch gave noble Bertha.

FIRST KNIGHT.

'Twas a rough morn. The curse of that fair maid,
Who perish'd in the flood, hath ever since
Weigh'd like a stone on his distemper'd soul.

SECOND KNIGHT.

By heaven, methinks, when piping winds do blow,
Her form is manifest to his estranged eye,
As when she stood on the rock's slippery verge
That morn by Helen's chapel.

REYNALD.

Sirs, to me
Your words speak riddles.

SECOND KNIGHT.

Heard you ne'er the tale?
'Tis twenty years by-gone, as on this morn,
Since Sweno led, with pomp and bravery
Of princely cost, his bride unto the altar
In Helen's chapel, built on the beetling rock
Over the torrent, when Saint Mary's church
Lay under the Pope's ban, for a foul murder
Done in the very aisle while mass was singing.

REYNALD.

I have mark'd its site, a wild romantic spot;
And its high tower a goodly structure, now
Half ruinous: 'tis said that evil spirits
Shriek oft at night within its lonesome walls.

SECOND KNIGHT.

'Tis like they may; it hath been long disused,
A darksome fabric now, and the bleak winds
Howl through its broken casements.

FIRST KNIGHT.

But that morn
Of blazing tapers there was cost enough.

SECOND KNIGHT.

'Twas a gay pomp; but, as the nuptial train,
Advancing, near'd that huge o'er-shelving rock
Fast by the stream, the shrill winds mustering stirr'd
With such fierce outrage, that each flag was rent,
And the thick clouds seem'd big with lowering
tempest.
When, as they 'gan ascend, a form above
Stood with dishevell'd hair, that stream'd upon
The blustering gale. It was the loveliest shape,
My eyes ere then or since have witness'd; pale
As the chaste moon, and sad as sorrow's statue:
But a wild fierceness lighten'd from her looks,
As, with one hand out-stretch'd, she gave her words
To the rude blast of heaven. I heard them not
With clear precision render'd to mine ear,

But it was bruited, that on princely Sweno
And all his race she breathed a deadly curse,
Summoning them to the dread throne of judgment.

REYNALD.

Whence and who was she?

SECOND KNIGHT.

It was never known;
She vanish'd like a wraith; but on a bough,
Which overhung the swoln stream's eddying foam,
Her mantle was found, drench'd by the angry flood;
And 'tis past doubt, she perish'd in the waters,
Which roar'd that night, as they would burst their bed.

REYNALD.

How fared the bridal?

SECOND KNIGHT.

Sad as a death-wake.
The bridegroom rapt in care, like one distraught
By some dark agony; his lovely bride

Made every face like a gaui

FIRST K

Ne'er has good Sweno, since
Held the mind's peaceful ten
And the hoarse thunder mak
His heart seems touch'd as b
Shrivelling its core; and som
That preys within his soul, bl

REYNAI

'Tis past belief, in one, whose
Fame's chronicle, far-told; filli
Of expectation with amazing d
Lending new lustre to renowne

Unless it be yon flower of chivalry,
All conquering Ubald, fame and fortune's minion.

REYNALD.

Whence sprung that fiery youth, whose haughty eye
Lords o'er this court, as if created man
Was form'd for him, not he to yield man service;
So confident, and reckless?

SECOND KNIGHT.

Faith I know not.
The lady Bertha found him, a weak infant,
Cradled midst roses and all summer sweets
In that fair chamber, now young Agnes' bower,
Fast by the blooming garden. The strange elf,
Lapt in deep slumber, smiled, and waking stretch'd
Its little arms as if imploring kindness;
And she, just risen from a matron's throes,
To pitying love by that endearment moved,
Kiss'd its chill'd lips that ask'd the milk of nature,
And on her beauteous bosom bade it hush.

Protection first, then favour he obtain'd,
Waxing in years, and wealth, and valour; proud
As if from kingly blood, but as a lion,
And mastering all spirits by his strength,
The people's darling, and the bulk of battle.

FIRST KNIGHT.

Saving your prowess, I would pawn my sword
He wins to-morrow: for of Denmark's knights
There lives not one can stand this Uhald's onset.

REYNALD.

Is it thus? Yet shall he find one shaft too doughty,
Tried oft at Acre and at Ascalon,
Which hath beat down the brunt of Mahound's chieftains,
Though arm'd with spells of Paynim sorcery.

FIRST KNIGHT.

God speed you, sir! 'Twill be no mean encounter
Shall stoop his crest to-morrow.

SECOND KNIGHT.

Till then, Reynald,
Let us be joyous, and with some free cheer
Kill lagging time.

REYNALD.

E'en so; we have seen no spectres;
And yet methinks all heaven's blasts are stirring,
And its rent bosom seems one sheet of flame.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

A Grove in the Garden before the Castle, which is seen through the trees. The storm is abating.

THE WIERD WANDERER (*alone.*)

Hist! hist! Wild striving elements, be still,
Ominous and still, as brooding mischief is!
When the fell draft of vengeance shall be quaff'd
E'en to its bloody dregs, then, then laugh out,

Thou damned spirit of the storm! Foul fiend,
Hast thou so many years of loneliness,
Whispering revenge, still borne me fellowship,
And now, when fate's retributory curse
Draws nigh to the achievement, canst thou not wait
For hellish joy, till the full spell be woven?
Hist! hist! and thou, bright sun, shine forth in glory,
Until the moment of appointed justice!
The day has been, when I could ill have bided
The pitiless tempest and that strife of nature;
But sold to fiends, I dread not now their workings,
Lost in despair, and reft of every gift
That makes life joyous—Hark! 'Tis Sweno's voice!
The morn shall not dawn twice, ere thou be summon'd
To thy doom! life for life!—Away! away!

[*Exit.*

[*Enter from the Castle,* SWENO, BERTHA.]

SWENO.

The bolts have spent their fire; yon lurid cloud

Still, and disburthen'd of its teeming wrath,
Hangs like a misty shroud on the horizon.
The air is calm; Bertha, I breathe more freely.

BERTHA.

Nay, good my lord, I needs must hold it strange
E'en to the natural temper of your soul,
That you, so far removed from taint of fear,
Instant in danger, firm in resolution,
Should start, thus from yourself estranged and wild,
At these rude flaws of nature, making
Unkind divorce between your alter'd thoughts
And that sweet peace they owe you.

SWENO.

O loved Bertha,
There be some thoughts too deep for time to medicine,
Which on the seemliest and freshest cheek
Would stamp dread's livery, though the heart were steel.

BERTHA.

What thoughts? strange roamings of the troubled fancy,
Air-blown imagination's empty bubble!
For shame, my lord; this is the bodiless spectre
Of that poor maniac, whose ill-omen'd vision
Comes, like the shadow of a passing cloud,
O'er the bright mirror of your better judgment.
Fie on't, a dream.

SWENO.

Would that it were a dream,
That I could shake the wrathful spectre from me!
The curse of that dread hour will live for ever.
Call Agnes forth: I have a fearful thought,
Some secret evil overhangs my child.
Perchance her sight may soothe me.

BERTHA.

Be more cheerly;
Sweno, our guests attend us. [*Exit* BERTHA.

SWENO *(alone.)*

Vengeful fate,
Dost thou indeed pursue me! Will not years
Atone for one offence! Last night methought
A voice as from my father's tomb cried, "Sweno,
"Thine hour is come! the curse is o'er thine house!"
To-day, as I approach'd the festive hall,
That flaming cherub seem'd to bar my passage,
Which in my life's most prosperous hours of pride,
A dreadful vision, oft has cross'd my path.

[*Enter* AGNES.]

SWENO, (*embracing her.*)

Ever beloved, forefend thee, gracious heaven!
Thy father's heart is sad.

AGNES.

My honor'd sire,
This is the very breathing hour of bliss;
The storm is roll'd away, and merry birds
Do trick their plumes, and sing their cheerful welcome
To the mild beam of evening.

SWENO.

The heart of youth

Is ever blithe and buoyant.

AGNES.

Good my father,

To-day my wayward strain offended you.

Shall I sing one, which oft has sooth'd your fancy

In the slow hours of sickness? Much you praised

Its melody, and somewhat the poor skill

That gave it voice.

SWENO.

No, not a song, my Agnes.

Music itself is out of tune to-day;

Thy gladsomest notes would fall upon my ear

E'en as a passing knell.

AGNES.

Yet is this day

Held festive in our annals, chief for me

And my loved father.

SWENO.

Beshrew me, noble maid,
If thou shalt lack the joys that well beseem
Thy spring of life. The heyday of my blood
Is chill'd by the mind's winter; nature wears not
That bland aspect, which to the eye of youth
Shows all her forms in pleasant colors deck'd.
Thou shalt not miss delights or princely state,
While Sweno girds a sword.

AGNES.

I lack no joys
In thy kind presence: from thy brow to chase
The gloom, to sing to thee my playful ditties
Winning thy lips to smile, and in thine eyes
To read a father's blessing, these are joys
Enough for Agnes; nor of gayer sports
Is the voice hush'd in bounteous Sweno's palace.

[*Enter* UBALD.]

SWENO.

How fare our guests?

UBALD.

Sweno, we miss thy presence.
Upon my troth thou hast a royal guest!
That knight drinks deep, but yet his boastful speech
Shames his poor draught.

SWENO.

The noble Reynald, Ubald?

UBALD.

Ay, he from Palestine. O I could pluck the beard
Of such a vaunter! Pshaw! it moves my spleen
To see a comely knight and stout withal
First praise his wine, then praise himself more largely,
Still giving birth to some amazing tale
Between the cup and lip. Why, sir, this man
Kills you more sultans with each draught he quaffs
Than there be signs in the bright zodiac.—Arthur,
And he who slew the dragon, hight Saint George,
Were puny champions! Agnes, this proud gallant
Will purge all Heathendom, and place his bride

Upon the top-stone of Jerusalem.
A murrain on such talkers!

SWENO.

Thy blood, Ubald,
Knows no controul. Reynald stands well esteem'd,
And many a hard field has he fought beside
England's bold lion Richard.

UBALD.

Ay, so he has;
And mown the heads of Paynim sorcerers
As boys slay poppies. So it stands recorded
Even on the faith of his own boastful speech.
Ubald must vail his crest to such high worth.

(taking off his helmet, and walking impatiently.)

SWENO.

Rein thy rash temper. Something bodes within me
That evil hangs over the house of Sweno;
Perchance from thy quick passion. O my daughter,
If this thy hairbrain'd playmate should be victor,
Thou wilt have a wild bridegroom.

UBALD.

O good sir,

I am rejected, scorn'd! I have not taken
A soldan by the beard in Ascalon.

SWENO.

God speed thee, boy. Time was the riotous blood
So kindled in my veins; but now the frost
Of years steals o'er my pride. No son of mine
Shall reap my ample honors; when I fall,
My house is lonely. Ubald, it needs a prop,
And who shall take this guerdon from my hand
With her rich heritage, must stand approved
In feat of arms unrivall'd.

UBALD.

Princely Sweno,
Forgive the hasty and impatient spirit
Which boils within me. Whom have I on earth
But thee, my more than father? Witness heaven,
If Ubald harbours in his ardent soul
One wish, but to be worthy thee and thine!

SWENO.

And so perchance thou art. That lofty temper
Which gleams from out thy soul, shows some high birthright,
Though unreveal'd.—Agnes, we tarry long.

[*Exeunt.*

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE—*A Grove of Ancient Trees with a View of the Castle. A fine Evening after the Storm.*

THE WANDERER, (*alone.*)

The storm is hush'd; the turmoil'd elements slumber,
And the fierce gale, which rock'd those battlements,
Is lull'd and motionless. Meek Nature now,
Her fitful passion o'er, sleeps like an infant,
A playful smile bedewing its moist lips
As its eye sinks in stillness.—There is pleasure
In the calm aspect of the firmament
E'en when the mind is phrensied. The gaunt wretch,
Midst hideous shapes that haunt his fever'd couch,
Blesses the day-breeze, and the soothing light
That beams from the blue heaven. How sweet the breath

Of this mild evening! It steals over me
With thoughts that have been long foregone. O Nature,
Parent of our best joys, how have I scared thee!
Through what terrific mazes has the fiend
Led my despairing steps! These aged trees
Spread their green honors to the sun that gilds them
In beauty yet unblighted, as when first
I trod their shade in youth: but vengeful thoughts
Have prey'd upon my vitals; they have gnaw'd
Like the foul worm in secret, till this form,
Once ripe with loveliness, has grown a curse,
A thing for wolves to bay, man's scorn and terror.

(*Starting with a look of derangement.*)

Hark, hark! It is my mother's shriek! I hear it;
I hear it now: the sob, the frantic laugh
Of my dead parent! They say the devil laughs,
When murder is doing. Mother! Mother! look up!
Know'st thou not me, thine own, thy blighted child?

'Twas thus when she was dying; she knew me not,
Her strange eye fixt upon the vacant air!
(*Starting again.*)
Hark to that shriek again!—Unquiet spirit,
Hush! hush!—Vengeance is dark and silent; slow,
But certain as the shaft of destiny.
Here, like death's messenger, I yield my being
To the achievement of that fearful vision,
Perpetual inmate of my burning thoughts,
By day my agony, the bitter dream
Of my distemper'd nights.
[*Enter* AGNES *and* URALD.]
See, where they come,
Two heedless fowls, into the net of fate!
Be still, weak heart! Hush. Hush.
(She withdraws, and conceals herself in the hollow trunk of an old tree.)

AGNES.

The evening star,

They say, is love's sweet harbinger. How its beam,
Ere yet the sun has ta'en his last farewell,
With every pleasant omen bids us welcome!
After her boisterous throes Nature smiles on us.
See, how each dewy flower is wreath'd with pearls!
The sun all-radiant is with glory passing
To his bright chamber. Seems it not so, love?

UBALD.

O Agnes, all my thoughts are full of joy;
And the hot blood so tingles in my veins,
Methinks I could outstrip his lazy course,
Unto his orient palaces, and drag
Star-throned Dominion from her seat in heaven.

AGNES.

O rash in valour, as in love most wild!

UBALD.

Nay, Agnes, on my troth I love thee soother
Than the sick miser loves his hoarded pelf,
Than the fat burgher his wine-mantled cup,

Cowards their lives, sleek hypocrites their lies.
I' faith, sweet lass, thou think'st I love thee well.

AGNES.

Thou art a saucy knave to say me thus.

UBALD, (*playfully.*)

Think'st thou, my Agnes, if love's hope were granted,
Hymen his torch just lighting, all joys ready
And fit appliances of blissful state,
The bridal deck'd, chambers with perfume breathing,
That my fond grasp would cling to this soft palm
(*taking her hand*)
As its best treasure?

AGNES.

Faith, it need not call
The tell-tale blushes to a virgin's cheek,
To cry thee, ay.

UBALD, (*laughing*).

Yet on my word I would not;
So I must creep inglorious to thy couch,

As the worm seeks its mate. My Agnes' husband
Must be enshrined in the full blaze of glory.
O I will place thee in such eminence,
That men shall bow, women miss their proud looks,
And all cry hail, as to the sun of nature!

AGNES.

Ah me! thou art a truant to true love.
'Twas ever thus; Agnes hath scarce a part
In the impetuous yearnings of thy fancy.
There is some charm, some ill-devised spell,
That binds me closer to thy wayward soul,
Else would I (*she hesitates*).

UBALD, (*smiling*).

What wouldst thou, Agnes?

AGNES.

(*after a pause, leaning on him tenderly.*)

Love thee ever!
And more for that untamed rebellious spirit,
Which oft in every day's revolving space

Thrills me with shapeless fears. O Ubald, Ubald,
Agnes hath being but in thy look's sunshine.
To be thine, thine, were bliss: of other union
The thought with icy chill upon my heart
Falls like death's warning.

UBALD.

Of another union!
God's mercy! is not Agnes mine? my prize?
My life, my better self? Have I not won thee, earn'd thee?
Taken thee to my soul's core? my crown, my glory!

AGNES.

Would that to-morrow were past! The palm of strife
Hangs on a slippery chance. Thine arm is matchless,
But the weak flutter of a maiden's fear
Draws the blood curdling to the seat of life,
When in the balance hangs all hope of bliss,
And in one scale is death.

UBALD.

My blushing trembler,

What arm of man, in tourney or in war,

Has bow'd my crest? Who has withstood my dint?

And when this hand, worth mines of adamant,

Is the high guerdon of the bloodless tilt,

Will Ubald's arm be not itself to-morrow?

AGNES.

I should be fearless, for on thee my trust

Leans with true confidence; my bosom throbs

Responsive to hope's pulse, and still is joyous.

UBALD.

Speak ever thus! If valor could be lull'd,

There is a charm in thy Circëan smile

Might steep it in perdition.

AGNES.

Dear Ubald,

I well remember, I was scant thirteen,

A wayward girl scarce witting what I loved,

When one bright morn, beneath the embowering grove
Deep in yon flowery garden, I was stretch'd.
My hair all loose, my wimple cast aside,
And my young fancy was upon the wing
Shaping fond wishes; when, as I mine eyes
Uplifted, by my side there stood a form
Such as I ne'er had seen. Her dress was strange,
And motley; her cheek wore a sallow hue,
But ardent through that dark complexion glow'd
A hectic flush: her look had such a spell
As passes human tongue to tell or liken,
The coiled serpent's spell, that charms its prey
By the eye's glance; nor could I my face withdraw
From the full speculation of that eye
That gazed upon me, sweet, but sadly wild;
A look, that seem'd to tell of other joys
Than were familiar to her present garb.
Her figure, though in guise terrific, show'd
Perfect concordance, well-turn'd symmetry,

And the fine features of her tawny face
Seem'd beauty's ruin.

UBALD.

Certes a wierd woman;
Such figures sometimes cross our path in life,
Holding deep converse with our destinies,
Which for small price they oft reveal most strangely.

AGNES.

'Twas even so. Silent some while she stood,
Then, with a voice that lack'd not melody,
Pour'd a wild ditty, whose sweet-warbled notes
Still vibrate strangely on my captived ear.
Then gently on my hand she fix'd her touch,
While I lay witched by that harmony,
And with enquiring finger search'd my palm,
Which I half fearful yielded, half content;
And she would tell my fate, for such small coin
As my young means might tender.

UBALD.

Did thine ear

Receive her hidden lore?

AGNES.

O yes, my pulse
Throbb'd high and quick with expectation.
She said, my soul was weak, but apt for love,
And, if I lack'd not courage, I should wed
My soul's best treasure; but this threat subjoin'd,
If knight or prince should win my fated hand,
Who owed his state to aught save shining valor,
Frightful perdition would o'erwhelm my house
And his that wed me.

UBALD.

That strange tale is rife;
And I do well believe, sweet flower of Jutland,
Predicted ruin hath scared many a suitor,
Whose lordly crest and richly purfled trappings
Shrunk from the threat of fate.

AGNES.

Blest be that curse,
Which daunts the prowess of unwelcome rivals!

UBALD.

Nay, sweetest, would I had a thousand rivals,
And on each head a princely diadem,
So I might pluck bright honor from their crests,
And place it on my Agnes' brow of beauty!

AGNES.

Insatiable of glory! Will no thought
Of thy loved Agnes win thy soul to mildness?
O Ubald! if thine arm be blest to-morrow,
Our course is level; the fair gales of heaven
Will waft us to that fairy land of hope,
Which we have gazed on, as the mariner
After long peril of the boisterous seas.
But if mischance attend thee, here I vow,
By our best hopes, by all these maiden blushes,
No force shall yield this hand, thine own true hand,
To other lord: and well my soul assures me,

(Though mystery hangs o'er thy secret birth)
That Ubald came not of ignoble race.
Valor and love uphold thine arm to-morrow!
Till then, farewell.

[*Exit* AGNES.

UBALD (*thoughtfully.*)

Of an ignoble race!
It cannot be! I feel within me that,
Which doth confirm me of proud origin. Else
Why throbs my breast with aspirations
Of such high nature? The steed bred for toil,
Though pamper'd in the stall of lordly knights,
Paws not the field, nor snuffs the air, and neighs,
As the swift Arab, when the din of war
Comes on his ears erect. Yet would I give
Wealth, power, all pomp of pleasure, and all hope
Save thee, loved Agnes, and this trusty sword,
To know my sire.

(*He stands thoughtfully;* THE WANDERER *comes forth unobserved.*)

WANDERER.

Minion of valor, hail!

UBALD.

Ha! a wierd wanderer of the lonely forest!
If knowledge dwells within that sallow breast,
She shall resolve my fate.——Woman,—if woman,
Nor rather of such beings as in deserts
Have airy habitation!—canst thou call
To thy mind's eye the semblance of the past,
And things still seal'd in the deep womb of time,
Lifting the veil of mazy destiny?
Speak what I am, what I shall be hereafter.

WANDERER.

Ubald, strange fates hang o'er thee. Thou shalt win,
But winning lose, and in one day's short circle
Thou shalt drain all the cup of bliss and anguish.

UBALD.

Foul prophetess, unfold thy hidden meaning.

WANDERER.

Peace, peace, rash youth.

UBALD.

Wierd woman, name my sire!

WANDERER.

I may not now. There is a spirit nigh,
Which, if that name were breathed, would shriek aloud
With such dire adjuration of revenge,
That thy young heart would shrivel like a scroll
Wrapt in devouring flames.

UBALD.

Nay then, my sword—

WANDERER.

Impotent and vain! think'st thou, that death
Has terrors, for who walks night's hideous round
Like a bann'd spirit, to life's joys and light
Than death itself more dead?

UBALD.

Fear'st not mine arm?

WANDERER.

As teeming tempest dreads the mutinous thunder;
As the sea trembles when its billows roar.

UBALD.

Terrific woman, I adjure thee, name him.

WANDERER.

Men deem thee valiant, Ubald. Thou didst climb,
A fearless stripling then, (myself did mark it,)
The giddy height to the crag's beetling brow,
And from its eyrie tore'st the unfledged eaglet.

UBALD.

'Tis true; where never human step had clomb
Upon the perilous edge, self-poised, I slew
The parent savage screaming in mid air
O'er the void chasm, and seized its callow young.

WANDERER.

Did that vain bauble fill thy soul? Below thee,
Strong in its beauty, lay this smiling province
And Sweno's stately dome. What were thy thoughts,

Proud boy, as firm upon the slippery ledge
Thy foot stood fix'd, and the keen eye survey'd
All the wide plain beneath it?

UBALD.

Thou hast touch'd
A string, to which this heart knows well to answer.
By heaven, I gazed from that rash eminence
With no mean pride. My eye stretch'd wide and far
O'er fields and wastes, hamlets and haunts of men,
E'en to the sea sail-studded; and methought
E'en then, some heritage as fair and princely
Should own me lord.

WANDERER.

And so perhaps 'tis written
In the closed page of fate. A bloody star
Glared o'er thy birth. Deeds must be done, ere thou
Lord o'er the right of thy proud ancestry,
Shall turn the pure sun red. Darest thou obey
The fearful call of thine high destinies?

UBALD.

To the world's verge, though bottomless and unseen.
Light thou the ominous beacon; let thine arm
Point o'er the field of death, and I will follow!

WANDERER.

Valiant!—'tis well: but fame delivers thee,
Though vain and choleric, yet weak withal,
And the frail slave of woman. Darest thou win
Thy way to vengeance, and re-assert thy name,
Though white arms stretch to hold thee, and loved eyes
Weep blood for pity?

UBALD.

What beseems a man,
That Ubald dares, though all Circassia's smiles
Were leagued to lure him.

WANDERER.

That which vengeance bids
Beseems a man, and thine own wrongs demand it.
Fate has no middle path. Dost thou love, Ubald?



Death is

Of those smooth lips thou wooe

That beauteous form which thy

The hair dishevell'd and the whi

Hang on thine arm for mercy, an

To the stern call of vengeance, st

E'en to her heart's blood, Ubald?

UBALD.

Cu

From what abhorr'd spring flows t

WANDERER.

It *is* hell speaks! It is the voice of

From the deep throne of night! F

UBALD.

Woman, thy reason swims; thy thoughts are wild.

WANDERER.

I am not strange; sometimes the dizzy mist
Hangs o'er my brain, and things, long past, seem present.
'Tis the mind's noontide now; the horizon gleams,
And that for which my eyeballs long have strain'd
Glares close within my grasp.

UBALD.

Away, wierd woman!
I hold not parley with hell's messengers.

WANDERER.

Thou canst not leave me, save it be my will;
A spell is on thee, Ubald! What fate bids,
Thine arm must execute. The hour is ripe,
The word is gone forth from the throne of judgment:
The spirit of the deep has spoken it.
Hark, Ubald, fear not! To thy bridal feast

Bid the wierd wanderer.—Do I read contempt
In thy keen eye? Ha! do these weeds offend thee?

UBALD.

Unearthly form, away!

WANDERER.

Impetuous youth!
When thine heart swells with hope, I shall be near thee!
Thou standest blind upon the fiery brink
Of that deep gulph, which it were death to plunge in;
But heaven shall succour and uphold thee, Ubald.
Go forth in pride! go fearless! strike and conquer!

UBALD.

Mysterious prophetess! thy words are awful.

WANDERER.

More shalt thou know hereafter:—this learn, Ubald,
There is a fearful record in the heavens;
Angels have written it; the dead bears witness.
Sweno's whole heritage, this envied province,

And that weak maid withal, were a poor barter
For just revenge.

[*Exit* WANDERER.

UBALD, (*alone.*)

Forbidden lore perchance
And sight of visions not for man design'd
Have crazed thee, beldame. Yet was I light before,
And thou hast thrown a load on me. Thy features
Have some strange power which thrills me.—This rich province!
Why ay; if Sweno's daughter be my bride,
Who shall gainsay my claims?—Ha! spoke she true?
My name, my sire unknown; the rights, by nature
Stamp'd on this brow, abolish'd quite and lost;
No ancient crest this gorgeous helm adorning;
Shall slaves call Ubald upstart? The blood cries,
This must not be!—O, though unknown, revered!
Father! how longingly my thoughts have yearn'd
To know thy lineaments! If death has snatch'd thee

From this our nether world, look down on me!
For oft thy form has strode across my slumbers!
If treason has foredone thee, and robb'd thy son
Of his best heritage, thy spotless name,
O speak to me, in night's still gloom reveal'd,
Declare thy wrongs! Let Ubald fall, or wreak them!

[*Enter* Reynald.]

REYNALD.

Thou art wrapt in thought. Men speak thee keen and lightsome,
Not given to musing.

UBALD.

Each humor hath its hour.
There is a blithe hour for the lip of love;
The sparkling goblet, the bold clamor of battle
Have theirs: there is an hour for deeper thoughts,
When the soul soars alone beyond the clay
That cramps its nature. Be thou welcome, Reynald;
To-morrow must thine helmet bow before me;
This night let us be cheery.

REYNALD.

Thou art boastful,
Rash youth! Reynald is little wont to strive,
Save with his equals. His sword strikes down the lofty,
But spares the herd.

UBALD, (*laying his hand on his sword.*)

To me? to me this, Reynald?

REYNALD.

To whom it fits. Valor on lordly crests
Sits like a jewel in the diadem,
Giving and taking lustre. On the low
It shines unseemly, like love's rosy chaplet
On the bald front of age, and moves our pity.

UBALD, (*drawing his sword.*)

Thou hast said that which must be rued in blood.

REYNALD.

Not for thy worth, but that good gift of knighthood
By princely Sweno's hand too largely lavish'd,
I will e'en joust with thee to-morrow, Ubald.

So thou shalt learn the weight of that tried arm
Which Pagans shrink from.

UBALD.

By heaven, thou liest, to say
'Twas largely lavish'd! Thou darest not for thy life
Brand me with lowly birth, though half my honors
Lie in abeyance, and are meekly worn,
Till it shall please high heaven to reveal
My birthright. The pure blood throbs here more warmly,
Caitif, than thine.

REYNALD.

That speech has seal'd thy doom;
Thou shalt not live to view to-morrow's tourney.

[*They fight. Enters* SWENO *with his sword drawn.*]

SWENO.

Forbear, Ubald, forbear! I charge thee, cease!
Kind sir, (*to* REYNALD) beseems it ill with such rude broils

To scare our festive joys. Put up, good Ubald.
I pray ye, sirs, on pain to lack our friendship,
Pursue this wrath no further. Let not hate
Lurk in these walls, to rear her deadly front
Amidst our mirth. Pray ye, be friends. Who shivers
One lance in wrath is banish'd from our tourney.

UBALD.

We shall have scope hereafter. Farewell, Reynald.

[*Exit* Ubald.

SWENO.

Reynald, we should this eve be light and gladsome,
But some unfriendly doom o'ertakes and thwarts us.

[*Exeunt.*

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

Scene I.

The Tournament. A Pavilion in front of the Area in which are the Lists. If it is not convenient to give a Representation of the Fight, the Scene must be so arranged that the Actors may appear to look down upon the Area in the back of the Stage which is out of the sight of the Audience.

Sweno, Bertha, Agnes, *and Attendants.*

SWENO.

The eye of day looks cheerly on our meeting,
And the bright bucklers of our helmed knights
Send back his courtesy in gleams of fire.

(*flourish.*)

BERTHA.

Who rides so proudly with yon cross of red?

SWENO.

'Tis doughty Reynald, and that black devise
Is the known emblem of illustrious Biorn.

(*flourish.*)

BERTHA.

Mark how they charge! how lance and buckler crash!
The red-cross wins: that sable crest is low.

AGNES.

O father, who is yonder giant champion,
Whose lance seems weightier than a weaver's beam,
He of the eagle-crest?

SWENO.

Harald of the Isles.
A readier knight hath never buckled steel!
And by my faith a noble wooer, Agnes.
I knew not of his presence. This day's prize
Hath drawn a sturdy suitor to the lists,
And our best gallants quail. By heavens, I miss

Their prompt alacrity: strong Harald rides
Round the void lists as victor, undefied,
And not a lance is couch'd.—See!

Shout without.

Ubald! Ubald!

SWENO.

See, how young Ubald dares him to the proof!
His lance is in the rest.

(*flourish.*)

On, on they rush,
Like the swift whirlwind; they are lost in dust.
By heaven, 'tis proudly done!

(*Agnes screams faintly, looking forward with eagerness.*)

Shout without.

An Ubald! Ubald!

SWENO.

Why that huge champion of the misty isles
Cumbers a rood of ground.—Right gallant Ubald!

O daughter, thou hast lost a princely bridegroom,
And his broad lands in Orkney. Much I marvel
Who may withstand that dint which unhorsed Harald.

BERTHA.

Lo, where the red-cross gleams!

SWENO.

High-crested Reynald!
If any strength can bide him, it is thine!

(*flourish.*)

BERTHA.

What ails thee, child? Thy cheek is blanch'd with fear.
Remember, Agnes, of what blood thou comest.

SWENO.

Lightning is not more sudden than their charge.
Saint Mary! they bear them nobly, both unharm'd;
The area shakes beneath them. See! they wheel,
Like two big clouds careering in mid air.

(*The clash of s*

BERTHA.

Now heaven defend thee, Ubald! thou
Of all thy prowess.

AGNES.

O his foot hath
Eternal mercy, save him!

SWENO.

He is up
He bears him like a lion in the fight.
His blows rain thick as hail.

Shout without.

Hurrah

SWENO.

Our lion-cub has gain'd the day, and nobly.

Shout without.

Ubald! brave Ubald is the victor! Ubald!

[*Flourish. Enter* UBALD, *and other* KNIGHTS.]

[*Enter* UBALD, *with his drawn sword in his left hand, and the broken sword of Reynald in his right.*]

UBALD.

A boon, a boon, sir! Bid thy seneschal
Cut heronshaw and peacock with this blade,
This boasted dragon-carver from Aleppo!

SWENO.

Ubald, we greet thee with a parent's joy,
The day is thine; but ere we make thee welcome
As our child's suitor, whose abashed cheek
Has changed fear's livery for a brighter color,
Loud proclamation must the trumpet make,
To all, whatever be their rank or station,

Sounding our summons; so they may unfold
The mystery of thy birth, which we deem noble.

[*Enter* Reynald *and others.*]

UBALD.

Make proclamation for a leech, my sire!
The conqueror of the east, the sultan-slayer,
Has wrench'd his princely sinew. Faith 'tis well,
Else Ubald had been minced by this rare blade,
As trenchermen cleave larks. Say'st thou not, Reynald?

REYNALD.

False boy, thou didst take vantage of my mercy.
'Twas thy foot slipp'd; and, but I staid mine arm
In pity to thy youth, thou wert not here
To taunt me thus. Thou, when I thought thee shent,
Didst, tygerlike, spring on me unawares,
And that tried falchion snapp'd.

UBALD.

Aye, this strong weapon,
To which the skulls of infidels were paper,
Broke on the boy's arm. O 'twas foully play'd
To deal the blows too fast upon thee, Reynald!
I cry thee pardon. It behoved me wait
Till Reynald had ta'en breath. 'Twas most dis-
courteous;
I should have waited on my bended knee
Thine own good time.

REYNALD.

This is no feud of words;
Thy way of mirth dishonoreth a name
Which brooks no stain. By all the shades of those
Who at life's cost have known me true and loyal,
I do defy thee, Ubald, unto death.
Earth is too narrow for thy spring of pride.

UBALD.

And the nine heavens, my spirit is so buoyant!

Yet deem not, Ubald from thy manly brow
Would pluck the wreath of reputation
By such light speech. I do embrace thy challenge;
But hark ye, Reynald, this morn to arms was given,
Love claims to-morrow.

SWENO.

Sirs, these feuds offend us.
Thou, Agnes, as befits thee, with yon cuirass,
Palm of this trysting, gird victorious Ubald.
Nay, by my knighthood, had I bid thee give
Thyself, a worthier palm, thou couldst not change
The clear complexion of thy natural hue
To brighter vermeil. Agnes, on my troth
I think thou fain wouldst give thy blushing self,
The unsunn'd whiteness of this virgin hand,
A brighter guerdon.

(*taking her hand, jestingly.*)

Have a care, young trembler!

Perchance, at our citation, mailed Mars
May claim him to his heaven. Have a care, daughter!
(AGNES *lifts up the golden cuirass to offer it to* UBALD. *At that moment the trumpet sounds again. Re-enters* MESSENGER *hurried.*)

SWENO.

What tidings?

MESSENGER.

Noble Sweno, scarce the herald
Had proclamation made, giving loud breath
To the shrill trumpet's brass, when from the crowd
Stepp'd forth a wizzard shape in female guise,
Craving admittance to this lordly presence.
(*Flourish. Enter* WANDERER, *preceded by a Herald.*)

WANDERER.

Sweno, I come, obedient to thy hest,
Fate's secret to unravel, which disclosed,
Egress unharm'd I claim for me—and mine.

SWENO.

Granted.—What bear'st thou? From what fountain sprung
Did valiant Ubald draw the blood of life?

WANDERER.

From hell's own fount accurs'd! A fatal spell
Hung on the horned moon, the raven croak'd,
When he was born.—Ubald, behold thy mother!

UBALD.

Base witch, thou liest, to say thou art my mother.
'Tis a foul lie, and thou art wild to speak it!

WANDERER.

What my lips speak, shall my clear proofs avouch.

UBALD.

'Tis false. Produce them, base suborned proofs!

SWENO.

A jewell'd bracelet by his side was left.
Canst thou describe it, giving to the ear

Just apprehension of its form and color?

(To the Herald.)

Bring forth the casket, whose lock bears the rust
Of twenty years.

(He unlocks it.)

WANDERER.

The eyes have shrewder judgment
Of nice proportions in the workman's art,
Of shape and size, of color and quaint fashion,
Than the tongue's skill can render to the ear.
Behold its fellow.

(*She gives him a bracelet. He opens the casket, and takes out a bracelet, which he compares with it.*)

SWENO.

On my faith 'tis strange.
Two sister orbs in the most proper face
Shine not with liker water than those gems;
Nor the long lashes cast more equal shade,



UBA

O treason! O base thief,

BER

'Tis like she hath; with sa
Rifling the vault, where lie
Of her who gave thee being

UBA

SWE

Say, woman, in that helpless
What else was found, by no
Save mine and noble Bertha

WANDE

A scroll, whereon these word

" The secret piece from this indenture torn
" Was sever'd at the hour this child was borne
" From its proud mother; when they reunite,
" The valiant son shall meet his mother's sight."
And now I tender to thy judging eye,
Long saved, long cased in gold with precious care,
(*taking it out of a small box*)
The fragment of that scroll.—See, see!—it fits
The nice indentures of that wavy rent,
Which no art's skill could liken! See the words
Traced by one hand, quaint nature's character!
Comes that untainted scroll from the damp vault
Of charnel-houses? Am I not thy mother?

SWENO.

O past conjecture wondrous! Name his father.

WANDERER.

He has no father! Ask the wandering billows
Of the storm-beaten sea, who made their bosom
Team with the finny myriads! Ask the winds,

Who fill'd their darkling and invisible womb
With blight and pestilence! He has no father.

UBALD.

Dread being! mother not, but fiend, I name thee!
If true the accursed tale, thy child of want,
Safe cradled in the arms of joy and honor,
Why call'st thou now to misery and ruin?
Why dash to earth the wreath, thine art had woven?
Speak, foul witch, speak.

WANDERER.

Betray'd, out-cast, abandoned,
Man's roof has not o'er-shelter'd me; the blast,
Not age, has blanch'd these elf-locks. I have known
Dire want and loneliest savage wanderings.
The fearfullest glens, the tangled precipice,
Have been my lair; the demon of the tempest
My comforter: to sights abhorr'd of men
And fellowship with every cavern's inmate
Use has made me familiar; the gaunt wolf,

The eagle, knows my coming and outgoing,
And in compassion to man's outcast yields
Share of his bloody banquet. Where I roam'd,
The nightdew was my balm, the baleful clouds
My canopy; and, by their sulphurous bolts
Illumed, my rocky threshold gleam'd with splendor
That did outshine the emblazon'd halls of kings.
Nor envied I man's palaces.—But such
Was not fit cradle for weak infancy.
The firm endurance of an injured soul
May smile mid nature's terrors, and even hail
The fiend that nurtures them; but helpless years
Lack milder mother's-milk.

SWENO.

What phrensy then,
Mysterious phantom, say, what hateful purpose
Now, in the prime and summer of its growth,
Strikes down that glorious scion, deck'd with honors,



Look upon

Proud mortal, mark this gaunt and

These skeleton-like limbs and sun-

Which once had bloom and beauty

The haggard child of want, and sc

Whose hope is but despair! The

Howl after me, as if the moulderin

Had cast me from its foul abhorrec

Polluting with my breath the face

Sunk as I am, perchance amid the

Of yon gilt banners, girded with th

Of gorgeous chivalry, some bosom

From inward horror, to whose nigh

This cup of joy, drugg'd deep with smiling mischief;
If all the friends of thy proud-budding youth
Drop off from thee, as from the wither'd tree
The worms that fed on it; if glory's course
Rejects thee, offspring of despair and want;
Know, thou hast friends among the wrecks of nature.
O there is joy amid the crashing storm,
When the rack scuds before the rushing winds,
And all is ruin! Where the sea-mew screams
Mid desert caves may be thy nuptial bower;
The howling wolves shall yield thee minstrelsy.
Ha! ha! ha! (*She laughs hidcously*).

SWENO, (*rising.*)

Out of my sight, accursed of heaven! away!

WANDERER.

(*Withdrawing slowly, with a look and action of threatening and savage contempt.*)

The curse of heaven will be soon fulfill'd.

[*Exit.*

SWENO.

Brave champions, this our joy is turn'd to sadness.
Ubald, we still uphold thee; and thy deeds
Shall win thee rank and reverence and honors:
But such alliance suits not with our bearing;
And we perforce must name, of those whose rank
May make them bold to be our daughter's suitors,
Reynald, though vanquish'd, victor.—Welcome, Reynald!
Child of my heart, come with me.

AGNES.

Ubald! Ubald!

(*Exeunt all but* UBALD, *who remains alone in deep thought. The Scene falls in front representing a Woodland outside the Lists.* UBALD *enters slow and thoughtful, and leans on the point of his sword. He starts suddenly into a defensive attitude.*)

UBALD.

Avaunt! spectre of hell, avaunt!—Stay, Ubald!

Thy brain is madden'd; thy stunn'd senses reel.

(Starting again.)

Who dared to call this wretched being Ubald?
There was a time, I well remember me,
When that name sounded in the lists of fame,
Valor's first minion: 'twas a gallant name,
And he who bore it, vail'd his crest to none,
And men would doff their caps, and cry "Live Ubald!"
'Tis past—it was a dream—I am not Ubald!
All, all's unsound! the very earth we tread on
A counterfeit! a faithless sod, that mantles
The bubbling of a bottomless abyss.
Nature itself is false.—There is no Ubald!
He, who usurp'd that name's a slave, an upstart!
A liar, a pitiful, a base-born slave!

(A pause.)

I have heard tell, that, when the unchaste moon
Peeps with her broad eye glaring from above,
Men's thoughts are phrensied: I do well believe,

At her strong bidding. Life's a

And we, that tread this motley ea

And madmen. Else, amid the ba

Why has this arm oft turn'd the f

Outvying opposition, till the cry

Of victory through all the welkin

Filling the trump of glory? if that

Once bright like Lucifer, and like

Falls as a star from heaven!—O A

What demon from my hand has da

Which thou hadst crown'd with

faith

Forswear me now,—baseborn—des

(He remains wrapt in thought, THE WANDERER *enters unperceived.)*

WANDERER, *(aside.)*

My son!—alas,
In that brief word how many thoughts lie blended!
O long divorced, estranged, from this lone heart,
And yet my son!—I thought my soul was steel'd
Against all fond impression, trebly arm'd
With the keen temper of the merciless blade!
And yet how painfully the name of son
Falls on this wither'd heart!—O Ubald, Ubald,
The cherub peace is waking in my soul,
Which has not carol'd there since thou wert born!

(Aloud.)

My son!

UBALD, *(seizing her vehemently.)*

Call me not son!—O Satan's mate!
By what foul spell hast thou atchieved my ruin?
What traitor has suborn'd thee? Make thy treason



If I be Satan's mate, thy fury
Child of my womb.

(He lets go h

'Tis mee
Should be accurst of mine own
Fierce Ubald! Bury in eterna
The secret of thy birth! Slay

UBALD.

O terrible of women, I will knee
Even in prostration meekly to tl
Of thy rent garment, so thou wi
The name of him whose stamp

That fearful word, which, but once breathed aloud,
Would have dissolv'd the fabric of this world
And all the gorgeous firmament above us,
Letting hell loose from its eternal chain.

UBALD.

And though the sky should reel, the rock-staid sea
With the foundations of the crazy earth
Quake to their base, I would demand it.

WANDERER.

Ubald,
There stands between thee and thy burning wishes
A wide gulph fixt, which to o'erleap were death.
By all heaven's flaming lights thou art my child!——
Wilt thou avenge me, Ubald?—The event
Hangs on my word, whether to uphold or plunge thee
Deep, deep, into that fiery gulph of ruin.

UBALD.

My heart yearns painfully to know my father.

...ave, thou hot youth! St
mother!
Or kneel, and, Ubald, swear to
Who made thee fatherless! I
If that thou hast an ear, a heart
That cry for vengeance, which ap
Must have been heard by thee.

UBALD.

There needs no oath to spur me t
No, nor blind curse! By heaven
That made an orphan of ill-fated
And I will drag him to such strict
No second sun shall dawn on him

WANDERER.

Sweno! proud Sweno made thee fatherless!

Haste, Ubald! slay him!—Wilt thou not avenge me?

UBALD.

The spirit of Satan dwells in thy foul lips!

Thou darest not say it!

WANDERER.

Wilt thou not avenge me?

UBALD, (*with great emotion.*)

Say, who! and when, and where! how fell my father?

WANDERER.

Nay, not a word, till that dread debt be paid:

Then shall my speech reveal no humble rights.

Ubald, thine oath! Vengeance on haughty Sweno!

UBALD.

Mysterious Being, thy words fall like drops

Of poison, blistering whate'er they touch.

My soul is horror-struck. Shall Ubald slay

One sire, kind substitute for nature's tie,

Wilt thou not slay him?

UBALD.

By the livir

I will not touch his hoary brow with l

For all that thou and thy fell crew ca

WANDERER.

O say not thus—'twere better for thee

To riot in the blood of innocents,

To earn the mark of Cain, than bear t

Which must o'erwhelm thee if thou br

Stay! the ground quakes beneath thee

UBALD.

I

I will not hurt th

In the eternal scale; whether to reap
Thy glorious heritage, or wear a curse,
Which but to whisper would make the horrent hair
Bristle thy youthful brows. Wilt thou kill Sweno?

UBALD.

Not, though the firm earth yawn'd, and from its depth
Fate own'd thy ministry.

WANDERER.

O fiends of vengeance,
Sear up my milk of nature! Dry the source
Of pity's womanish tears, or let them fall
Like water on the hissing furnace cast,
Giving new strength to all-devouring flame!
Devoted Ubald, be fate's will atchieved,
Though it must shiver thee! If vengeance move not,
Love shall perforce arouse thee! Shall that Reynald
To-morrow, triumphing in thy disgrace,
Lead Agnes to the altar! Shall Ubald gape,
And cry, "Long live the bride! Health and ripe joys

The voice of fiends is in thee. O th
Have rush'd like molten fire upon m
Thou canst not say that she will wed

WANDERER.

Will!—nay, she must.—Is not the fa
To Reynald pledged? or is that hau
In love a laggard? Know this, by thi
To-morrow Agnes is his bride, unless
She be to-night thine, Ubald.

UBALD.

Ha! h

WANDERER.

This night or never must Agnes be th

WANDERER.

(*Giving him a key.*)

Take this, love's talisman. The wierd scorn'd Wanderer
May crown thy wishes yet: its powerful spell
Shall yield thee entrance to young Agnes' bower,
When earth is wrapt in gloom.

UBALD.

Woman of might,
Give to thy meaning words. If love prevail,
Where and how wedded shall mine Agnes be
At that still season?

WANDERER.

In Helen's ruin'd chapel.
When first the moon upon your secret flight
Throws her slant beam, beneath the porch a priest
Shall wait thy bidding.—Speed! arouse her love!
Triumph o'er maidish dread! or the next sun
Must dawn on Reynald's bliss.



U

A secret cell is hewn ; that ob:
Shall be thy bridal chamber.—
Splendor it lacks, and soft luxu:
To cheer a dainty fair one ; but
Is fitting such a stealth. This r
Ubald, time flies.

UBALD.

Befriend me,]
My thoughts are all amazed and
I walk as in a mist ; be this night
Our first fond entrance into weal

I know not whether I am dead or waking.
The world seems dark around me, and such deeds
Are doing, that the sun must shrink for ever.
Methought I heard the voice of one, who drowning
Cried, "mother, save me! help me, ere I sink!"
And then methought two spirits strongly strove
To drag me diversely; one pure as light,
The beam of radiant mercy on its brow;
The other foul and loathsome, fierce as death,
Mocking the agony of convulsive sobs,
And its fell strength prevail'd. O powers of evil,
There be some hallow'd moments, when this soul
Can wrestle with your might, and dovelike peace
Seems like a lovely vision, seen far off!
Now all is dark: the Spirit of revenge
Knocks, Sweno, at thy gate. Thy knell is rung.

[*Exit.*

We do admit thy claims, but some sho
Crave ere the accomplishment. A trou
Lowers o'er our house: we lack the pu
For bridal revels.—I fear my child had
Some hopes which must prove vain
daughter
Will know what fits her station.

[*Enter Attendant.*]

Attendant.

Ubald
Admittance.

SWENO.

By your leave

SWENO, (*alone.*)

Wo to who rears

The tyger's young! and yet I love thee, Ubald.

[*Enters Ubald.*]

Be welcome, Ubald! Sweno's hall is open
To all his knights; to none, than thee, more freely.

UBALD.

There was a time, nor is it long by-gone—
An hour or two perchance—when Sweno's hall
Was open to his son—his foster'd son,
Who, from life's earliest dawn to manhood, knew
No other sire;—nor now.—Dost thou disclaim me?

SWENO.

Would that thou wert my son! Brave youth, this heart
Would leap to see my crest and gallant bearings
With all the honors that my house has earn'd
Worn by mine issue. 'Tis the curse of fate
A stranger shall gird Sweno's sword, a stranger
Lord o'er this princely fief, when I depart,



To shrowd the fountain of m
For some unpurged offence.
If there be one upon this low
To whom it stands reveal'd, th

SWENO

Ha! how say'st thou?

UBALD.

I say, it s
Why didst thou rear me as th
The lion brings not to his taw
The jackall's cub. O Sweno,
By the one hope I harbor this
--

Ubald? Hath not this morn too much reveal'd
Of thy sad story?

UBALD.

Nothing! I stand alone,
Sever'd from every tie, but such as bind me
To thee and thine. My birth is wrapt in gloom
Thick as the inaccessible cloud, which hides
The shrine upon the peak of Caucasus.

SWENO.

Ubald, when first I saw thee, thou wert smiling,
A helpless infant, upon Bertha's bosom.
The fearless smile craved pity. From that hour
(For we esteem'd thee sprung of gentle stock)
Thou hast lack'd nothing, which a parent's fondness
Could lavish on the heir of all his fortunes.
Like a king's issue hast thou been upbrought
With every princely gift; and last, not lightest,
The boon of knighthood.

the service of this arm till death.

SWENO.

I have e'en loved thee like an anxi
And thou hast fill'd that void in m
Which nature left, denying me a s
Now haply it behooves me cast the
Adown the vale of life, seeing (thou
That thou hast clomb unto this loft
From such a lowly and disgracious
But still I love thee, and will uphol
At no mean cost; but higher hopes
By thy base origin.

Believe it, Sweno!—It is false as hell;
The tongue that did avouch it is accurst.

SWENO.

Ubald, intemperate wrath does ill become
Thy present station. Be of humbler strain!
We are to blame, who have uprear'd thy youth
In boisterous license. Think, what now befits thee.

UBALD.

It fits me, sir, to guard with jealous honor
The rights you gave me; nor will I renounce
Of those one smallest title, while I gird
This sword of knighthood, which departs not from me,
Save in the grasp of death. Were my race abject,
As the blood cries within me it is noble,
I have earn'd that, in perilous fields of fame,
Which doth outshine the best and loftiest birthdom,
A soldier's rank. Upon thy pledged word
I claim my prize, the hand of Agnes.—Start not,

I, I, would plunge this sword, my f
Like he of Rome, into my daughte
Abolishing with her each joy of ag
Ere she should soil by such a foul
The blood of my fore-elders.

UBALD.

It is f
It were no stain to wed with Ubald.
Sir—fearless I assert—mark well my
Thou canst not, durst not, Sweno, fo
Uphold that wizzard's tale.

SWENO.

UBALD.

O monstrous! By that selfsame speech convicted,
Thou wert a murderer. Ay, start now, and learn
What 'tis to have the jewel of thy life
Hang on a traitor's proof!

SWENO.

Boy, thou art frantic.

UBALD.

By heaven, I am calm; I speak the things I know,
And I embrace with juster apprehension
Their form and bearings, than thou dost. Take me with thee,
I do not charge on thee that damning guilt;
Here I discard the thought, as loathsome treason
Gender'd in hell. But, if her speech were true,
Thine hate has robb'd me of a princely father.
She speaks—not I.—Her voice cries loud for vengeance.

What ho!

(*Reynald, &c. come*)

Sirs, we are bearded i

The whelp, which we have nurtur

With rabid fang. Thus from our

Base-born, away! we brook not th

UBALD, (*drawing his*

Say'st thou? And yet I have no s

No other tongue had scorn'd me th

No other eye upon my fallen fortun

Had glared, as thine does now! I

Thou, Reynald, thou whose bold p

Assail my rights, stand forth. Let h

Which be the

REYNALD.

I did; and thy bold arm eschew'd the cartel
Even in the shelter of a woman's bower.
That arm perhaps is abject as thy birth.

UBALD, (*fighting.*)

Thus—thus—we shall be quickly weigh'd.

SWENO, (*interposing.*)

Stand back!
I do forbid the challenge. Lay hands on him.

(*The Knights interpose with drawn swords.*)

We have been far too mild; but Sweno's presence
Shall not be braved. Our will is thus determined;
To-morrow, Reynald, thou shalt wed our daughter.
But if thou wieldest sword or lance before,
We cast thee from our love.

(*To* UBALD.) Thou, sir, begone.
We would not willingly let thee down the wind;
But thou, unruly tarsel, quitt'st thy perch
To strike too high a quarry. Lead him forth.



Which haply should wipe ou
Of all I owe thee:—but it is
Thou, haughty Reynald, ma
To take the fleshless and abl
To be thy mate, than lay the
Upon mine Agnes.

REYNAI

Faith, thou
And I could prize thee rather
Than brook the rash flow of t

SWENO

We do desire the Lady Agnes

Regards his worth too highly: if she bewail him,
We must be brief, and use authority,
Though it sound harsh.

(*Enters* AGNES.)

(SWENO, *embracing her.*)

My child!

AGNES.

My gracious sire!

SWENO.

Thou art pale, and yet, believe me, child, I love thee
As my best hope on earth.—Said I my best?
My only hope!

AGNES.

Ever my own kind father!

SWENO.

I have no son. A son is to his father
A mirror, in the which his aged eyes
May read their image; ay, a magic mirror,
Which doth give back himself, his form and likeness,

Sir—Sor

But it might savor of presu
To think a worthless maider
Ought of her father's virtues
Of nature's noblest pattern is
Yet gazing on them, living i
Of all thy glories, somethin
row
From thine high attributes;
As the pale ineffectual orb of
Drinks the sun's lustre.

SWEN

I do

With loftier thoughts is wedded; born to grace
Thy noble lord and rear his princely issue
To wear our dignities.

AGNES.

Sir?

SWENO.

We lack an heir
To bear them worthily. Behold the Knight
Whose unmatch'd prowess we have this day chosen,
To uphold our race. Thou art a bride to-morrow.

AGNES.

Say not unmatch'd—O, sir, you are too hasty.

(*Kneeling.*)

Pray you, recall that speech! 'Twas but yestre'en
You said, my lord must stand in arms unrivall'd;
I do take sanctuary on those thy words,
The altar of thy truth.

SWENO.

And so he does.

The dreamings of the fancy.

By thine own blood which thi

Do not that wrong! for Ubak

And if that strange tale (false

A shade upon his fortunes, an

The sunshine of thy favor, let

E'en as I am, thine own, thy l

Or if that be too blessed, and

Must marr my joys and cast m

O let me in some barren cloiste

The bread of solitude, but do n

With such worse thraldom!

SWENO.

D...

Pluck the foul image which is nurtured there
With all its baseness. Gods! shall Sweno's child
Stoop to a beggar's wooing?—Leave my cloak.

AGNES.

Say not to-morrow, father!

SWENO.

Loose me! rise!
The valiant Reynald has my word. Receive him,
As fits thee, courteously.
(*Going, while she stretches her arms to follow him.*)
I bid thee stay.

[*Exit* SWENO, &c. *Manent* AGNES, REYNALD.

AGNES.

My father!—He has left me.—Now, good angels,
Arm me with strength. I will embrace my shroud
Ere I prove faithless.

REYNALD.

This hand, midst war's alarums,
Has purchased honor in the hazardous field

There is no strife between us, :

I wear my temper evenly, as fit

The daughter of a prince; if th

Of strife, declare it.

REYNALI

No cause,

Saving such war, as oft-times is

Of gentle love. Permit . .

(*He offers to take*

AGNES.

Touch

I may not brook thy freedom.

REYNALD.

No knight whose sword is broken. I commend you
Unto that Syrian princess whom you rescued!
You soar too high.

REYNALD.

Ha! Dost thou scorn me, lady?

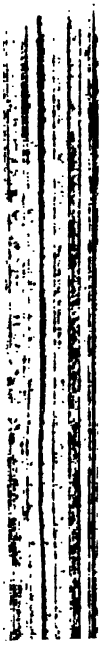
AGNES.

Hast thou ne'er heard, how they of heathendom
Stood back in awe, before the livid corse
Which to their gods was consecrate by lightning?
E'en such am I; amid the joys of youth
Struck by the angry bolt of heaven, and will
Henceforth hold fellowship with nothing earthly.
I do embrace the altar, and will rather
Wear out my years in solitary penance
Than wed with thee.

[*Exit.*

REYNALD.

'Tis strange; this baseborn churl
Spreads an infectious rashness. Scornful maid,



END OF ACT

ACT IV.

Scene I.

THE WANDERER, (*alone.*)

That thou dost love the maid suits well my purpose;
It is the helm which guides thee to that port
Where vengeance calls; but think not thou shalt take
That viper to thy bed, the child of Sweno!
Lost as I am, and stamp'd by nature's curse,
Thou art my son; and sooner would I wring
The life blood from this heart, than see thee batten
On that abhorred couch. Once have I stood
Between thee and that leap, when fate seem'd fixt,
And thou already in thine ardent hopes
Forejoyd'st her charms. Once more I will arrest thee,
Ere Agnes be thy wife; or, if thou wedd'st,



Shall lull her maidish fears i

Which knows no waking.

[*Enter* U

UBAL

Wor

At each turn like my evil des

What wilt thou?

WANDEI

Aid thee.

UBALI

I

The blood is stirr'd within me

Offends my thoughts.

WANDER

UBALD.

Seen her!

In the broad face of day I have required her,
My prize, my right. Great gods! I have been scorn'd,
Trampled by Sweno's pride.

WANDERER.

'Tis well.—The curse
Will soon o'ertake him. Thou seek Agnes' chamber;
The shades of evening thicken, and the sounds
Of clamorous revelry are sunk in silence;
It is the hour of love.

UBALD.

Speak not of love;
I feel a strange and preternatural awe
Thrill through me in thy presence. Leave me, woman.

WANDERER.

Yet will I aid thee, Ubald. Take this phial,
A potent philtre, brew'd with secret spells
When the moon's face was full: in man 'twould breed



That she must bend to him
Give this, and she is won.

UBALD, (*ta*

I h

That such things are, and of
Thou rosy draught, in which
No sea-tost mariner ere hail'd
With its fresh dawn of verdu
The beam of health, with sucl
As the scorn'd lover, vex'd wit
Would bless thy perfidy! O
Canst thou with witching and
From the closed issues of the
Draw sweet accordance, moul
Even to the form and quali-

WANDERER.

The virtue is in the proof. Present that philtre,
And thou shalt find the gently kindled heart
Turn quick and tremulously to thy bidding,
As doth the magnet to its proper pole.

UBALD.

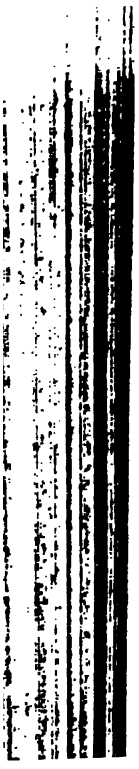
These toys are for the humble;—such as crawl
Content to owe their summer-growth of fortune
To paltry plotting and mean artifice.
Woman, I scorn thy gifts.

(*He dashes it on the ground.*)

When Ubald takes
The kiss of love, or unbought wreath of honor
By a wizzard's trick, fall from him, gracious Heaven!
To others thy curst wares! my hopes need no
Unhallow'd aid.

WANDERER.

Mad boy, thou art undone!
The fruit, when thou hast press'd its precious savor,



Thine indirect and artful p
Suits not my bearing.—Co
First source of love, with u
Inform my tongue, and sho
Of thine own eloquence, re
Bid thy priest wait me unde
Thus far I use thee.

THE WANDER

O fell
With what prevailing and tr
Thou goad'st me to the goal

But dreadful, coming louder on the ear
And big with ruin. I am borne on by fate
And that relentless never-ceasing voice
Which swells within me to the utterance,
My mother's cry. It is here, here, here, rising
(*She touches her forehead*)
As the low murmur from the hollow earth
Which bodes the hurricane.—See there! See there!
She stands; she beckons—See! she glares upon me,
As in the frantic moments of her death.
There was none near her in that agony,
But the lost wretch who drew perdition on her.
Away, away, this is no time for thought.

[*Exit.*

Once more, loved shades, I t
Scene of my earliest joys! no
Elate and joyous; but, like ni
I steal unto the plunder of th
Day will not yield me. I am
That shun the light; my firm n
Which never blench'd before.
me.
With what a plain and level c
My barque has steer'd throu
ocean,
Breasting its turbulent wave a

Life's only sunshine dwells: joy, fame, and glory,
Are but the rays of one revolving circle,
In which thy cherish'd form is fixt and center'd.—
No voice.—The sounds of mirth have ceased within,
And no lights flit along those arched casements.
Now to love's work! Be still, thou murky air,
And shroud with thy soft veil the theft I purpose!
(Holding out the key and unlocking the door.)
O thou quaint minister to daring love,
Do thy kind secret office, and unlock
This shrine of chastity!—Hush!—Agnes! Agnes!
'Tis Ubald's voice that steals upon thy slumber.

AGNES, *(coming out fearfully.)*

What means my Ubald? At this hour! alone!
How couldst thou break the privacy of my chamber?
I dare not speak with thee.

UBALD.

Nay, nay, Agnes,
Time yields no season now for doubt or scruples.

To wrest thee from mine arms t

I have not built my love upon tl

Thy faith will not fall from me?

AGNES.

S

This timid heart would brave th

Than fall from thee; but steal n

Upon the night; I dare not gree

My life, my lord.

UBALD.

If Ubald is thy

Thou must be his, and this night

AGNES.

O Ubald Al

To think that life's whole joy is on the cast
Of this swift hour.

AGNES.

This hour!

UBALD.

Thou darest not bide
Till the morn break, and with insulting joy
Reynald shall come to tear thee to the altar!

AGNES.

O never, Ubald! by our loves I swear
Sooner to die, than wrong thee!

UBALD.

Oaths are vain.
Hands even now are plying, chaplets woven,
To deck thee for to-morrow's sacrifice;
Sweno has vow'd it. Agnes, thou art mine
This night, or blood must stream upon thy bridal.

AGNES.

Merciful heaven! what dost thou meditate?
O Ubald, smite not in thy wrath!

UBALD.

'Tis thou,
Thy cold delay, which goads me to such phrensy.
Say, dearest, thou wilt be my bride to-night.
The priest awaits; thy Ubald kneels to thee.

AGNES.

Ubald, thou wrong'st the chaster thoughts of duty,
Which dare not yield what the weak heart would grant.
I must not hear thee; but the trembling soul
Bleeds to say nay. I may not fly my father.

UBALD.

Then bide, O false one, and be Reynald's victim!—
And yet thou darest not wed him!—Agnes, Agnes,
Thou couldst not yield this hand, thine Ubald's treasure,
And look upon the sun, that lit thy treason.

AGNES.

Indeed I durst not.

UBALD.

Agnes, this hand is pledged

To me and to my fortunes; it was given
In the fair prime and sunshine of our loves,
Which must abide through every change of season,
Not worn as summer garments, to be cast
When ruder hours assail us. Here I hold it
Before the face of heaven, and those pure orbs
Which heard the pledge. I will not loose this hand,
Till at the altar vows assure thee mine,
Though it were parricide to hold it, Agnes.
Thy sire will come! Despair hath wrought me mad.
(*Kneeling, and clasping her hand passionately.*)
Say thou wilt be my bride! Have mercy, Agnes!
Blood will be spilt ere morn, if thou deniest me.

AGNES.

O Ubald, I am riven by love and duty.
Would that I durst!

UBALD.

O yield thee to my faith!
To say me nay, is to say nay for ever.
Agnes, to-night or never we must wed.



Heaven will not smile on disobe
My sire will curse us. Spare m
I have not strength to strive aga

UBALD.

The priest attends us, love. Th
That make thee mine, shall steep

AGNES.

Dear Ubald, peace can never cro
I am too weak, too deeply pledge
To hold that proud demeanor, wh
To my own name and to my noble
But do not cozen me with empty l
Guilt may have some brief plea
anxious;
But peace dwells only in the

UBALD.

Would Ubald cause thee sorrow?
In infant years, whene'er thy heart was sad,
And I had been but one day absent, thou
Wouldst rush into mine arms and there pour forth
Thy gentle sorrows, and they straight would vanish.
And wouldst thou place a bottomless gulph between us?
Thou wilt not tear thee from me? Night is waning,
Come, best beloved!

AGNES, (*yielding.*)

I am too weak.

(*Stopping again.*)

Hark, Ubald!
There is an angry whisper of the air,
The shivering trees do rustle with each other.
O tempt me not to ruin, loved, loved Ubald!
Let me once see my sire, and press his knees
With burning tears, that he may spare his child!

UBALD.

Agnes, the word of knighthood duly given

Ubald will not resign thee but

Yield, love; despair and death

AGNES. (*She leans upon him*

Ubald, I yield me; but my bos

With ominous terrors.

UBALD.

Fear not!

Scene III.

Before the Porch of Helen's

THE WANDERER, (

Stay, moon, thy [illegible]

Blurring thy beams with blood. O I am faint,
And gladly would I lay this fever'd head
On the cold ground, and lull my thoughts in death.
The memories of years rise ghastly round me,
And the soul sickens with the sad review
Of all my wanderings. At such an hour
(I mind it now, although the mist hangs often
O'er my benighted mind) those treacherous joys,
That trembled in it like a beam from heaven,
Stole to my heart, foreshowing bliss and rapture;
But, tasted, turn'd heaven to hell, and made this earth
A howling wilderness. O lost delight!
Time was, that I was fair, and blithe, and lovely:
My heart expanded to the God of nature,
And every morning, in my humble bower
Of woodbine and wild sweets, I pour'd my strain,
Sweet orisons of praise, to him who bless'd me.
Visions of innocence, where are ye fled?
My brain is like a furnace, and the fiend



Of vengeance will I drink, an
Thy spirit shall have peace! I
O Ubald, O my son! thou art
Twenty long winters in fate's q
And whetted by revenge. I m
I have upheld thee once; again
Yawns close beneath thy feet, a
The hour draws nigh. Yet ha
To ward thy ruin, and thou per

(*Enter* UBALD *and*

AGNES.

Stay, best beloved! I heard a v
This place is awful. Let me ye

AGNES.

Too strongly loved!
My father's curse will blast me. I shall hang
Even as a wither'd wreath upon thy neck,
And thy quick temper will upbraid my sadness.
Perchance thy love, my only prop, will leave me.
Wilt thou not hate my tears?

UBALD.

In mirth or sorrow,
Ever my own! I will make tears my drink,
Ambrosial sighs my food. The very gods
Shall envy me.—Our harbinger of bliss
Peers through her misty shroud. (*The moon rises.*)
So radiant love,
Smiling through tears, shall light mine Agnes' brow.

AGNES, (*clinging close to* UBALD.)

Ubald, who comes?

[*Enter Monk.*]

UBALD.

A friend! our trustiest friend,

Save yon pure orb, our hymene
That smiles upon us. Though
Must shun the glare of pompo
We make thee almoner of this
'Tis fit that gifts should crown t
And charity draw down a blessi

MONK.

'Tis fitting, noble youth: and Fa
Hath a right trusty hand, and kn
Where to apply this cordial; wh
The cheering comfort of thine al
'Twere cast away, like jewels unt

(*aside.*)

By our ...

And shall not stint our gifts. Bear'st thou the key
Of this lone chapel, through whose color'd pane
The moonlight gleams on the neglected altar,
And chides us for delay?

MONK.

When doth the woodman
Forget his ax, or the true knight his falchion?
And think'st thou Father Francis doth not bear
The weapons of his ministry? This key
Unfolds the portal of that massive arch
Into the shrine; this, at love's witching mandate,
Shall ope the cell beneath it, where is strewn
The bridal couch.

AGNES.

Ubald, I am dismay'd;
The very rocks and chapel frown on us:
The shrine of God looks awful in this gloom,
And my heart's pulse is chill'd. Thou wilt not guide me
Into the bowels of that ruinous den,
Where fiends perchance abide?



by restless spirits, far from hur
But trust me, they are jovial so
I have known somewhat of thei
But fear not, lady; spectres con
This glen to-night, for I have ex
Nor flesh, nor spirit walks withi
Without my leave. Come, lady,

UBALD.

Lean on me, loveliest burthen! I
Be now, as ever, the sole prop of
Thou wilt not fear while Ubald is

AGNES.

Forgive me, Ubald, that each bre
My fluttering heart beats quick wi
I dread this very darkness which

[*The Monk, who has unlocked the chapel door, pushes it open, after some delay and exertion, with a hoarse grating noise.*]

AGNES *shrieks, and draws back.*

O Ubald, let us turn! Nature forewarns us;
As cautiously we cross'd the forest glen,
Beneath each rustling leaf a tongue seem'd lurking;
And now from out these walls, this ruin'd shrine,
Night's ominous bird will scream and flap his wing
Over our bridal. Turn we, dearest Ubald!
My father will relent.

UBALD.

Gods! am I mock'd?
Shall Ubald be the jest of every slave?
E'en at the altar's groundsill yield my right,
And see insulting Reynald swoop my bride
In his curst talons? Sooner Chaos come!
By heaven, it is not well, it is not well,
To stir my blood thus, Agnes!



What prop, what hope hath
Beloved, forgive my weakness
But, O! what harbor hath th
If thou too chide her?

UBALD

It is te
To dally thus with time. Pur
By all the honors I have earn'
I turn not living hence, till tho

MONK.

I like not this mine office. If t
Decline the church's rite, I tak

UBALD, (*stepping b*

Not so, Sir Priest; stay yet! it
To rouse th

Assure this Father of thy free consent!
The sacred gate stands open.

(*Taking her hand: she leans upon him.*)

Thus, beloved!
Lean thus upon my neck, O thus for ever!

AGNES.

I have not strength to tell my Ubald nay.

[*She enters the Chapel, supported by* UBALD, *and followed by the Monk.*]

END OF ACT IV.



SCENE

Night. Before SWENO'*s Wi*

alone enters c

SWENO'*s voic*

Bertha!

WANDER

His voice! his voice!

With what dread tremor fall y

O that the space of unrecorde

Which has crept slowly, withe

Could be annihilate; and days,

In its devouring gulph, rise fre

O Sweno, Sweno, that my soul

Th

That I am hideous now as hell's own inmates,
Blotted from honor's book, disgraced, abandon'd,
That is thy work, thy foul and damning deed.
A stranger sits upon my rightful seat,
The bright throne of my hopes; and here I wander,
Given to the pitying tempests, cast in hate
Forth from my lawful bed, to be the scorn
Of things that howl; while thou, adulterous lord,
Smilest o'er my wreck. The hour of wrath is come,
The plague is o'er thine house. O heavy sleep,
Weigh down the brow of Sweno! seal his lids
In silence, whose next sleep is in the grave!
Sweno, Sweno, I summon thee to death! [*Exit.*

Scene II.

Sweno's *Chamber.*

SWENO. BERTHA.

BERTHA.

The evening is far spent, and drowsy night

Spreads her still mantle o'er the face of nature.
Sweno, thy mind needs rest.

SWENO.

O gentle Bertha,
The limbs may lack refreshment, but the mind
Hath no sweet pause, while shapeless dread hangs o'er it,
E'en in the lap of sleep. That strange wierd woman
Has cast a withering spell upon my soul,
And her last words ring dreadful in mine ear.
O Bertha! I am sick at heart, and cheerless;
The memory of the past preys keen and darkling
On my deep-burthen'd soul. The curse of her,
Who bann'd us, still pursues me.

BERTHA.

What means my lord?
Have not his firm asseverations made
His Bertha certain, that her wondrous form,
Beauteous in madness, was unknown to Sweno?

SWENO.

And be that added to the bitter sum;

Bertha, my speech deceived thee. Not unknown
Her voice, like fate's last summons, smote my soul.
Still when the tempests rave, and sheeted lightning
Sets the pale vision of her form before me,
That sound appalls my fancy; from above
Retributory vengeance frowns on Sweno.

BERTHA.

Be my lord's thought less gloomy! Twenty years
The sun hath smil'd on us, and all things prosper'd,
As if kind fortune's course outsped thy wishes.

SWENO.

Ay, my loved wife: but heaven's deep wrath delay'd
O'erwhelms with tenfold vengeance.

BERTHA.

Nay, good Sweno,
Heaven has still joys in store to cheer the evening
Of thy bright glories: thou unbend thy sorrows,
Disclose the bitter secret of thy thoughts,
And let my love assuage them.

SWENO.

Gentle Bertha!

From my youth up I have been proud and fearless.
Bitter must be the pangs which now can wring
Self-accusation from the mouth of Sweno.
But it shall be. Pride wrought the deed that stains
The fair field of my conscience, which yet knows
No other blot: and that dark pride shall stoop
Even to confession of my inward horrors.
I will be henceforth humble, very humble.

BERTHA.

Speak, and be yet my proud and glorious husband!
The evil now abjured, whate'er it be,
Humiliates not.

SWENO.

Was she not fair?

BERTHA.

O yes;
I well remember, on the raving blast,

When her locks stream'd (her beauteous form between us
And the fire-flashing storm) I could almost
Have bow'd and worshipp'd: but the ban, that flow'd
From her ill-ominous lips in phrensy, spoke her
A maniac or a fiendlike spirit, and say'st thou
Not then unknown?

SWENO.

O Bertha! she was known
Even to the inmost chamber of my heart.
There was a time, if she had ask'd of Sweno
Wealth, fortune, station, character, whate'er
Makes man amongst his fellows vain or glorious,
I had all given and freely; so enshrined
Was her bright image in my soul: e'en now
My fancy views her innocent and lovely,
The temple of pure joys, as first I saw her
Staunching my wounds, while I lay faint and bloodless.

BERTHA.

What wounds? when, where inflicted? say, kind Sweno.



Spread their rude canopy o'e
Then dry and stony. Crossi
A bow-shot slew my steed; l
Of rushing men unmerciful.
My back against a rock and k
The yelling ruffians, when a h
From the crag's summit smote
Senseless and seeming dead in

BERTHA

Ah me! and none to help?

SWENO.

Yes,

A shape like heaven's pure spi

SWENO.

A cottage, mantled
With flowery sweets, on the lone forest's border,
Gave birth and nurture to her loveliness.
Widow'd, forlorn, though sprung of gentle blood,
Her mother had no joy, no hope, but her;
Yet in that rich indeed. Passing the glen
At earliest dawn to seek their scanty herd,
She found me thus.

BERTHA.

And saved thee! That poor maniac,
Sweno, thy life's preserver! Is it thus?

SWENO.

I tell thee, Bertha, if the slave, that fell'd me,
Had thrust his weapon to the seat of life,
I had died then reproachless, nor thus stoop'd
To strew the ashes of too late repentance
O'er my devoted head. From that long trance
I woke, as by an angel's touch redeem'd.



Her shape, her charms, were
With every full-form'd loveli
Of such superior and exalted
As woo'd the sense to worshi
Shone with no earthly lustre,
And their glance seem'd to say
" Am worth the loving, and ca
" With the best bliss of life."

BERTHA.

But
How were they staunch'd?

SWENO.

There, wh
Disgrace, and death! By beauty

The flush of indignation crimson'd o'er
Those beauteous cheeks, where love sate still supreme;
And those dark eyes, which seem'd his throne and altar,
Became a killing plague. Stung with desire,
Maddening, I swore, if she would bless my love,
That she should share my name, rank, wealth and honors.
My oaths prevail'd. O Bertha! I did call
The living God to witness with such strong
And terrible denouncement, that my soul
Shrinks now from the remembrance. I invoked
A curse on me and mine to everlasting,
If I should fail.

BERTHA.

Immortal justice, spare us!

SWENO.

Heaven bears record, how I adored and wrong'd her;
How in brief space those vows, joy-seal'd, were broken.
Health strung my limbs; the prize from thy fair hand



...it had robb'd of lustr

I saw her, mournful, and pres
In her lone bower. I spoke n
But her pale features an expr
So sad, and yet so steadfast, t
Pierced to my inmost soul, whi
Her words were few; but from
Oft I had hung in rapture, her
Waked a most wild and dissona
And then a song broke forth, w
Has sear'd its words in fire; ne
Till from my Agnes the ill-omen
Stole on my nerves, like the col

Was her last parting; nor did I hear reproach,
Save on the morning of her piteous fate
That ominous threat which burst over our bridal:
But here indelible her image dwells,
And shapeless fears appall me.

BERTHA.

Let the balm
Of Bertha's tried affection soothe thy thoughts.

SWENO.

Go, Bertha, to thy couch: myself will follow,
Short space to penitent devotion given.

BERTHA.

Tarry not, my loved lord.

[*Exit* BERTHA.

SWENO, *alone.* (*He sits down.*)

I know not why,
Or what vain terrors undefined oppress me.
There is no living thing can daunt my strength;
But visions of the past rise thick before me,

... forgetfulness,

Thy fearful train of soul-appa

Steal, gentle soother, o'er my

[*After a pause, the doo*

WANDERER *enters ca*

WANDERE.

Sweno, awake! Hie thee to Ag

Search the maid's bower! The

The virgin honors of thy house

Sweno, arise! or sit thou unreve

Till foul dishonor stare thee in t

Plain as the sun! Ubald has st

The vaulted chamber under Hel

Is witness to their loves. There

Art thou a phantom from the oozy deep,
Breaking night's stillness with unhallow'd voice,
Or shape of flesh and blood, that warn'st me thus?

The WANDERER, *alias* ELFRID, *without, singing.*

The fiend has set his mark
On their heads, dark, dark,
And the spirit of vengeance is near his door.

SWENO.

The voice, the voice, the very tones of Elfrid!
Dread judgment, hang'st thou o'er my fated house?
Not on my child, great God of mercies, not
On my poor Agnes!—Bertha, Bertha, sleeps she
In the sweet rest of innocence unharm'd?
My child, my Agnes, hear me! Bertha! Bertha!

[*Exit.*



From infant years I loved that silv
And the unvaried music of the wa
That glimmer with its beam. Ple
Under this rock falls sweetly on th
The murmur of the river. Sit we
That cave is terrible.

UBALD.

Light of my l
It grieves thine Ubald's tongue to s
Thy flight may be perceived, and h
Pour its arm'd scouts around. In t
Secure we rest; and vague pursuit
And spend its breathless speed, but

(*The door closes after them grating heavily. After a short pause, enters* THE WANDERER ELFRID, *cautiously.*)

ELFRID.

Ye beetling rocks, and thou, lone chapel, once
Witness of Elfrid's wrongs, behold her triumph!
Haste, Sweno, to thy doom! The chapel closed—
All hush'd—all silent—save this heart, which throbs
As it would burst the impediments of life.
O dreadful!—O my son! Thy reckless passion
Has overleap'd my speed and marr'd thee. Ubald,
Where art thou? Pray this earth to cover thee,
Ere thy rash guilt be blazon'd to the sun!

[*A shriek is heard within the cavern.*

Hark to that shriek of fear! O vengeful phantoms,
One moment yet be still!—Come, Sweno, Sweno!
I am belated; in my own toils caught,
And wrapp'd in terrors. Sweno! dullard, haste!



AGNES.

Night is terrific in that hideous c

UBALD.

Nay, gentle Agnes. These are v
The coy fears of a maiden. Hatl
Power, strength, and will, to shield

AGNES.

Bear with me, Ubald; 'tis not lacl
That scares me from thy couch. '
Of horror is upon me. I dare not
In that tremendous gloom.

UBALD.

Wayw

Night hath no darkness where

The breath of love is stirring. Thy chaste bosom
Is the dear shrine of bliss. Appease thy fears.

AGNES.

O Ubald! as I near'd that frightful couch,
Lifting its veil with slow and timid hand,
I saw, though in thick darkness, plain and lit
By its own ghastliness, a grinning fiend,
And, shrieking, back I fell. Methought I lay
Wrapt in my shroud and coffin, while around
Glared thousand hideous phantoms as in triumph,
The least too horrible for human gaze.
I tremble, Ubald, and am thrill'd with dread;
For love's dear sake forbear me.

SWENO, (*without.*)

Ubald! ho!

AGNES.

My father! Shield me, Ubald, from his wrath!

[*Enters* SWENO *with his sword drawn.* AGNES *shrinks back towards the rock.*]



Glorious requital of parental

Heap, heap dishonor on the h

But hope not, caitif, to escape

Of an avenging father. Die,

Perish, base-born seducer!

UBALD, (*parrying his blows w*

Peace,

Put up thy sword; Ubald woul

One hair of thine for all the we

Sire of my Agnes, Ubald kneel

SWENO.

Kneel not for life! Die, cowar

UBALD, (*risin*

Thy furv is unmanly. O

ELFRID, (*on the rock above.*)

Thine oath!

Thine oath! Slay him who made thee fatherless!

UBALD.

Tempt me no further, Sweno, on thy life!
I know not if that wizard tongue speaks true,
Which cries that Sweno made me fatherless.
My thoughts grow perilous; there is that within me
Which swells to think that I have lost a father,
And lost by thee. Stand off, or bid good angels guard thee!

SWENO.

Die, traitor, die! This for my ravish'd daughter,
This for foul breach of hospitable faith.

(UBALD *parries his blows.*)

AGNES.

O father, hold!

BERTHA, (*without.*)

This way, this way! the din
Of swords is loud.

AGNES.

Hold, husband, father, hold!

ELFRID, (*above.*)

Thine oath, thine oath! Think, Ubald, on thy sire!

UBALD.

The spirit of my parent calls for vengeance;
Perish, fond thoughts!

(UBALD *at last fights with* SWENO. *Enter* BERTHA, REYNALD, *Knights, and Attendants with torches.* AGNES *at the same moment rushes forward to part* UBALD *and* SWENO, *and receives the point of* SWENO'S *sword in her breast. She shrinks back and hangs with both hands on* UBALD'S *shoulder; at the same time* UBALD'S *sword strikes down* SWENO.)

AGNES.

O I am sorely hurt!

(UBALD *supports* AGNES. BERTHA *kneels by* SWENO, *and is engrossed with attendance on him.*)

UBALD.

Lean on me; thus!—Ah me, 'tis thy blood, Agnes.

BERTHA.

O Sweno, Sweno, thy life's fount is gushing.
Thy blood wells fast away; I cannot staunch it.

ELFRID, (*above.*)

Sweno, look up! It is thy son, thy son!
Elfrid's accursed issue sends thy soul
Burning to Hell! It is thy son has made
That hateful offspring of thy faithless nuptials
As lost, as sunk in infamy, as curst,
As she whose tongue upbraids thee! Agnes, Agnes,
Despair and perish!——Ubald is thy brother!

UBALD.

O horrible, horrible! Witch, fury, demon!
There is a lying spirit in thy mouth;
Thou durst not thus have outraged nature's mercies.

ELFRID.

Mercy for who shows mercy! Blood for blood!



And made me what I am, Hell's
My mother's frantic spirit stands
Smiling in agony, and calls me h
Am I not avenged? Now, now I
Fiends of dismay! Mix earth, a
Unbind the angels, which have p
When the sixth trump has sound
And nothing can the fiends of ve
Feller than this!—O for a whirlw
To cover with unfathomable night
The deeds which I have wrought
Welcome, despair, and death, and
Eternal ruin yawns! I come! I c
(St

AGNES, (*in a low voice to* UBALD.)

Cast me not from thee! I am gone, and quickly,
Where they nor wed, nor are in marriage given.
Dying I yet may clasp thine hand. Kind Ubald,
One parting kiss, but pure as angel's greeting!
O hold me up, fast, fast! I swim! I sink!
'Tis sweet to die upon thy bosom, Ubald.

(*She dies.*)

UBALD, (*in a low voice.*)

Speak! gentle Agnes, say thou art not gone!
O still, still, breathless, silent as the grave!

SWENO,

(*whose eyes had continued riveted on the spot where* ELFRID *stood, and unconscious of what was passing round him.*)

Eternal justice, upon me alone,
Not on mine issue, let thy terrors fall!
My life is ebbing fast. Thine hand, loved Bertha!
O Agnes, O my child, my child, where art thou?

(BERTHA, *who had been kneel*
attending to AGNES, *shrieks*
that she is dead.)

BERTHA.

Ah me! she is gone for ever! S
She rush'd between thee and hot
To stay the hasty temper of such
And thine own hand has slain her.

SWENO.

If thou wert wedded to that bed of
Thy death is the sweet sleep of inn
And life had been a curse! My ge
Fatally hast thou rued one perilous

With terrors keener than the pang of death.
Beloved, ill-fated Bertha, thou hast found
In me, who should have been thy stay and glory,
The rock whereon thy hopes have all made wreck.
Ubald, I charge thee, live! though scathed and blasted
By heaven's dread bolt.

UBALD,

(*starting from his silent contemplation of the dead* AGNES.)

Who bids that wretch, that once
Was Ubald, live? His fount of life is dried!
My Agnes was the life, the light of Ubald.

(*After a convulsive agony of grief, and a pause.*)

They say she was my sister, and thou father;
And both are slain—my father by my sword;
And that wierd demon was indeed my mother!
O world, what art thou, but a hell of horrors?
And who bids Ubald live?



UBALD, (*casting them with*

Unh

My wrath is dangerous.

(*After a pause, he throws*

Yes, I

Ubald will never shrink from t

father.

Curse me not dying! At the to

Through blood of infidels my sw

Its way to pardon; the bare ston

The spring my drink, and the ha

No joy, or pride, or hope shall co

But strict achievement of dire pe

My desolate soul of

Thou art my heir—A solemn contract. . . . I
Destroyed it—I . . . I . . . Farewell—Ubald—Bertha.

(*He dies.*)

BERTHA.

O bitter fate! O cheerless! in one day
Stript of all joy, more lonesome than the dead!

(*To* UBALD.)

Monster, this curse shall cling to thee; thy guilt,
Redder than scarlet, shall incarnadine
The banners of the just, and bar them from
The temple of their Savior; and the tomb,
Whose indiscriminate yearning swallows all,
Shall cast thy marrowless unquiet bones
Forth from its maw: no mass or requiem
Shall win for thy gaunt skeleton a place
In the still church's bosom, till the lapse
Of hundred winters shall have hush'd the wail
Of thy remorseful spirit, and earn'd for thee
That rest which death denies the parricide!

(*Rising.*)

Yet one word, ere we part for ever, Ubald!
Sleeps that fair victim undefiled in death?

UBALD.

The dew of blushing morn has never bathed
A bud of innocence more pure and stainless.

BERTHA.

Swear it! by all the wreck which thou hast wrought,
By all thy hopes of mercy, Ubald, swear it!

UBALD.

God's lightning rive this head already blasted,
If ought my love has dared, which should have call'd
One blush to the pure cheek of virgin meekness!

BERTHA.

Heaven's mercies hover o'er thy head, mine Agnes!
(*throwing herself down with her cheek on* AGNES.)
Here let me lie, and breathe my last beside thee!

REYNALD.

Ubald, we have been foes, but in this ruin,

As all our hopes, so be our angers buried.
Here let us close as friends. Unto Christ's banner
With thee I vow my strength. Thou, stately offspring
Of the most noble house, soar eagle-like
Aloft, and let the gale, which rived thine eyrie,
But waft thee nearer to thy native heaven.





APPENDIX.

The groundwork of the foregoing Tragedy originates in a Danish ballad, founded upon circumstances which are said to have occurred towards the end of the fourteenth century. The subject first suggested itself to me in reading a Danish play by Ingemann, which adheres to the traditional story; and at the same time that I observed the most glaring defects in the structure of his drama, it occurred to me that the principal feature of the tradition would furnish a fine tragical subject, if the story were so altered as to give it unity of action and interest. I have adopted thus much of the Danish story. A woman, who had been abandoned by a powerful and illustrious knight, to whom she had borne a son, and had contrived to introduce her infant unknown into his family, returns, after wandering twenty years, still animated with the desire of vengeance, and hoping to accomplish it through the means of her son, whom she finds in the immediate prospect of marrying his sister by another mother, their affinity not being suspected. Upon this foundation I have constructed my drama, with an entire dissimilarity of the subsequent circumstances, and of the conduct and character of the persons, with the exception of the fact that the father falls, as in the Danish story, by the hand of his son, the events which lead to that catastrophe being quite different. In Ingemann's play, the character of the injured

woman is low, and so cold-blooded and atrocious, after an interval of twenty years, that it is quite unnatural; and the part is almost superfluous, for in his drama nothing arises out of her agency which might not have occurred equally without her intervention; and her part, which occupies no considerable space, might perhaps have been totally omitted without disadvantage. The part of Ubald in his play is not less disgustingly atrocious, and the original interest is broken up by his escaping the danger of marrying his sister, through the most extraordinary fickleness, by suddenly falling in love with another lady, disguised as a servant-maid, and murdering his father to prevent his obstructing their union. The improbability also of his father's wife having taken a fancy to him when four years old, in the arms of a beggar-woman, and obtained him from her to bring up with her own daughter, and two illustrious knights being equally desirous of marrying their only daughters to him, is very conspicuous in the Danish play.

In my own view of the proper mode of handling such a subject, I considered that the whole agency of the piece should centre in the revengeful female, that her birth and original claims must be more respectable, that the atrocity of her character must be diminished by the evident influence of derangement in consequence of her wrongs and sufferings, and a notion that the spirit of her mother was calling upon her for vengeance; that it should be relieved by touches of better feeling and agonizing recollections, and such a view of her former loveliness as would not be inconsistent with the general dispositions of her mind. I have been anxious in the conduct of the story to preserve the most perfect unity of interest, but to conceal from the reader the secret upon which the plot hinges, until the last act. By preserving the character of Agnes un-

sullied, I have perhaps sacrificed to feelings of delicacy a portion of the force of tragical effect that might have been produced, but I hope that it will not be found to have been injudiciously diminished. Imagining that the reader may have some curiosity to know the particulars of Ingemann's play, I have added a short abstract of it. In the arrangement of the first scene of this tragedy, I had in my recollection the supper of Macbeth. For the substance of the line—

" 'Tis a fiend's song; where gat you that foul strain?"

as well as for the general idea of a song having been learnt from the fortune-teller, I am indebted to Ingemann. The verse, " I dread this very darkness which befriends us," and the two following lines, are copied from two splendid verses of Euripides,

σκοτὸν φρίσσουσι τὸν ξυνεργέτην
Τέραμνά τ' οἰκῶ, μή ποτε φθογγὴν ἴοι.

and in the passage which commences

" Methinks I could outstrip his lazy course"

my thoughts were directed to the following fine lines of the same author:

Ἀστρῶν διοίμην ἡλίῳ πρὸς ἀνατολὴν
Καὶ γῆς ἔνερθε, δυνατὸς ὢν δράσαι τόδε,
Τῶν θεῶν μεγίστην ὥς' ἔχειν Τυραννίδα.

The words " This is the bodiless spectre," have reference to Lady Macbeth's " This is the air-drawn dagger." Reynald's boast that he had slain a renegade was, I believe, suggested to me by the last speech of Othello; and the words " Who bids that thing, that once was Ubald, live?" by " Who calls that wretched thing that was Alonzo?" The ideas in the exclama-

tion of Agnes, "What dost thou meditate? O Ubald, strike not in thy wrath," and in the four lines beginning "In infant's years," were derived from a passage in a Danish prose play called Duveca. The line "Guilt may have some brief pleasures, great tho' anxious," was suggested by a beautiful couplet in Dryden,

"Then with tumultuous joys my bosom beat,
And guilt, that made them anxious, made them great."

If my play contains any more coincidences worth mentioning with other authors, they are accidental, and I am not aware of them. The scene of my drama is removed to an earlier period than that of the tradition.

WILLIAM HERBERT.

ABSTRACT

OF

INGEMANN'S DANISH PLAY

CALLED

LÖVERIDDEREN, THE LION KNIGHT.

The play commences with a soliloquy by Grinhilda, a fortune-teller, who, in the very outset, destroys all the dignity that might have been given to her character by informing the audience that she is a coalheaver's daughter. She denounces vengeance against Venno, a knight to whom she had borne a son twenty years before, and who had broken an oath "which the powers of darkness had heard," and which was probably a promise of marriage. She says that she is the she-wolf, and her son Ubald the wolf whom she has let loose amidst his domestic flock. Ubald enters, singing a hunting-song. She informs him that when he was four years old, Margaret, the wife of Venno, seeing him a tawny infant in the arms of a beggar-woman his mother, had obtained him from her to educate as her own child: that his mother was burnt for a witch, but that her ghost still walks; that when she meets him again the third time she will tell him who his father is; and she urges him to conclude immediately the marriage which was intended between himself and Joanna, who was the daughter of Venno and Margaret, and consequently his half sister. She leaves Ubald, who departs after a long soliloquy and another hunting-

they are both uncomfortable a
from the natural restlessness of l
prehension that although she l
happy with a man of such a char
her parents rebuke her: but Lad
yet got all Joanna's wedding-clo
put-off, Joanna proposes to him
castle of Count Everard and win a
be tilted for the next day, and pr
it to name the wedding-day. Off
and leaves Joanna and the old peo
The act closes with a soliloquy of
for the misdeeds of his youth, for
have cursed him while he was living

The Second Act opens with a lo
den of Everard's castle between h
waiting-maid; on seeing Ubald ap
the bushes; and after a song and a
return, having changed clothes with
diately falls over head and ears in lo
ing maid. and is al-

in after his departure, and in a few lines says that it is all one whether the catastrophe is brought about by his marrying his sister or proving unfaithful to her. Then follows a scene of songs and drinking between Reinald, Ubald and Knights in the castle. They go out and are succeeded by Agnes and her father Everard, to whom she relates all that has passed between her and Ubald, avowing that she is very partial to him, and is confident he will be victorious in the tournament. The Count is, at first, not very well pleased at her forwardness, but ends with saying "well," and they go out upon the terrace to see the combatants. The scene changes to Venno's house, where Joanna sings to him a song which commences thus, "Ah, stranger knight, can I trust thee? Wilt thou not deceive my heart? Wilt thou here in the cellar live and be dweller with thy little dark girl?" Venno is disturbed, and says aside that it is the song of the coalheaver's daughter, and asks how she learned it. She tells him she learnt it of a beggar-woman, and relates a dream about two men burning coals in a hole, and a frightful woman between them, who was just like that beggar-woman. Venno remains alone, and says that perhaps the beggar-woman was the very person who once captivated him in the coalheaver's cellar; and recollects that she threatened that she would pursue him in the next world if not in this. Grinhilda immediately enters the room, and after a short conversation tells him that Ubald is making love to Agnes at Everard's castle, and laughing treacherously at him and Joanna. Venno takes down an old suit of armour, which he puts on, and goes forth.

The Third Act opens with a long scene between Margaret and Joanna, uneasy at the sudden and disturbed departure of Venno. A messenger, who is sent round to invite company,

some dark crime, laid a curse upon t
bloody end to all his race. Next folk
Ubald and Agnes, at the end of which
concerning his birth, but obtains no i
quires why Ubald has not invited Ve
guests to the wedding, and is told that
who does not like to leave his fireside.
same Venno concerning whom there w
daughter should fall in love, she and
be destroyed. Ubald goes out hunti
challenges him. He disarms Venno, a
to some of Everard's men to be confine
castle, as a ruffian who had attacked hi
Ubald and asks him why he spared the
she will dance at his wedding in the
changes to Venno's prison: his soliloquy
hilda without, who tells him that her o
ved, and shows him a hole through w
liberty and vengeance.

The Fourth Act introduces Joanna dis
conducted by a shepherd through Evera

encounter the ghost. After he is gone, Joanna comes in as a pilgrim and asks Agnes if she has seen an old man with white hair and a drawn sword; and promises to bring her a wedding garland. The scene then changes to the outside of the tower. Ubald goes in with his sword drawn: after which Venno enters, and presently hears Ubald calling him within repeatedly. Venno, bent upon vengeance, rushes into the tower with his drawn sword.

The Fifth Act opens with Agnes telling her father how late and disturbed Ubald returned to her, and that she sat up with him till day-break, when he went out again. Ubald enters; Everard sends Agnes to her chamber, and questions Ubald concerning his disturbed appearance. Ubald admits that he has seen the ghost, and entreats Everard to have the tower walled up immediately. In the next scene Joanna brings the wedding garland to Agnes, who is called by Everard to the wedding. Then follows a duel between Ufo and Reinald, who professes himself friendly to Ubald: after their departure Joanna enters, and is told by Grinhilda that Ubald has murdered her father in the tower. Joanna goes in, and comes out again nearly distracted: the wedding music is heard; Grinhilda gives her a dagger, and tells her to avenge her father. The procession enters; Joanna stops it, accuses Ubald of the secret murder of her father, summons him to answer for it in the next world after a year and a day, and then stabs herself. Agnes is carried out, followed by Everard. Grinhilda enters, tells Ubald that she is his mother and Venno was his father, and departs again. Ubald in his despair is comforted by Reinald, who proposes to accompany him to the Holy land.

Thus ends the play of Ingemann; the story is continued in a ballad, which says that Lady Margaret was sitting one even-

of all endeavours to remove it, and at n
footsteps were always heard in the cha
after, a lady descended from Agnes, in c
tion, went at night into the church to
the dead body. The skeleton stood at th
let her go out alive, unless she could obta
old man with white hair and a pale fen
them. She prayed incessantly till they
passed out through the church door, the
ground; and the next day it was buried f



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JULIA MONTALBAN.

A TALE.

BY

THE HON. AND REV. WILLIAM HERBERT.

LONDON:

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.

1822.

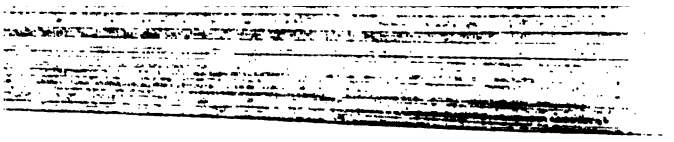


LONDO

THE story upon which this Tale is founded is altered from that of Julia de Roubigny. The subject was taken from a general recollection of that interesting little volume, to which I have not had an opportunity of referring. Some important alterations have been intentionally made in the story, and perhaps others inadvertently, as I had no particular wish to adhere to it.



JULIA MONTALBAN.



JULIA MONTALBAN.

Sweet bird of night, that on the loneliest spray
Like an inthralled angel pour'st thy lay,
Earth has no strain to match thy plaintive notes,
Whose mournful music on the moonbeam floats.
By thee, all other warbling of the grove
Seems heartless; thine the very soul of love.
Some secret tie thro' nature's ample bounds
Unites the sweetest with the saddest sounds;
The eye of sorrowing beauty hath a spell,
Which in its radiance mirth can ne'er excell;
And she who stands upon the stormy beach,
Pale as the wave-tost corse which she would reach,

...ve the soul by be
Than all which sparkling moves
And thee of all the nine alone I
Sad loveliest Muse, to sorrow ev
Thee oft entranced my fancy has
Thy stately mien, thy step of gra
The shape of slender mould, the
The forehead smooth, the neck o
The robe of jet that girds thy bre
Making the whitest bosom whiter
The witching eloquence of thy da
Where the love-lighted smile half-
And from thy coral lip the melting
That makes grief bliss, and lighte

From thee my verse proceeds; O be it thine
To fill the fancy, and exalt the line!
Stamp thou thine own bright image on my page,
And it shall live beyond Time's latest age!

Wintry and bleak was the Sierra's brow,
And thy black ridge, Cordova, capp'd with snow.
Deep sigh'd the gale; thro' swift-borne clouds, serene
The moonlight stream'd upon that lonely scene,
Silvering the glens beneath; while far and wide
Night's shadows flitted o'er the mountain's side.
Full on a cheerless chamber fell its ray,
Where, pale and almost spent, a matron lay.
Mournful her look; upon her bosom prest
Both hands were clasp'd; the breath scarce heaved her breast.
Fixt upon one, who neither moved nor spoke,
Her eyes seem'd heaven's last blessing to invoke.

While he, her partner in each
Sat chain'd to grief, and conqu
Behind stood one, whose mien
And, though unblest his office,
By his sad prisoner, waiting for
Of life's last scene in that abod
E'en the hard hand of justice d
To break that tie which nature
Nor long the pause; her glass w
Her limbs unnerved, her strengt
'Tis said, strong wishes can in D
Arrest the spirit and deny his ri
But soon the spell must pass; wi

Her own sweet Julia; she, who o'er her bed
Had watch'd desponding, and now saw her dead.
Each moment had foretold it: but that grief,
So sure and present, now was past belief.
Say ye, who early o'er a mother's grave
Have seen the plumed pomp of burial wave,
How oft your fancy unconstrain'd by wo
Has seem'd to hear her cherish'd accents flow!
View'd her loved couch, void room, or wonted chair,
And almost thought to see her image there!
Perchance that incredulity of grief
To desolation brings some faint relief,
Deludes the pang, and soothes the youthful heart
With that fond hope from which it will not part.

Sweet childhood, in the lap of kindness rear'd,
How are thy careless sports by love endear'd!
Thine is the love, that knows no timid blush,
The heedless brow, which changeful pleasures flush;

O that thus manhood could se
On the smooth tide adown life
O that the dreams of childhoo
When years steal on, and reas

Joys cheerful as the spring h
Of infant Julia their best influe
There was a light of mirth in h
The liquid azure of her native s
And the free ringlets of her glo
Like wanton tendrils, deck'd he
Her cheek was radiant with the
Unmixt enchantment, hope with

So closely link'd in infantine delight,
They were but happy in each other's sight.
No tremulous thought (if such they knew) of care,
No bliss had one, the other did not share.

Time fled too swiftly, bearing in its flight
Those precious days of sunshine ever bright.
The sylphlike form grew ripe with woman's charms,
The bosom throbb'd with undefined alarms;
That eye of cloudless mirth now veil'd its gleam,
And bashful mildness shed a gentler beam.
The hour of parting came, and keenly proved
To each pain'd breast how tenderly it loved.
E'en then Rodrigo dared not own the fire
Of his full mind, or speak his rash desire.
Call'd in youth's morning to a foreign clime,
He then first learnt that poverty was crime.
A noble orphan by Velasquez fed,
His lot seem'd cast to press a barren bed;

rorth he must fare, where fortu
While richer suitors woo his los
But though that pang had well
From his life's fountain, still it w
Love spoke in the flush'd cheek
It pour'd the soul's strong passio
But, unrecorded by one daring w
Its vows were breathed in silence
To Cuba's coast he went, and wi
A mind as ardent to that burning

But Julia, from Valentia's beau
With mournful eye beheld his gli
Her troubled bosom h[illegible]

In him had all emotion seem'd to sleep;
She long'd to fall upon his neck and weep;
There was reserve and pride in his adieu;
And something to her feelings strange and new;
And yet, before he bounded from the strand,
His quick convulsive grasp had press'd her hand;
And one last look seem'd rashly to confess
What the proud soul had labor'd to repress.
She gazed upon the flowers, whose laughing birth
Show'd as if bliss alone were upon earth,
The trees in stateliest beauty round her growing,
The sea so clear, the hills with sunshine glowing,
And the unclouded firmament on high,
The pure immeasurable depth of sky;
She thought the world untenanted and lone,
And she amid that bliss the only one,
The lorn, the hopeless. He, whose breath had given
To earthly joys a sweet foretaste of heaven,

And there was none beside to un
The voice that whisper'd from sk
The secret charm which on the b
Stole on each sense from nature's

Time pass'd, and yet arose no li
Her eye its lustre, her cheek lost i
Why was she sad? She knew not;
Her bosom felt, that all its mirth w
But soon a weightier blow, substan
Made her of that grief's vanity awa
Man little prizes what each day be
While fancy builds a frightful pile
Till reft of [illegible]

The wheels slow rolling thro' Valentia's walls
Bore her for ever from her native halls.
Law, like a harpy, with its ravenous train,
Had stripp'd her father of his rich domain;
Remote from splendor, in a lonely dell
Hard by the dark Sierra doom'd to dwell.
There yet one humble mansion own'd him lord,
But sorrow scowl'd upon his frugal board.

O sweet Contentment, what art thou, and where?
In what wild covert is thy tangled lair,
That man can never reach thee? Dost thou dwell
In the low cabin or the rocky cell,
Or lay thee stretch'd beneath some gilt alcove,
Where perfumes breathe and music whispers love?
Art thou the proud concomitant of wealth,
The prize of beauty, or the child of health?

Say, dost thou lavish in the peasant's cot
Thy cherub smiles to cheer his rugged lot,
And are the rich, the honor'd, and the gay,
In fruitless search for ever doom'd to stray?
Or, still to place and fortune unconfined,
Is thy sole harbour in the peaceful mind?
Those vales are fair, those hills are evergreen,
The careless rustic joys that lovely scene.
Why does Velasquez scorn his humble hall?
Why is the bread, that daily feeds him, gall?
Save that, regardless of what sweets remain,
His bosom turns unto the past with pain.
Two years dragg'd slowly on with heavy wing,
And Julia's fondness could no comfort bring.
Peevish and doubly jealous of respect,
He seem'd past hope, and all his pleasures wreck'd.
The wife, who with him trod the summer ways
Of fortune, sooth'd him in his wintry days,

Watch'd o'er his fretful mood with patient love,
Too sad to cheer, too gentle to reprove.
Grief was young Julia's portion, and she seem'd
As one who woo'd not pleasure, but had dream'd
Unutterable bliss, whose radiance spread
Peace in her soul, to worldly wishes dead:
But still her pensive smile might cast a shade
On Seville or Valentia's sprightliest maid;
And, as if born to deck some higher sphere,
She trod life's walk with little hope or fear.
For all her griefs were certain; in her sire
The mind's adversity had quell'd its fire;
Her mother, stricken by that helpless doom,
Look'd to the peaceful haven of the tomb;
And he had vanish'd as a morning dream,
Who held the dearest place in her esteem.
Herself, that lightsome child of infant mirth,
Was now a thing too sainted for this earth;



And, school'd in that unfriende
Sate patience, like a glory, on l

But painful scenes drew nigh
Its utmost malice on Velasquez
E'en on that night of mourning,
Still press'd the fatal couch, jus
Stern justice dragg'd him from l
To linger cheerless in a living t
Young Julia shared his doom, c
A self-devoted victim in his cell.
There, spiritless as the corse wh
Disease assail'd him, of all hope

She sate entranced, while memory round her drew
Forms of the past in long and sad review.
In her heart graven with unerring truth
She traced each pastime of her earliest youth;
And in that dungeon, free and unconfined,
Valentia's charms came beaming on her mind;
Rodrigo's smile; the mutual joys and fears
Which had endear'd him in her infant years;
And then the clouded brow, the constrain'd look;
The pleading eye, when that last leave he took;
The hasty pressure of her yielded hand;
The barque, that bore him from his native land.
Next rose the grief, that reft her of her home,
Torn from the shades where once she loved to roam;
Her mother's failing strength, her kind caress,
Foreboding thoughts which she would fain repress;
The paleness that betray'd life's dwindling flame,
The slow decay of that exhausted frame,

Then keener thoughts arose; the pang, that prey'd
Like poison on her heart, to none bewray'd;
The tale, which dagger-like had smote her soul,
" Rodrigo wedded to a rich Creole."
Faithless she fain would hold him, and forsworn;
Was not his image in her bosom worn?
Had she not scorn'd for him all wealth beside,
Montalban's rank, Montalban's honest pride?
But of reproach the comfort was denied;
How had he woo'd her? by what promise tied?
Her tears stole slow, and that heart-humbling thought
To its sad home her sickening memory brought.
Her eyes were fixt upon her father's face,
On which despair had stamp'd its fatal trace.
Its hue was alter'd, and approaching death
Was almost striving with his smother'd breath.
Her heart was well nigh bursting, as she saw
His grey hairs sunk upon that couch of straw.

Deep self-reproof assail'd her; and a pang,
That did arouse her, through her bosom rang.
Her mother's limbs on the unhonor'd bier
Lay among strangers; and the hoary sire
Seem'd to upbraid her heart, which, for the toy
Of fancy lavish'd on a reckless boy,
Had scorn'd the good, the glorious, and the brave,
Whose name might honor, and whose wealth might save.
She had forbad Montalban, though her mind
Esteem'd him best and noblest of mankind.
How now recall him? how her wish unfold,
And seem to sell her loveliness for gold?
She look'd upon her father, and his fate
Smote her deep conscience, but it was too late.
She gazed, and even then steps hurrying broke
His unrefreshing sleep, and he awoke.
His debts were cancell'd; but the call in vain
Of freedom roused him, and he stirr'd with pain,



" One friend alone," he said,
" Sought me when fallen, to my
" And, proud himself, yet strove
" To me, who, wreck'd in fortun
" The secret bounty, which unb
" Flows from that fountain, and
" One gift I have; one only can
" The heart-felt boon, and that v

He ceased; she hardly felt the
Suffusing o'er her face the kindle
Or how each nerve was to the ut
While hastily she

'Twas all Velasquez' lingering soul required;
Smiling he bless'd their union, and expired.

Montalban's prime was past, and days of ruth
Had cast some painful cloud upon his youth,
Which left a sad impression; and his mind
Was proud and lofty, but his feelings kind.
Adversity, the bane of blither cheer,
To him had made Velasquez doubly dear;
And, scarce perceived, young Julia's influence stole
With unresisted empire o'er his soul.
Once fixt love's altar there, it was a power
Which sway'd his passions, rooted in its core.

O thou stern god! imperious, fearful Love!
In thy deceitful cradle as a dove,
Thou in thy might dost like a giant move!
Thro' the wide universe thy strength is spread,
And nature quivers underneath thy tread!

Whether thou art of hell or child of heaven,
To thee on this our world all power is given.
Blest author of delight, and yet our bane!
All bliss, all guilt, are mingled in thy reign.
Thy steps are viewless as the lapse of time,
And lead the soul from ecstacy to crime.
Thy lip thou clothest with an angel's smile,
Lord of each dearest charm that can beguile;
And thou dost lure the wretch thou wilt destroy
With such sweet rapture, that to fall is joy.
But, in thy passion roused, thou art of might
To make man's essence shrink before thy sight.
Thy look, which late with mildest beauty shone,
Shall like a gorgon turn his heart to stone;
Murder, and Rape, and Phrensy rise from hell,
And the whole host of Sin obey thy spell.

The sunbeams dawn'd upon their bridal bed,
The bed of mourning for her parents dead;

But half her sorrows were not yet fulfill'd,
Her pulse of anguish never might be still'd.
A letter came; she paused; her eyes grew dim,
The characters confusedly seem'd to swim.
Rodrigo's hand, Rodrigo's heart was there:
Read on, thou wretched victim, and despair!
Deep blush'd her cheek, but next a pallid hue
Death's veriest semblance o'er her features threw;
For her unheard beyond the Atlantic main,
His faithful wishes had been breathed in vain;
For her, though hopeless, and to fate resign'd,
The proffer'd hand of wealth he had declined.
Now lavish fortune his firm truth repaid,
And a rich heritage his will obey'd.
Again elate he trod the Spanish shore;
He came to sue; he came to part no more;
And high in hope, in ignorance still blest,
Unveil'd the rapturous passion of his breast.

Her pain'd heart shrunk: she met Montalban's eye;
The blush return'd, and she suppress'd a sigh:
Then shuddering started, and in haste conceal'd
The dangerous scroll, too dear to be reveal'd.
Tears had full scope within her secret bower,
And love resistless re-usurp'd its power.
Life was her bitterest burthen; but she stood
In her uprightness firm and unsubdued.
She dared not see Rodrigo: with the thought
Of what she was, her feelings were distraught.

Then came another scroll; Rodrigo's ear
Had learnt her fate, had nothing left to fear.
How had he found her! to what fate consign'd!
Not in the grave; they might have there been join'd!
But spoil'd and fetter'd in a rival's bed,
More lost to love's embraces than the dead!
Few words on that ill-omen'd scroll were traced,
Few, but with passion's burning touch impress'd.

By every joy which they had hoped or known,
She was adjured to meet him once alone.
From her she cast it shrinking and afraid,
Then bending meekly to her God she pray'd;
And sadly strengthen'd in her purpose rose,
Firm in her duty, calm amidst her woes.

There is a spirit in each gloomiest wild,
To love allied, lone fancy's shadowy child;
And he, who mourns beneath the oak's broad arms,
Hath strange society with nature's charms.
The tangled brake, the waters still and clear,
The rock's deep shade, are to his humor dear;
Far from wealth's canopy and burnish'd dome
The interminable forest seems his home;
E'en the hoarse voices of the wave and wind
Speak a known language to his troubled mind;
In every moss-grown trunk he hails a friend,
And nature's rudest forms some solace lend.

Julia's cheek glow'd with fever; all her frame
Was parch'd and quivering with an inward flame.
She loath'd her chamber, and opprest with heat,
Sought the cool garden's loneliest retreat.
Had Roderic named that place, she would have fled,
Rather than meet him, to her bridal bed;
Yet, by some strange mischance, the mourner found
E'en there the man whom she would most have shunn'd.
She wish'd to fly, but trembling (as her feet
Denied their office) sank upon the seat.
She would have bade him leave her, but each word
Died on her lips unfinish'd and unheard.
She would have struggled with the hand that squeezed
Her hand, which it had passionately seized;
But powerless, witless, on his neck she fell
With such a burst of sorrow, as might tell
The agony which swell'd within her breast,
Too strong to yield, too big to be repress.

Montalban sought her at the fall of day;
The fatal scroll upon her pillow lay.
He saw; he read.—A sudden film came o'er
His sight amazed—he judged not—he forbore.
With hasty voice he call'd, enquired her path,
And follow'd, more in wonder, than in wrath.
Just when broke forth her sorrow's whelming flood,
With startled horror by the seat he stood;
Where Julia, clasp'd in young Rodrigo's arms,
Sobb'd on his bosom, heedless of her charms,
While the full soul seem'd pouring thro' his eyes,
And his delighted spirit drank her sighs.
Enough, enough—O too much had he seen!
O that impervious gloom had wrapp'd the scene!
Backward few steps he stagger'd, both hands clasp'd
Upon his forehead, and for breath he gasp'd.
Him they observed not, by one grief possest
And in that throb of torment almost blest.

Rodrigo ask'd but that one sweet farewell,
That solace in despair, and he would dwell
In wilds untrodden, of all joy forlorn,
And waste a life too blasted to be borne.
But Julia's heart was rived; she could not speak:
He press'd his burning face against her cheek,
And from that trance she started;—one farewell,
One sad eternal parting! and the spell
Dropp'd from her eyes: stood sinful love unveil'd
In full deformity, and faith prevail'd;
As homeward like a panting dove she flew,
Scared from the peril of that last adieu.

Four things the wise man* knew not to declare,
The eagle's path athwart the fields of air;
The ship's deep furrow thro' the ocean's spray;
The serpent's winding on the rock; the way

* Proverbs, c. xxx. vv. 18, 19.

Of man with woman.—Into water clear
The jealous Indian rudely thrust his spear,
And, quick withdrawing, pointed how the wave
Subsided into stillness. The dark grave,
Which knows all secrets, can alone reclaim
The fatal doubt once cast on woman's fame.
Night's shade fell thick; the evening was far spent
Ere proud Montalban to her chamber went.
Slowly he enter'd, and with cautious glance
Cast his eye round, before he did advance.
A bowl half fill'd upon the board he placed,
And with brief speech his sorrowing bride address'd:

" The night advances, Julia: hast thou pray'd
" To Him whose wrath is round the sinner's bed?

" Yes, honor'd Albert," the sad wife replied,
" The heart is frail by mortal passions tried;

" The voice of God is awful, when the breast
" Of the weak sufferer is by guilt opprest;
" But mercy dawns upon the patient head,
" The peace of Him who for our failings bled."

He fix'd upon her face a silent look
Of utter misery, and then sternly spoke.

" If morn's first ray must glimmer on our bier,
" Couldst thou envisage death without a fear?
" Are thy thoughts chasten'd, Julia? canst thou go
" With me before the throne of bliss or wo?"

His firm voice falter'd; but the dismal word,
E'en as fate's warning, by his bride was heard.
His cheek was like the hue of one long dead;
But his lip quiver'd, and his eye was red;
And such dark feelings character'd his gaze,
That Julia shrunk with terror and amaze.

She paused; her eye fell doubtful on that bowl;
O'er all her frame a shuddering horror stole.
Then thus with downcast look; (she dared not raise
Her eye to meet again that fearful gaze:)

" Yes, Albert; I have made my peace with heaven,
" At whose pure shrine my secret thoughts are shriven.
" Whene'er fate calls, this humble soul obeys;
" The tear of sorrow asks no fond delays.
" With tremulous hope the lingering heart may move
" Thro' life's blest walks, illumed by blissful love;
" Cold duty's path is not so blithely trod,
" Which leads the mournful spirit to its God."

She spoke, half timid, and presaging ill
From his knit brow and look severely still.
The thought of death came o'er her; and the mind
Disown'd her words, more fearful than resign'd.

Love's secret influence heaved the conscious breast
With fluttering pulse, that would not be at rest.
Stern Albert mark'd the tremor of her brow,
And the cheek's fitful color come and go.
His eye was big with anguish, as it stray'd
O'er all the charms, which her thin robe betray'd,
The perfect loveliness of that dear form
In its full spring of beauty ripe and warm;
And never had she look'd so worth his care,
So sweet, so graceful, so surpassing fair,
When the pure glow of innocent delight
Flush'd her young cheek and sparkled in her sight,
As languid, in that careless garb array'd,
Half lit by the pale lamp, half hid in shade.
He would have given his very life to kiss
Those lips by beauty moulded for his bliss,
Once more in tenderest rapture to have press'd
That shape angelic to his troubled breast;

But pride forbade, and from each living charm
Drew fiercer hate, which love could not disarm.
Upon that form of beauty, now his bane,
Seem'd foul pollution to have fixt its stain.
Awhile he paced the floor with heavy stride,
Then gazed once more upon his sorrowing bride;
And, parting with his hands the glossy hair
On the white forehead of the silent fair,
Look'd wistfully; then, bending sad and slow,
Fix'd one long kiss upon that brow of snow.
It seem'd as if love's spirit in his soul
Was battling with his passion's fierce control.
He sat before her; on one hand reclined
His face, which told the struggle of his mind;
The other held the bowl: she raised her head,
As, slow his hand extending, thus he said;

" Drink, Julia; pledge me in this cup of peace;
" Drink deep, and let thy tears of sorrow cease."

Her eye was fixt and motionless; her cheek
Had lost its changeful hue; she did not speak.
Her nerves seem'd numb'd, and icy horror press'd,
Like a cold weight of lead, upon her breast.

" Drink, Julia;" spoke again that dreadful voice,
" Drink, Julia, deep; for thou hast now no choice."

A fatal shiver seem'd to reach her soul,
And her hand trembled, as it touch'd the bowl;
But duty's call prevail'd o'er shapeless dread;
She look'd with silent terror, and obey'd.
I know not, whether it was fancy's power
Which smote each conscious sense in that dread hour,
(But he half started, and in truth believed
That a deep lengthened sob was faintly heaved,
And some dark shuddering form behind him pass'd,
Which o'er her shape its fearful shadow cast,)

Or whether, doom'd at mortal guilt to grieve,
Thus his good angel sadly took his leave.
Breathless he listen'd, by his thoughts appall'd;
(The hour of mercy could not be recall'd.)
Then to his lips in turn the draught applied,
Which should in death unite him with his bride.

'Twas done; a long, still, solemn pause ensued,
And Albert speechless his sad victim view'd.
There was not in her chamber sound or breath,
But all was hush'd and ominous of death;
The very lustre, which the dim light shed,
Was like a watchfire burning by the dead.
The darksome tapestry heaved not on the wall,
And like night's spectres stood its figures tall;
They seem'd in shadowy stillness to survey
The twain illumed by the lamp's pallid ray:
And Julia, half suspicious of her fate,
Mark'd the stern aspect of her ghastly mate.

At length with solemn voice Montalban broke
That awful silence, and more mildly spoke.

" The hour of thy deceitfulness is past;
" Our lives are waning, and the die is cast.
" Let thy mind turn from frailty, and the heart
" Unveil its bitter secret, ere we part.
" But first, O Julia, once my hope and pride,
" By thine own voice let Albert's deeds be tried.
" Sad memories of earlier years may lend
" My brow a gloom which fondness should unbend:
" Perchance it wants the soft and winning grace,
" The smiling vermeil of a younger face;
" But in what chaste endearment couldst thou find
" Or love more warm, or kindness more refined?
" Have not my cares, with anxious pleasure fraught,
" Outsped thy wishes and forerun thy thought?
" Speak thou my sentence; this lorn heart appeals
" To thine own thoughts and what thy conscience feels.

" O in thy treason, Julia, madly prized
" Above all joys which ever love devised,
" Even in thy guilt so excellently fair,
" 'Tis bliss to gaze on thee in this despair!
" Speak, thou frail angel! be in death forgiven!
" That sinful breast is Albert's only heaven!"

He stopp'd; the whelming passion of his soul
Rose like a deluge, bursting pride's control;
Full swell'd the tide of agonizing grief,
And in deep sobs his suffering forced relief.
On either hand with strength he press'd his brow,
Torn by remorse his lips would not avow.
Julia rose quick and startled; she had heard
With strange amazement each appalling word.
Her mind was troubled, but she dared not think
That the sad peace of death was in that drink.
How could she dread from him that deed of hell,
Who, to her sorrow, had but loved too well!

For the weak heart, tho' pure of
Still nourish'd wishes which to th

" Forbear, my lord," the tremb
" Forbear, nor deem thus harshly
" Thou wilt not kill me? I have
" The bonds of duty, and am not
" O Albert, thou didst take my h
" And all I had to yield thee is th
" Fond love is wayward as the mo
" Which blooms spontaneous in it
" Spreads its pure incense on the
" Which fans the cradle where it
" But sickening pines beneath th

" The struggling soul shall every wish subdue;
" Thy mournful Julia to her vows is true.
" Believe me, Albert, though the suffering mind
" Pour some weak sighs, the spirit is resign'd.
" No thought lurks there, which needs to be forgiven;
" All that of life remains, to thee is given."

" Short space, dissembler!" wrathful Albert cried;
" Think'st thou, that night thy guilty loves can hide?
" Rodrigo!—Traitress, does the color rise
" To those white cheeks, which thy calm speech belies?"

A sudden blush o'erran her ivory cheek,
As thus with tremulous voice she strove to speak.

" Thou wrong'st me! e'en now, exiled from his land
" By hapless love, he seeks a foreign strand."



Uprose the wrathful husband;
The lamp's ray shone upon the
Staining his garment, and the ba
Of such fierce passion lighten'd
That Julia shriek'd, as if his ven
Had spilt before her eyes the life
Of him her soul adored. A dizz
More sharp than death shot keer
And "Hast thou kill'd him, Alber
Gazing where on that blood the l
"I thank thy jealous rage; thro'
"I feel thy fatal draught and de
"The last fell gift of mercy to th

" Albert, I do not curse thee for the slain!
" Two hopeless spirits thou hast loosed from pain."

She said, and sunk in anguish on the floor,
Her white hands wildly clasp'd, to rise no more;
And never did a child of earthly woes
Such loveliness in hour of death disclose.
Her eyes upon the fretted ceiling fix'd
A look of hope with such sharp suffering mixt,
That the pure soul seem'd striving thro' the sight
To find its God, and win its way to light.

Thy thoughts of joy, Montalban, all are past;
And this still hour of murder is thy last!
But canst thou gaze unmoved upon that form?
Those youthful limbs are beauteous yet and warm;
The eyes, which sparkled once with free delight,
Speak yet the feeling soul, and still are bright;
But thy swift poison spreads thro' every vein,
That tender shape must writhe with inward pain;

shall be ere morning loathsome t

Gaze, gaze, thou rash despoiler, t

Grow dim with grief, and thine he

For thou hast madly dash'd away

That gem of beauty which thou m

Thou hast destroy'd the loveliest

Canst thou behold thy work and r

The morn dawn'd glorious upon

But Julia's chamber was all hush'd

The noonday's sultry beam gilt spi

But no sound stirr'd within her pe

Its casements close remain'd in qui

Its dark alcove was silent as the to

That one who pass'd the garden's private door
Had found a fair youth slain and stiff in gore:
And some within had listen'd with affright
Sounds like last agonies at dead of night:
The bodeful tale grew rife, and at late hour
With anxious fear they burst the nuptial bower.
There, all untenanted the bridal bed,
Upon the floor the twain were stiff and dead.
Loved Julia lay, upon her graceful arm
The cheek reclined, as if in life yet warm;
But cold death's livid hue upon her skin
Show'd what a piteous waste was wrought within.
Her features seem'd, tho' now in slumber deep,
After some painful struggle sunk to sleep.
The aspect of her lip serene and mild,
Perchance death's last convulsion, sadly smiled.
Montalban's strength appear'd more lately spent;
O'er her pale corse his lifeless form was bent,

And inward agony still seem'd to strain
His ghastly features, as if wrung by pain.
His bloody glove, yet clench'd, appear'd to press
The hand of that fair victim to his face;
As if, deep striving with his latest breath,
His lips convulsed had clung to it in death.
His throes were strong and fierce; and he, that slew
That form of loveliness, had most to rue.
Her soul to bliss, awaken'd from despair,
In mild forgiveness pour'd its latest prayer;
It breathed no thought, which angels would deny;
A beam of glory lit her dying eye:
The patient spirit from its frail abode,
By faith upraised, stole gently to its God.

FINIS.

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